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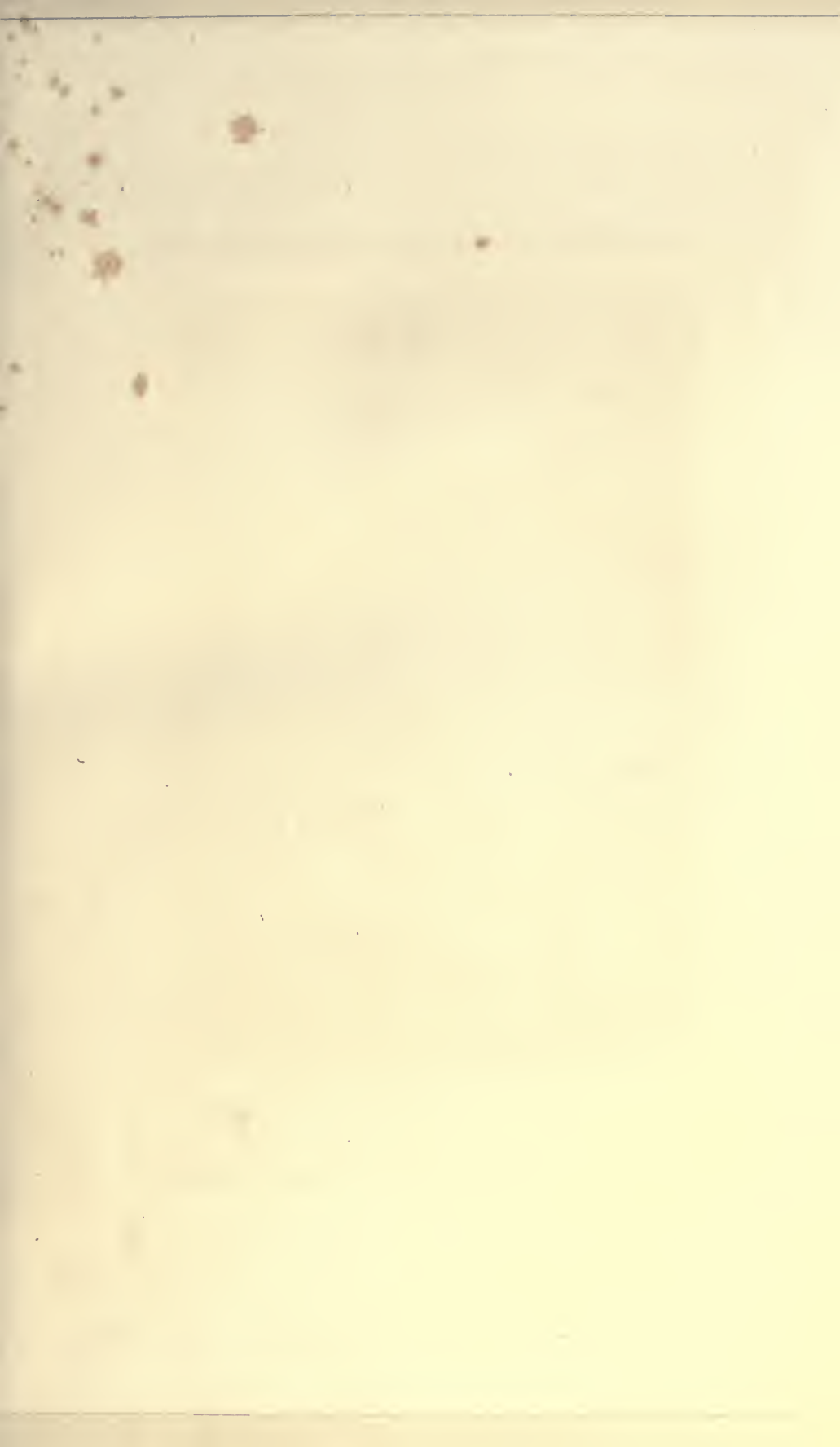
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POPULAR ROYALTY



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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA
By Mrs. Corbould Ellis

*From the original Jewelled Monistère
presented by the Queen to the Emperor of China*

POPULAR ROYALTY

BY

ARTHUR H. BEAVAN

AUTHOR OF "MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS"

ILLUSTRATED BY THE SPECIAL PERMISSION OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

AND

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

SECOND ISSUE

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND COMPANY

LIMITED

St. Dunstan's House

FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1904

GIFT

UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED, THE GRESHAM PRESS, WOKING AND LONDON.

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CHAPTER I

QUEEN VICTORIA

Introduction—The Duke and Duchess of Kent—At Kensington—At Sidmouth—Illness and death of the Duke of Kent—Return of the Duchess to Kensington—The Duchess and Princess Alexandra Victoria at Tunbridge Wells—At Claremont—A personal experience of the Queen's first Drawing Room—The House of Commons at the Coronation—Scene in the Abbey—Outside the Abbey—Anecdote relating to the new Sovereign's designation.



IT will be admitted, even by the most uncompromising Republican, that Queen Victoria has done more to vindicate the principle of Monarchy than any ruler of ancient or modern times; and that during her sixty years of dominion over this great Empire she has, to the gentle characteristics of her sex, united all

“The King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.”

Favoured above all nations are we as a free people in our “Head of Gold,” and justly may we point with pride to our Popular Royalty.

In the following pages no systematic biography of

Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family has been attempted, but simply a record of such incidents in their lives as may be interesting to the public. It would hardly seem fitting, however, to begin without some reference to Her Majesty's admirable parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

On the 14th of April, 1819, the Duke of Kent accompanied by his Royal Consort left Brussels for London, travelling by easy stages to Calais, where they had to wait for a fair wind; and it was not until the 23rd of April at 3 p.m.—so dreadfully slow was travelling in those days—that they arrived at Dover. Unfortunately they had a very rough passage on board the Royal yacht, and it is recorded that the Duchess suffered considerably and was “very sick.”

Their Royal Highnesses rested for the night at the “York Hotel,” and started the following morning for Cobham Hall *en route* for London. At this beautiful Kentish seat—Lord Darnley's—they remained that night, and arrived at Kensington Palace the next day at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Duke of Kent, in his anxiety lest any harm should befall the Duchess, had driven her himself in the phaeton all the way from Dover to Cobham Hall, and thence to the old palace at Kensington. For nearly a month after their arrival, and until Princess Victoria was born, they were frequently seen “taking an airing” in a phaeton, the Duke in general handling the reins.

On one occasion after a drive, they had chairs brought out, and sat on the walk at the east front of the Palace, to witness the trial of a “velocimanipede,” invented by an eminent coachbuilder. This vehicle

resembled a phaeton in miniature, weighed one hundred pounds, and was constructed to carry three persons—one in front to guide it, another—presumably a lady—in the middle, and a third at the back, to work the hind wheels of the machinery. It travelled easily on the Palace walk at a great speed, and their Royal Highnesses expressed much interest in a conveyance that without a horse could carry three people, and particularly admired the simplicity of its construction.

In these days, when cycling is universal, it is interesting to look back and reflect that in the year the Queen was born this favourite recreation had already been recognised by Royalty, and that an attempt had been made to introduce it into the London streets in the form of the "velocipede," described as "a machine with two wheels, one before the other, connected by a perch, on which the pedestrian rested the weight of his body, while with his feet he urged the machine forward." But as the "crowded state of the metropolis" did not admit of this novel mode of locomotion, it was put down by the magistrates of police.

In October, when the infant Princess was seven months old, the Duke of Kent went down into South Devonshire to select a residence for his family. After visiting Torquay, Teignmouth, and Dawlish, he went on to Sidmouth, where he inspected several houses; amongst them Woolbrook Cottage in the Glen—the seat of Major-General Bayes—which he engaged for the season.

On Christmas Eve, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, with little Princess Alexandrina Victoria and her half-sister, the Princess Feodora of Leiningen, arrived at Woolbrook Cottage from London by way of Salisbury—

where they were entertained at the Palace by the bishop—and *viâ* Ilminster in Somerset, where they put up for the night at the "George," immortalised as the first inn at which our present Sovereign ever stayed.

As they entered the little town of Sidmouth in seven carriages, an escort of cavalry appeared on the scene, the bells rang out a merry peal, and a band, waiting for them at the gates of their residence, played some national airs. Everybody made holiday. In the evening there was a grand illumination, and gas was seen in the streets for the first time.

About a fortnight after his arrival, the Duke of Kent held a *levée*, which was attended by the principal inhabitants of Sidmouth; among whom was an individual who, though holding a prominent position, had no very clear idea about the mode of addressing Royalty. Desiring to say something appropriate and civil, he thus spoke to the Duke: "I trust your Lordship and Mrs. Kent are quite well!"

This is not unlike the anecdote related of Prince Albert many years later, when, on the occasion of his opening a certain institution—the Queen being absent—a worthy manufacturer said to him, "I hope your wife is well." His Royal Highness, in speaking of it afterwards, pleasantly remarked that it was the first time he had heard such a good, old-fashioned, homely expression applied to his Royal Consort.

The weather was unusually severe for some time after the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. Frost and snow prevailed; consequently their Royal Highnesses could take few excursions. But what little they saw of the lovely scenery around Sidmouth delighted them.

The Duke was fond of exercise, and disliked being

shut up in the house ; so as soon as a thaw set in he went out for a long walk with Captain Conroy, his aide-de-camp, when they both got their boots soaked through with the treacherous snow-water. Although strongly advised to "change" directly he got home, the fond father, attracted by his playful little daughter, delayed doing so until it was time to dress for dinner.

A severe chill was the result. It was reported in the local papers that His Royal Highness was suffering from a bad cold, and that a ball, announced to take place at the Town Hall under the Duke's patronage, would have to be postponed. Presently, however, inflammatory symptoms supervened, and a London physician was summoned to consult with the local surgeon, Mr. Maguire, who had been called in when the Duke was first taken ill.

Every possible remedy was applied, and on the evening of Saturday, the 22nd, the case was not considered by any means hopeless. On the contrary, Prince Leopold—who on hearing of the Duke's illness had left Claremont with Dr. Stockmar, arriving at Sidmouth at two o'clock the same day—thought it safe to leave His Royal Highness's bedside for a short time to take the air. Hopes of his recovery were sustained throughout the night, but at half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning the flag was lowered half-mast high—the Duke of Kent had expired. The very robustness of his constitution had, in a manner, contributed to his untimely death, the inflammation having so much the more to feed upon ; and, although a fatal termination to his illness was a surprise to many, certain symptoms had exhibited themselves on the Friday which, to an experienced doctor, were significant.

On that day the Duke, always very particular about his dress and careful of his personal appearance, desired to be shaved, and the leading hairdresser in Sidmouth was sent for. When he arrived he was shown into the bedroom, where he found the Duke sitting in an easy-chair, and the Duchess by his side with her hand laid caressingly on her husband's forehead. There were also present the two doctors and the valet.

The hairdresser was asked by the Duke if he intended using one of the razors placed ready for him on the dressing-table, but the barber replied that he had brought one of his own. He then proceeded to shave His Royal Highness, but had some difficulty in doing so because of the spasmodic hiccup which tormented the Duke throughout the operation.

All through her husband's illness the Duchess had assiduously and tenderly watched by his side. The medicines were administered by her hand, and from her alone would the sufferer take anything. For five successive nights she never had an opportunity of attending to her toilette.

In his last moments the Duke was heard frequently to pray for the Duchess; and after several times repeating the words, "I am quite prepared," he breathed his last in her beloved arms.

Hurried was the departure from Woolbrook Cottage for London a few days later, and particularly mournful the scene. In the first carriage was the little Princess Alexandrina—as she was then called—whom her nurse had placed near one of the windows for the gratification of the large concourse of spectators. The innocent unconsciousness of her loss, shown in the openness and cheerfulness of her countenance, as she played with





Hills & Saunders, Photo.]

THE DUKE OF KENT.

[*Eton*

(From the original painting by Winterhalter, Crimson Drawing-room, Windsor Castle.)

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her little fingers upon the glass, deeply touched everybody, and moved them to tears. So great was the Duchess's solicitude for her little one, that, in spite of her own prostration of body and mind, she held the child in her arms the greater part of the sad journey.

Few men's friendship was more lasting than that of the Duke of Kent. Those whom he was attached to in youth were the friends of his mature age. In his household he was an admirable and corrective example to an extravagant age; his books and accounts were kept with the utmost exactitude, so that he could readily check every item of his expenditure. Very early in life had he been taught economy. Indeed, it is stated that, until he reached his twenty-second year, the allowance made to this British Prince was only one guinea and a half weekly.

When after his death His Royal Highness's bust by Turnerelli was delivered to the Duchess at Kensington Palace, the infant Princess was taken by her mother into the room where it had been placed. The likeness must have been excellent, for as soon as the child saw the bust, she clapped her hands excitedly, exclaiming, "Papa! Papa!" Everybody present was astonished at the instantaneous perception of so young a child, and the Duchess was so much affected by the touching incident, that she had to retire for a few moments to compose herself.

In the summer of the year 1834, when the Princess Victoria was fifteen years old, she and her mother, after paying a visit to Lord Liverpool at Buxted Park, in Sussex, drove to Tunbridge Wells, where they stayed at Calverley House—now the "Calverley Hotel." Tunbridge Wells was—as it still is—a favourite watering-

place, and its parade but little changed from what it was when Dr. Johnson sturdily trod its pantiles, and Harry Warrington, the Virginian, held his own at the "White Horse Tavern" with my Lords Chesterfield and March.

Approaching Calverley House, a very pretty sight awaited the Royal party. Ranged along the wall in front of the shrubbery in Calverley Terrace, were about forty very beautiful little girls, aged between six and twelve, prettily dressed in white, their muslin aprons full of flowers, which they strewed before the Royal carriage as it passed. Princess Victoria was delighted with this charming compliment. In the evening there was a general illumination, which was amusingly detailed in the local papers. A Mr. Neal, wine merchant, displayed at his depôt at the foot of Mount Sion a well-executed transparency, representing the rising sun, in whose centre the Imperial crown appeared with the motto *Dieu et mon droit*, and in the hollow of the luminary, in flaming characters, *Hail gracious Kent and Victoria*. A Mr. Hook, appropriately a fishmonger, at Market Place, had his shop "decorated in a pleasing manner with some well-executed devices in flowers and shrubs, with a plentiful distribution of light."

An important deputation waited upon the Duchess later on to present a loyal address, when Her Royal Highness replied as follows: "I cannot but share with the deepest anxiety in the feelings you express for the Princess. The object of my life is to render her worthy of the affectionate solicitude she inspires; and if it be the will of Providence she should fill a high station (I trust most fervently at a very distant day), I am confident she will be fully aware



*James Catford, Photo.] THE DUCHESS OF KENT. [Copyright,
Arthur H. Beavan*
(From the original painting by Winterhalter, Crimson Drawing-room, Windsor Castle.)

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of the importance of the sacred trust which may be committed to her charge ; and be deeply impressed with the conviction that her duty as the constitutional Sovereign of a free people must be the first object of her life." Baroness Lehzen, Lady Florence Hastings, and Sir John Conroy were present on this very interesting occasion.

Before leaving the "Wells," the Duchess earned for herself the gratitude of the sporting community, by presenting a cup worth £70, to be competed for at the approaching race-meeting ; the conditions being that the race should "be open to all ages, and be run in heats of two miles and a distance."

The fervent and loyal hope that the King might live many years, expressed in the Duchess of Kent's speech to the deputation at Calverley House, was not destined to be fulfilled, as only three years afterwards her daughter succeeded to the throne.

Meantime the Duchess, with much wisdom, continued those educational journeys to certain centres of industry, whereby the youthful Princess obtained a considerable knowledge of her own country quite unusual in those non-travelling days. She was also taken to many seaports and watering-places, and visited the principal seats of the nobility.

Amongst many other places, she went to Oxford and Winchester, Belper in Derbyshire with its cotton-mills, and Broomsgrave in Worcester, noted for its nail industry ; Portsmouth, Southampton, and Plymouth ; Brighton, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs ; the Isle of Wight, Weymouth, and Torquay ; Malvern, Eaton Hall, Burleigh, Belvoir, Wentworth, Harewood House, Holkham, and Walmer Castle.

Of all these lovely seats—many of them magnificent and most interesting—none seem to have pleased the Princess so much as quiet Claremont and its quaint little village of Esher. From the tender age of five, when she spent there the “happiest days” of her childhood, Her Majesty has always evinced a particular fondness for her uncle Leopold’s former residence.

Quiet enough was Claremont and the village of Esher in those days. Its principal street, edged with lawns and shaded by trees on each side, is still there ; as are also its funny little shops, and its old, unused church ; but the repose is lacking. Racing and cycling have done their best to destroy the peacefulness of Esher ; and hideous telegraph-poles and wires mar the beauty of the roads. A woeful dispeller of romance it is, upon leaving the charming scenery of Claremont, to encounter a tandem cycle with its two “up-to-date” riders, one of them, perhaps, a stout and well-developed lady in “rational” dress, laboriously and perspiringly mounting the hill. No wonder the aged labourer, trudging along, looks wonderingly at this nineteenth-century spectacle of what woman can achieve ; and, in reply to a passing cynic’s remark, “That’s a queer sight,” sighs out, “Yes, indeed it be, sir.”

Sixty years ago the society of Esher must have been rather exclusive ; for the Comtesse de Ponthieu, an Austrian lady of good descent, residing at Esher, described it as a locality where “the neighbours live with each other, speak well of each other, and very seldom meet—a formal dinner once in a year, perhaps, and no possibility of getting any further.” Madame la Comtesse, writing from Esher to an old friend at Christmas-time, 1836, says : “The Duchess of Kent and Princess



James Catford, Photo.]

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF CLARENCE.

Born, December, 1820. Died, March, 1821.

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beaman.

(From the recumbent statue by W. Scoular, Grand Corridor, Windsor Castle. Bequeathed to Her Majesty by the Dowager Queen Adelaide, 1849.)

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Victoria are at Claremont, and from all that is said, and the arrangements that are going on, there seems no doubt that it will be in future their chief residence—probably (nominally) the Princess's when she comes of age in May next. *She* is very fond of the place, but the Duchess is said to like a public place much better. They are very civil to the neighbourhood, giving it to be understood that they wish to be called on, and giving dinners afterwards to their visitors. Of this I shall have experience to-day, being asked to dine there."

In another letter the Comtesse describes the first Drawing Room held by the Queen after her accession, when she and her friend, Lady Isabelle de Chabot, were present. "I dare say it was very well," she writes, "but really the scramble was so great that I hardly saw Her Majesty. It was expected to be a very full Drawing Room, which it was not, so that Lord Conyngham thought proper to pronounce the names to the Queen one after another as fast as possible, and as loud as if she had been deaf. The pages, new, and ignorant of their duties, threw the ladies' trains over their arms before they had well made their curtsies, and desired them to '*pass on.*' Never was such an awkward business. The hurry was so great, that in an hour the Drawing Room was over, many ladies coming after the presence-chamber was closed. The sight was very curious, as all were in the deepest mourning, great plumes of black feathers, and long, black crape veils hanging down the back. Everybody looked alike, so that people were quite fearful of losing their party."

By the following year, however, the Palace officials had settled down to their respective duties, and all was in order for the great event—the Coronation. On that

day the House of Commons was opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and by eight o'clock a large number of members had arrived, some in Court dress, many in military attire; the majority in the uniform of the yeomanry cavalry. Great excitement was occasioned by the appearance of Mr. Walter Campbell in a magnificent Highland costume; and Mr. Pease, the Quaker, was even cheered on account of his neat Court dress, cut as much as possible in accordance with the prevailing fashion among the "Friends."

Seats in the Abbey were balloted for by the members; and the lucky recipients of tickets, together with the Speaker, proceeded thither at ten o'clock, where they occupied one of the galleries erected immediately over the altar, and, of course, had a magnificent view of everything.

One of the most curious features on this memorable occasion seems to have been the unrestrained applause heard within the sacred building, usually so profoundly still. As each distinguished or popular personage passed up the nave, he was greeted with hearty cheers; and when the Royal procession slowly advanced towards the altar, and Her Majesty came in sight, the vast audience simultaneously rose, and a mighty shout rang through the Abbey.

Outside in the streets, one of the greatest attractions appear to have been the Ambassadors' carriages, which certainly were very magnificent, and seldom seen in public. That of Marshal Soult, Ambassador Extraordinary for France, created most interest. It was of French manufacture; the colour a rich cobalt relieved with gold, its panels superbly emblazoned with the Marshal's Arms; its lamps of richly-chased silver, the

cornice and large ducal coronets at each corner of the same metal, the lining of nankeen satin picked out with scarlet; and the harness ornamented with the richest silver furniture. Altogether, it was more elaborately decorated than any other carriage in the cavalcade, and its occupant was everywhere vociferously applauded.

After the Sovereign, her beloved mother received the greatest plaudits. Persistent rushes were made at her carriage, and, but for the police, the demonstrative crowds would several times have forced their arms therein, in order to show their loyalty by shaking hands with her. The Duke of Sussex's reception was also one of unbounded enthusiasm, and he appeared to be not only grateful, but deeply affected by the repeated outbursts of cheering that greeted him along the line of route.

Of all the coronations since William the Conqueror took the solemn oath to "protect the Church, prohibit oppression, and execute judgment in mercy," that of Queen Victoria was undoubtedly the most intensely interesting and significant; ushering in, as it did, a new era of the nation's history. Her youth was necessarily a feature; though Henry VI. was but nine years old when, on the 6th of November, 1429, he was crowned at Westminster with great splendour; and Edward VI. was barely twelve months older, when, with a wisdom beyond his years, he called for the Bible, the "sword of the Spirit," to be carried before him in the Abbey, together with the three symbolical weapons used in the coronation service.

A rather unseemly scramble for the silver commemoration medals, while the peers were doing homage to the Queen, was the only really undignified pro-

ceeding throughout the ceremony. But what would the present generation think of five hundred great horses being set at liberty (outside the Abbey we must presume!) to be scrambled for—"catch them that catch might"—as was actually done at the coronation of Edward I.!

It required some time to accustom people to the change in the designation of the Sovereign, especially in the country. An amusing example of this was furnished by the following notice, painted over the door of the "Three Tuns" public-house at Kidderminster, whence the local omnibus started:—

"Parcels booked and carried to all parts of the Queendom!"

CHAPTER II

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT

The Queen's happy marriage—National opinion of Prince Albert—Adventure of Prince Albert on the Thames—Deerstalking at Glenartney—Prince Albert's popularity—Acquisition of Balmoral estate—Balmoral Castle—Highland character—Crathie church and bazaar—Anecdote—Highland anecdotes of the Queen—The Queen and Prince Albert at Blair Castle—Anecdotes—The present Balmoral estate and deer forests—Highland incidents and anecdotes.



RETROSPECT of married life, when death has dissolved the union, is not always either pleasant or profitable. Remorse too often embitters the thoughts of the survivor—regret for the words said and left unsaid; for the coldness, neglect, indifference, wrong and cruelty; and for all the sad “might have beens.”

To the Queen has been granted the unspeakable blessing of knowing nothing of all this. The intensity of her grief in losing her Royal Consort must have been softened not a little by the precious recollections of their unblemished married life; and, even now, she must find consolation in this fact, though it is fifty-eight years since she plighted her troth to Prince

Albert, thenceforth to be for ever identified with the Sovereign of this realm.

It would seem incomprehensible to anybody not of British birth—but that it was so we may infer from the Queen's own remarks to her uncle Leopold—that the Prince Consort only commenced to become popular in England after his display of bold horsemanship in the hunting-fields at Belvoir, three years after his marriage. "Much more was made of it," says the Queen, "than if he had done some great act."

An idea was then prevalent—and in a modified form still exists—that no foreigner could ride or shoot, or, in fact do anything manly ; as though manliness were the exclusive heritage of Englishmen! and the typical squire—whose conversation was of the stable or the racing-paddock, and who was firmly convinced, like Geoffrey Delamaine in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," that muscle was everything and intellect of very little account—looked down upon a man who did not care for sport. But the squires began soon to realise that Prince Albert, in spite of being born a German, was as plucky as themselves in field sport and every other manly recreation.

The recent Niger expedition recalls the one in which Prince Albert took great interest in 1841. Before it started, he went over the steamers detailed for duty, and then it was that his pluck was subjected to a severe trial.

Sir Fowell Buxton, writing to Miss Gurney, thus describes the incident: "I was upon the quarter-deck (of the *Albert*), and Professor Airey with me near the steps, which the Prince immediately came up. He greeted me with the most good-natured familiarity, and

expressed his pleasure at seeing me on board my fleet. He then closely examined everything, and seemed to take a great delight in the whole concern, and to understand mechanics. He was specially delighted with a buoy fixed ready at the stern of the ship to be let down at a moment's notice. It contained a light, which (at least they said so) water only inflamed. I said to Major Keppel (not intending the Prince should hear me, which, however, he did), 'I wish His Royal Highness would order one of his suite—yourself, for example—to be thrown overboard, that we might save your life by this apparatus.' The Prince took up the idea, and seemed half-inclined to set Keppel a-swimming in order that we might have the gratification of the salvage. Presently the boat came alongside; the Prince and some of his attendants got in; the wind was blowing hard, and the tide rolling along in full force. The sailors were not accustomed to the navigation of the Thames, so that the tide ran away with us and dashed us with considerable force against a yacht at anchor. We got entangled among the ropes, and a cry was raised from the vessel, 'You will be dragged over. Lie down!' Down went His Royal Highness flat to the bottom of the boat, and without ceremony we all bundled down too. As it was the rope scraped along my back. When we got clear the Prince sprang up, laughing heartily at the adventure, saying, 'I have had one ducking before this year, when I fell through the ice, and I thought we were going to have a second of a much worse kind.' The alarm felt on board the vessels at our situation was very considerable, and the boats were lowered."

The ice accident referred to was on the ornamental water in the Buckingham Palace garden the day before

the christening of the Princess Royal, and might have been very serious, for the Prince was entirely immersed ; and the only one on the shore who appears to have shown any presence of mind was the Queen, who helped to rescue him.

Every one will freely admit that nothing is more calculated to test the patience and endurance of a sportsman than deerstalking, nothing more arduous or that calls for more staying power ; and Prince Albert's first essay in the noble sport proved that he possessed all the necessary qualifications in a marked degree.

During the Queen's first trip to Scotland in the year 1842, a visit was paid to Drummond Castle in the month of September. Lord Willoughby de Eresby had arranged a deerstalking expedition for Prince Albert in the forest of Glenartney ; accordingly, at six o'clock in the morning, the Prince and his noble host started off in an open carriage for the *rendezvous*—a lodge ten miles distant. As soon as the vehicle drew up, the Prince, full of impetuosity and expectation, vaulted out of the carriage, and heartily greeting the gentleman who had undertaken to be his guide and mentor for the day, said, " Mr. Campbell, I understand you are to show me the forest, and how to kill a deer." He then asked whether the colour of his dress was suitable for stalking, and being assured that it was perfect, the party set off. After a long walk a large herd of deer were discovered on the brow of the Hindsback corry, looking splendid as the sun shone full upon their sleek coats and stately antlers outlined against the clear sky. As it was impossible to get a shot at them from below, a long and fatiguing *détour* had to be made, involving some smart walking. The herd had become

restless and suspicious, and started off direct for the White Hound corry, and it was a race whether they or the stalkers would get there first. In this case the race was to the swift, and all the Prince could do was to fire at the last retreating deer as it bounded past him at a distance of 150 yards, mortally wounding it. A fresh start was then made, and arriving at a place where, over the brow of a hill, deer were expected to be seen not far off, the greatest caution, as well as dead silence, was observed.

At this critical moment Mr. Campbell whispered to the forester, "Hold the Prince back, Donald, whilst I creep to the brow to see where the deer are."—"How am I to do that?" replied Donald.—"Just lay hold of his arm," said Mr. Campbell, "if the deer come forward, until it is time to fire."—"Haud the Prince! haud the Prince! I'll no do that. Ye maun just grip him yoursel' and I'll look owre the broo."

Mr. Campbell was compelled to consent to this; and when the time arrived, took the necessary liberty with the Prince's arm. By this time the Royal sportsman was considered expert enough to stalk by himself. Off he set quite alone, wading and creeping on his hands and knees through wet moss-hags; every now and again sinking deep into their black depths, and disappearing altogether for some time, until the crack and smoke of his rifle, as he fired at and hit a deer which got off, but was afterwards recovered, revealed his whereabouts behind a knoll. His final success that day was a hind—shot through the shoulder in a very skilful manner, after an exciting rush down-hill, running in the most painful fashion, legs straight and back bent, till his face all but touched the ground. Two stags and three hinds—

capital show for a beginner—were the result of this exhausting day's sport, throughout whose many disappointments the Prince had shown the greatest good-humour. Right welcome to His Royal Highness must have been the glass of champagne in which he drank his host's health on returning to the hunting-lodge. Not only did the public, when they heard of the Prince's "moving accidents by flood and field," admit that in manly exercises he could hold his own with any Englishman, but they rapidly began to understand and to admire his noble character. It was discovered that he was an intense admirer of the arts, a ready draughtsman, an accomplished musician, and a graceful poet; and by the time he had created the Great Exhibition of 1851, he had risen to a point of the highest popularity. He did nothing by halves; whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might.

The workmen's dwellings on His Royal Highness's estate were the best that could be built—so perfect, that it was stated by Mr. Chadwick, C.B., "that if all the cottage property in the United Kingdom were maintained in the same condition as that of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort, the death-rate would be reduced more than one-third, or nearly one-half."

As a scientific agriculturist, and as a practical improver of landed property in the shape of planning buildings and planting, few could surpass him. Plautus has left us the oft-quoted passage: *Quem di diligunt, adolescens moritur, dum valet, sentit, sapit.* But in Prince Albert's case the first qualification was absent. Had he but lived he would, without doubt, have become the foremost statesman of the day—the Nestor to



James Catford, Photo.]

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

*[Copyright,
Arthur H. Beavan.*

(From the original painting by Winterhalter, Blue Drawing-room, Buckingham Palace.)

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whose final decision national quarrels would have been submitted, and devastating wars averted.

The hour at which His Royal Highness died exemplified the curious popular conviction, mentioned by the Elizabethan writer, Thomas Turner, that there exists a connection between death and the state of the tide :—

“Tyde flowing is feared for many a thing,
Great danger to such as be sick it doth bring.”

On the 14th of December, 1861, high water was reached at London Bridge eight minutes past midnight ; but ere this, while the Thames was still flowing, the Prince Consort's spirit was wafted down the cold river of death towards the illimitable ocean of eternity, and the darkness of a great sorrow fell upon throne and nation.

Prince Albert still lives, in the Queen's devotion to his memory, in his works, his thoughts, ideas, and tastes ; and nowhere, perhaps, are these latter more forcibly recalled than in the Royal residences of Balmoral and Osborne, which he himself had planned and developed ; though they are also strongly visible at Windsor and Buckingham Palace.

To the west-south-west of the granite-built city of Aberdeen lies a happy valley formed by lofty spurs that shoot out from the main range of the famous Grampians, and down which there wanders the river Dee, its waters sometimes flowing placidly over the gravel beneath, but, when huge rocks obstruct their journey to the sea, raging and foaming with wild and picturesque impatience. In no part of the Highlands is purer and more bracing air to be found than at Balmoral ; and, according

to the late Sir James Clark, no better spot in the whole district could have been selected as a summer and autumn residence, or one more adapted to the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The soil about it is sandy, while the heavy rain-clouds, continually hurrying up from the Atlantic, usually discharge their stores of rain upon the mountains at the head of the valley before reaching Deeside, thus making it one of the driest districts in Scotland.

Fascinated by the Highlands, and no doubt influenced by the opinion of the wise and trusted Court physician, Prince Albert took a lease of the Balmoral estate, and in 1832 purchased the fee simple from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. The original castle was in the old Scottish style—a long, steep-roofed, small-windowed, gabled mansion, whereto had been added a picturesque tower and several irregular buildings. Altogether, it was rather a large place for so remote a spot, and though boasting of no splendour, was very comfortable.

On the 28th of September, 1853, the foundation-stone of the new castle was laid by the Queen, and two years later, on September 7th, the Royal Family moved in and took possession.

Mr. William Smith, of Aberdeen, was the architect, but his designs were more or less modified by the Prince Consort. Built in the Scottish baronial style, of a light grey granite, it consists of two blocks and connecting wings, with bartizan, turrets, and a principal tower, with flagstaff. Inside it is quite unlike either Osborne or Windsor. There is no display; everything is perfectly simple. The rooms are not numerous, and are, comparatively speaking, plainly furnished, the finest apart-



Robert Milne, Photo.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

(Showing the Queen's private rooms on the first floor.)

[Ballater

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ment being the ball-room, situated in the centre of the Castle. It has a gallery at the upper end, approached by steps right and left, and a recessed daïs at the side, with accommodation for six chairs. A handsome chandelier depends from the glazed ceiling, and stags' heads and Highland devices adorn the walls. In keeping with the Scottish character of the building, the carpets and the upholstery of the furniture are chiefly of the tartan pattern, of which, perhaps, the most striking is that called the "Victoria"—red, yellow, green, and white. Engravings, not paintings, predominate; and in the corridors the walls are decorated with antlers and spoils of the chase. The Queen's private apartments, as shown in the illustration, are all on the first floor, whence she has a splendid view across grassy terraces and parterres to the forest-clad hills beyond. Everywhere are evidences of the Prince Consort's skill and foresight as a landscape gardener. With a view to artistic effect he had trees planted everywhere, especially Scotch pines, of which Her Majesty is so fond; the Muckle Craig—a hill directly opposite the Castle—being closely covered with these picturesque trees, varied here and there by larches, in order to break the monotony of the long stretch of moorland, and diversify the view from the Castle. Even on Craig Lourigan—the background of the little village of Crathie—pines were planted in the crevices of the solid rock wherever a little earth had accumulated, and flourished as well as those in more abundant soil.

Every visitor to Balmoral must remember this dear little hamlet of Crathie, or, as it is called locally, Balmoral Cottages. It is where the principal Balmoral servants live; their residences being distinctly Highland in

appearance, with white or creeper-covered walls, slated roofs, and beautifully kept flower-gardens in front ; while in the middle of the cottages is the well-known shop of Mrs. Symon, "general merchant."

No wonder the Queen loves Balmoral ; and that it is her favourite residence there can be little doubt. Not the least of its recommendations, from a Royal point of view, is that—unlike Her Majesty's subjects in the south—the Highlanders are not always troubling her with well-meant but tiresome attentions. They are primitive, true-hearted and reticent people, and therefore the pleasantest imaginable for Sovereigns and Princes to live amongst.

Thus it is that the Queen can freely indulge her natural sociability, as she did when the grand bazaar, in aid of the funds for rebuilding Crathie Church, was held by her permission in a field known as the "Statue Park," in the vicinity of Balmoral Castle. On the second day of the bazaar the appearance of Mustafa, the Queen's Indian attendant, in front of the marquee announced that his Royal mistress was not far off, and presently she drove up from the Castle and entered the large tent. Without any previous announcement the police, who had been guarding the entrance, retired and allowed the public to enter. To their delight they found Her Majesty seated in a bath-chair to the right of the Balmoral stall, and every one who could approach it had an opportunity of having a good look at the Sovereign. Her Majesty appeared to be deeply interested in the sales, which went on vigorously, and accepted a large doll from the little Princess Ena of Battenberg, who, at her own special stall, was busily engaged in selling toys. In the evening the Queen

witnessed the "auction" sale that wound up the proceedings and enjoyed it immensely. "How well she looks! and how very happy!" remarked an old lady, who had contrived, after much pushing, to elbow her way close to the stall where the Queen was sitting.

No single thing seemed to escape Her Majesty's notice as she looked about her, at times raising her glasses to identify some distant person. Many of the simple-minded spectators who stood gazing at her for the first time, evidently had expected—judging from their ingenuous remarks—to see the Queen seated upon a throne and wearing a crown, and were struck with astonishment to find her just like other people, chatting pleasantly with those around her. And when Her Majesty, after leaving the bazaar, stopped in her carriage outside the concert-hall to listen to the songs "Annie Laurie" and the humorous "Jean Jamieson's Bonnet"—rendered at her own request—the enthusiasm of the people culminated.

The new church at Crathie stands upon a plateau some nine hundred feet above the sea-level, on the north side of the Dee, and not far from the Castle. It is of Gothic architecture of an early Scottish character, and is built of a beautiful, light, grey-tinted granite. The south transept is set apart for the Queen and her household, Her Majesty, when present, sitting in the middle of the front row in a richly-upholstered oaken chair adorned with the Royal Arms, in full view of the congregation, who occupy the nave. But, as a rule, the Queen worships in the private chapel attached to the Castle, where one of the chaplains, or other minister of the Church of Scotland, officiates.

At Crathie the old attitude is still maintained; that is to

say, the congregation sit during the singing of hymn or psalm, and stand during prayer—a practice very general in most of the Reformed Churches on the Continent. Of late years the rheumatic affection from which Her Majesty suffers has rendered it almost necessary for her to remain seated throughout the service.

In the earlier days, when the Queen first came to Balmoral, she regularly attended old Crathie Church, an unpretentious little building, upon whose site the new one now stands ; and it is said that she used to set a salutary example to many of the visitors who came only to stare, by her devoutness and close attention to the service, always finding with her own hands the passages of Scripture quoted, and joining heartily in the singing.

The worthy minister had a large Newfoundland dog that invariably escorted him to the kirk, gravely following him up the pulpit-stairs, where he lay down and remained perfectly quiet until the service was over. One of Her Majesty's attendants, thinking it unseemly for a big dog to be seen in church, remonstrated with the minister for allowing his four-footed friend to come, and possibly annoy Her Majesty. The minister asked if the Queen had complained of the dog. "Oh, no," said the attendant, "I should not like Her Majesty to *need* to complain." "Very well," said the minister, "the dog will remain at home." Next Sabbath, of course, the dog's place was vacant. Not long afterwards the minister dined at the Castle, when the Queen in her pleasant way said to him, "What has become of your dog?" The minister explained that he understood it annoyed Her Majesty and had, therefore, kept it at home. Her Majesty smiled, and said the dog was "no annoyance,"

and she hoped "its church-going habits would not be interfered with in any way." So the following Sabbath the dog occupied its usual "sitting" at the top of the pulpit stairs.

It is well known that ever since her first visit to Scotland, before she had a home of her own in the Highlands, the Queen has been in the habit of looking in at the dwellings of the humble peasantry; some of the numerous anecdotes recorded on this subject being highly amusing.

Not long after the Queen came to live amongst these Highlanders a gentleman managed to overcome the natural reticence of a poor family who dwelt amongst the hills, and extracted from them some unsophisticated opinions about the Sovereign. "Many a laird's daughter is mair grandly dressed," remarked the wife; and then continued with the greatest warmth, "Aye, and she has nae pride either, for she enters a' the houses of the puir in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and should it happen to be diet-time when she visits them, she always partakes of a small quantity of their humble fare, no matter how poor it be." "Once when she came here," interrupted the head of the humble household, "I had the great honour of handing Her Majesty the bread and cheese—for it chanced as I was in—and she ate it heartily, too." As the gentleman expressed a little astonishment at this the old housewife exclaimed, "Aye, and that's no a'! She thinks naething when she's out on her visits o' making purchases in the shape of butter and eggs, and taking them hame hersel'!"

In one of the Queen's walks about Balmoral she called at the hut of an ancient Highland widow, and

talked quite familiarly with her about many things. At last the old woman remarked, "Ye ne'er say anything about the Queen. I reckon ye're Mrs. Albert hersel'!"

Calling at another "bothy," Her Majesty found a very old dame alone at tea. In the course of a chat the Queen said, "You are very old to be alone." "Oh!" was the reply, "I've a wealth o' folk to tak' care o' me, but they are a'oot to see the Queen." "Tell them," rejoined Her Majesty, "when they return, that the Queen has been to see *you*."

On another occasion the Queen took shelter, late one evening, from a heavy shower of rain, in the same bothy, and received from the old dame a very free, but well-meant scolding for venturing out so late.

In the year 1844 the Queen and Prince Albert embarked at Woolwich, on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and arrived at Tynemouth *en route* for Scotland, after a passage described at the time as the "quickest on record," the distance, 320 miles, having been accomplished in twenty-nine hours! They landed at Dundee, whence they proceeded through splendid scenery to Blair Castle, placed at their disposal by Lord Glenlyon, who held his estates from the Crown on the quaint feudal condition that when the Sovereign visited his castle a white rose should be presented as a kind of peppercorn rent. Unfortunately for him, the queen of flowers was not in season at that time of year; but at last, with great difficulty, two were procured and offered to the Queen on her arrival.

On their way to Blair Castle the Royal party passed through Dunkeld, only alighting once, when horses were changed at the "Athole Arms." The piece of carpet

on to which Her Majesty stepped in alighting from her carriage was afterwards eagerly purchased by a gentleman who had witnessed her arrival. The Queen delighted all the "gude folk" assembled to have a peep at her, by the way she took the Princess Royal on her knees and tied on her bonnet.

When at Blair Castle, Her Majesty and Prince Albert were in the habit of rising very early. At seven o'clock their piper used to sound the pibroch under the castle windows, when everybody was expected to immediately respond to the summons. A bunch of fresh mountain-heather was ready for Her Majesty, according to her request, every morning when she went out for a walk; and a bottle of water from a spring in Glen Tilt, far-famed for its purity, was brought to her.

During the twenty days that they resided here in complete seclusion, the Royal couple were always taking excursions, and were never long separated from each other, even when the Prince was deerstalking.

Sometimes the Queen would ramble about the hills, accompanied by Lady Glenlyon, and once they entered a cottage, where the Queen remained upwards of a quarter of an hour, examining with great interest the few implements of husbandry and cooking which lay on the mud floor of the hovel. Its simple inmates proffered their hospitality to their Sovereign, and a bowl of milk—all they had to offer—was graciously accepted, but they had no conception of the exalted rank of their guest. The old woman in the cottage was at her spinning-wheel, with the "rock and wee pickle tow," and explained the use of it to Her Majesty.

Sometimes a more exhilarating beverage than milk was offered. One day the Queen and the Prince drove to

the old village of Blair, where sheep-shearing was going on, with which Her Majesty was much amused. They then went on to Glen Tilt, and entered a hut, where the gudewife was spinning. Her Majesty sat down and conversed with her very affably for some time. Here, too, the inmates did not know the rank of their visitors ; but, in accordance with the custom, they put a bottle and glass on the table and asked them to taste the "mountain dew."

The Queen possesses three estates in the Highlands, viz., that upon which stands Balmoral Castle, comprising about 11,000 acres ; and the Birkhall and Abergeldie properties, a total of 35,000 acres, embracing a river frontage of twelve miles along the banks of the Dee. She also owns the forest of Ballochbuie, which, twenty-one years ago, belonged to the late Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld. Before Her Majesty purchased the forest, thousands of its magnificent fir trees—probably the largest in Scotland, and the growth of many generations—were found to have been doomed to an Aberdeen merchant's wood-yard, for they bore the fatal felling mark.

Ballochbuie had always been a favourite resort of the Queen ; so with the greatest promptness, as soon as this intelligence reached her, she re-purchased the timber, and, finally, bought the entire estate.

When at Balmoral, the Queen often visits Danzig Shiel, a pretty cottage in the heart of the woods, the residence of Mr. Michie, the head forester, where Her Majesty has a room, panelled in the natural wood of the forest, a beautifully grained light pine. In the midst of these solemn forests, whose mighty trees rise around her like the columns of some vast Gothic cathedral, the



Robert Milne, Photo.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

[Baillater.

(Showing portion of the south front.)

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Queen and Empress of our great Empire can indulge in absolute rest and quiet. In this calm and peaceful spot, the deer, when the sun is shining, come out from amongst the trees and feed upon the short grass.

So much care and attention in preserving has been bestowed upon the Balmoral properties for many years past, that it is now a perfect paradise for the lover of sport and the naturalist. Here, that monarch of birds, the golden eagle—a great favourite of the Queen—rears its young ones unmolested; and in respect of game, Balmoral can hold its own, in ordinary seasons, with any of the moors or deer forests in North Britain.

Of the latter, three out of the five in all Aberdeenshire belong to the Queen, of which the best is, perhaps, Glen Gelder, a forest of barren moorland, where there is a charming little “shiel” for Her Majesty’s use. Then there is the ancient forest of Ballochbuie, before referred to, and the Glenmuick and Bach-na-Gairn deer forest that runs along the Dee side in the midst of beautiful scenery for many miles. Altogether the Queen owns 50,000 out of the $2\frac{1}{2}$ million acres of deer-ground in Scotland.

The Tsar was not particularly successful during his visit last year, and did not lay low the “muckle hart,” though no doubt he would have liked to have done so, particularly such a one as Lord Burton killed in 1893 at Glenquoick, a king of stags, with twenty “tines”; or the splendid “Royal” shot by the Duke of Sutherland last year in Loch Choine Forest, Sutherlandshire; the animal’s magnificent head measuring over thirty-nine inches across the spreading antlers.

The Queen’s natural kindness of disposition is nowhere so much in evidence as in the Highlands; for

there, as I have before observed, she can mingle with the humblest of her subjects with ease and familiarity, knowing that her confidence will never be abused.

It is said that once, while taking a drive, Her Majesty noticed a man on the road carrying a bundle, and looking very tired. She entered into conversation with him by inquiring where he came from and whither he was going. He told her that he had come from Cromarty and was on his way to Dundee, intending to cross the Capel, as being the nearest road. Her Majesty then remarked that, as he seemed much fatigued and his bundle was apparently heavy, if he would put it in the carriage, her coachman would take him up on the box. Thus was the wayfarer helped some miles on his way, and was, naturally, greatly affected by the considerate kindness shown to him by his Sovereign.

After Crathie Church was rebuilt there was some idea of introducing into the mode of worship certain changes that had become quite general in the Lowlands, and had been adopted even in some of the Highland churches. But when the Queen was consulted, she said that she thought it better to make "no alteration," her decision being, no doubt, a little influenced by her own attachment to the old usages, but more so by her desire to do nothing to offend or wound the feelings of her humble neighbours.

When anybody at Balmoral is ill, the Queen soon hears of it, and does all she can to mitigate the suffering of the patient. Last year, when her head gardener was lying seriously ill, she called to inquire how he was; and when he died, although the weather was most inclement on the day of his interment, she attended the

funeral service, and afterwards visited the sorrowing widow, remaining with her for some time, and affording her the consolation that only one who had suffered in like manner could give. Her Majesty frequently visits the graves of her faithful attendants and others, and with her own hands places wreaths upon their last resting-places.

The Queen has a fine humour, a keen appreciation of a joke. Once she observed a man with a camera some distance off, looking at her most wistfully, but not daring to take a "shot." Presently she dispatched this message to him, "*Her Majesty trusts you will send her a copy;*" and no doubt he did.

Many years ago, on returning from a visit to the beautiful falls of Corriemulzie, near Mar Lodge, where the stream precipitates itself into a deep ravine charmingly clothed on each side with rich, evergreen foliage, she met a large drove of cattle coming from the Castleton market. The drover addressed Lady Agnes Duff, who was in attendance on Her Majesty, and said, "Please can you tell me if the Queen is forward to-night?" Overhearing the question, Her Majesty turned round and bestowed upon the stalwart Highlander a most gracious bow and smile; and Sir George Grey, who was also of the party, stepped back and told him who the lady was.

That same year, a story came to the Queen's ears about a highly conscientious tradesman. It appears that Her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent, had, when in Edinburgh, found certain biscuits very much to her liking, and ordered the hotel-keeper to continue the supply. One Sunday it was found that there were no biscuits left. A fresh consignment was therefore sent

for; but the baker indignantly replied that he "would not serve even the Queen herself on the Sabbath." However, the Duchess subsequently called at his shop, and ordered twelve dozen to be sent to her every week.

The incident so much amused the Queen, that she gave orders for a supply of the same biscuit to be forwarded regularly to Balmoral whenever she was residing there.

CHAPTER III

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT (*continued*)

The Royal train—Inspection and selection of the Osborne estate—Royal visit to the *Victory*—Osborne House—Naval pageants in the Solent—Anecdotes—Windsor Castle—Prince Albert and the Royal Farms—Banquets at the Castle—Dining with the Queen—Anecdotes—Billiard-room—Private Chapel—Anecdote—The Queen's private rooms—Library—Historical relics—*Objets d'Art* at Windsor—Outdoor spectacles at Windsor Castle—Dramatic entertainments—The Castle slopes and gardens—Anecdote of E. M. Ward, R.A.—Visit of King Louis Philippe to Eton—Anecdote of Duke of Wellington.



HE ease and comfort with which the Queen now travels long distances is in marked contrast with the weariness and discomfort that she must have experienced as a child when going about England, even in her mother's private carriage.

Her Majesty can journey from Balmoral to Gosport—a distance of 626 miles—in twenty-four hours, including stoppages. Her mode of conveyance is a right Royal special train, consisting of a powerful engine and sixteen carriages, in the middle of which is her own beautifully furnished drawing-room saloon, neatly connected with her sleeping-car, the two together being sixty-four feet long. Instead of oil-lamps, electric light is used in the

roof and in the reading-lamps on the saloon table. A printed gold-bordered time-table is provided, indicating the times and mileage of the journey, also the inclines and levels of the railway along which the train is running, and with the various sections of hill and dale clearly indicated. In warm weather the atmosphere of the carriages is delightfully cooled by pyramidal blocks of ice, hidden by sprays of foliage and embedded in moss strewn upon draped stands; while at all seasons of the year there are on the side-table bouquets arranged by the Royal gardener.

Driving from Balmoral Castle to the unpretending little station at Ballater, the journey south generally begins at three o'clock in the afternoon. There is, usually, a pause—of varying length—at Aberdeen, Perth, Carlisle, or elsewhere, as arranged; Clarence Yard, Gosport, being reached, as a rule, to the minute. The *Alberta* yacht then conveys the Royal party to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, whence they are driven to Osborne House.

Quite different are the scenery, vegetation, and climate that greet Her Majesty in the south. Quitting Balmoral, say, in the month of November, she leaves behind her, snow on hillsides and mountain-tops, flowerless gardens, and chilling air, and finds at Osborne geraniums and fuchsias flourishing in the open, and fires a mere matter of form—the contrast between “Caledonia stern and wild” and gentle “Vectis” being remarkable.

This Isle of Wight retreat is, like Balmoral, full of tender associations with the Prince Consort.

In the autumn of the year 1844 the Queen, who ever since her marriage had desired to possess a private residence entirely her own, went down to the Isle of Wight with Prince Albert to look over a modest estate of some

800 acres, belonging to Lady Isabella Blatchford, in order to find out if it were suitable for the object she had in view.

Quite a family—two sons and two daughters—had by this time sprung up around the Royal couple, and these young people required sea-bathing and a bracing, yet not too keen, sea-air. The Queen knew the island well, for, as a girl of fourteen, she had lived with her mother for a short time at Norris Castle—a picturesque, embattled edifice in the old baronial style—close to East Cowes, and had explored almost every part worth seeing.

There was then only a plain red-brick manor house on the Osborne estate; but the surroundings were perfect. It seemed to be just what the Queen wanted, and in the following year it became Her Majesty's own property, as free from the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain's "department" as that of any of her subjects.

It happened that the day of Her Majesty's return to Portsmouth from this visit of inspection was the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, and the *Victory* was adorned with wreaths and garlands of laurel. The Queen expressed a wish to go on board, and was at once taken alongside the ship in the Royal barge, which was waiting to convey the party to the shore. Her Majesty went on the quarter-deck to see the spot where the great Admiral fell. It is marked by a brass plate, on which, in the centre of a wreath of laurels, are inscribed the words, "Here Nelson fell." While reading this inscription the Queen shed tears, and remained silent for some moments. She then addressed a few words to Prince Albert, and, plucking a couple of leaves from the wreath, expressed her desire to see the

cabin in which Nelson died. Lights were immediately ordered to be taken down into the cockpit, while Her Majesty inspected the poop of the *Victory* and read aloud with marked emphasis the inscription thereon—"England expects every man to do his duty." She then went below, followed by Prince Albert and members of the suite. The maindeck was at this moment in great confusion consequent upon the firing of a Royal salute in honour of the Queen's arrival, and whilst descending the ladder Her Majesty was run against by a powder-monkey who was bringing up a fresh supply of gunpowder wherewith to salute her on her departure. Her Majesty was almost overthrown by the concussion, but bore it with gracious affability. She had no difficulty in identifying the exact spot where Nelson breathed his last, for it is indicated by a funeral-urn emblazoned on one of the knees of the ship, surmounted by the words, "Here Nelson died." The Royal party remained in the cockpit for several minutes; and everybody appeared to be deeply moved by the pathetic associations of the place.

When the transfer of the Osborne estate had been effected, Prince Albert, with his customary energy, set about building the new mansion and laying out the grounds according to his own taste, and the result was, as we now see it—perfect. The Queen once said in referring to Balmoral, "All has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying-out, as at *Osborne*."

Various acquisitions of surrounding land from time to time have brought up the total area of the Osborne estate to about 5,000 acres—a compact block $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by 2 miles wide. Hardly any place in England can



W. Kirk & Sons, Photo.]

OSBORNE HOUSE.

From the private grounds

(The Queen's apartments are indicated by the bow-window on the first floor.)

[Conts.

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surpass it in diversity of hill and dale, woodland, meadow, and seashore. A magnificent lawn slopes down to the water; and the house, approached by a succession of terraces and standing on high ground, commands unique views in every direction. First of all, that portion of the house called the "Pavilion," containing the Royal apartments, was built, together with the east front, and, later on, the north and the east wings. The garden was laid out under the personal direction of the Prince. Choice shrubs and conifers were planted; shady walks and drives formed; terraces, lawns, and flower-beds arranged; and the place became absolutely charming as a retreat from the heat and noisy excitement of the great metropolis.

Osborne is quite in contrast with the stately magnificence of Windsor, the simplicity of Balmoral, or the palatial grandeur of Buckingham Palace. It is built in the Italian style, and is, appropriately, the home of art. The corridors are adorned with most beautiful specimens of the sculptor's skill; the rooms are filled with exquisite cabinets and treasures in china and the precious metals; while the pictures are gems of modern art. Lightness, elegance, and cheerfulness are the characteristics of all the apartments—white, and the light tints of green, azure, gold, and vermilion, predominate in the colouring. Most of the rooms open upon corridors, and the lofty windows overlook terrace and lawn. Furniture, curtains, carpets, &c., all harmonise with their surroundings. The Queen's private sitting-room, drawing-room, and bedroom, and the apartments of any of the Princesses who may be staying with Her Majesty, are on the first-floor; their position being indicated in the illustration by the large and prominent bow-window.

Noblest of all is the Indian room, a superb hall in Eastern style, composed of light cedar, the work of the famous Indian artist, Ram Singh, of the Mayo School of Art. Its floor is covered with the largest and finest carpet ever made; and the ceiling is about the most perfectly designed in the world.

Her Majesty seldom attends Whippingham Church, preferring to use the private chapel at Osborne House. It is a plain, long room, with lightly tinted walls and ceiling. At the upper end, an ordinary reading-desk serves as a pulpit, with a small space for a communion-table close by; and on the other side is a desk for the officiating clergy. At the lower end is an organ with plain, silvered-metal pipes. Rows of walnut-wood chairs are placed in the middle of the chapel; the Queen's chair, slightly in advance of the others, having a little table in front, whereon is carved the image of a radiant sun with the words, "Heaven's light our guide," the motto of the Order of the Star of India.

In everything pertaining to the navy or to yachting, Her Majesty takes the keenest interest; and when she is at Osborne, a trustworthy "look-out" man is stationed in one of the towers—so prominent a feature of the house—whose sole business is to ascertain the name of every craft that passes by, so that, if the Queen desire it, the information can at once be given her. During the month of August this individual and his assistant have enough to do, for then the little bay at Cowes is absolutely filled with fairy yachts of every class and build, and the Solent is white with their wings of snow.

From the Pavilion windows Her Majesty can easily follow the racing, and look down upon the redoubtable

Britannia bearing the parted blue and red flag and triple feathers of the Prince of Wales; or her valiant rivals, *Satanita*, *Ailsa*, *Caress*, and—as was the case last year—the white flag with its red eagle of the Emperor William's *Meteor*.

Many a brave show of men-of-war has the Queen witnessed in the Solent, and vast changes in their build and powers of destruction!

When Her Majesty bade farewell to Sir Charles Napier's fleet in 1854, the weights of the two thousand guns carried by the lumbering war-steamers was calculated by hundredweights. Now it is a question of tons; and when the same year at Woolwich she witnessed the launch of the *Royal Albert*, 120 guns, the dimensions of this four-decker were considered immense, yet she was but 272 feet in length. The modern *Terrible* could, unaided, have engaged an entire fleet of *Royal Alberts*, and have blown them out of the water without receiving a scratch. Well is she named *Terrible*, this mammoth ironclad, 538 feet long over all, and able to steam twenty-two knots an hour! But she is only one out of many such, and no doubt the Queen was greatly impressed last year when, steaming in her yacht through the line of the squadron at Spithead, she was saluted by the *Majestic*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Repulse*, *Magnificent*, *Empress of India*, *Resolution*, and *Blenheim*, &c.; to say nothing of numberless gunboats and torpedo-destroyers, a total of little short of fifty vessels, composing the Channel fleet. One thing only—a *picturesque* scene—was wanting. Nominally, the yards were “manned” and ships “dressed,” but, compared with Sir Charles Napier's magnificent fleet, swarming with men on every yard, and rows of flags fluttering

aloft linking together the towering masts, the sight is not artistic.

But other memories besides those of the surveying of her fleet are connected in the Queen's mind with the sea. In the year 1843, when Her Majesty and Prince Albert commenced a Royal progress in France, Belgium, and England, she embarked at Southampton, where an incident occurred quite of the Elizabethan order, which, doubtless, Her Majesty still recollects. When the Royal party arrived at the pier, from some cause or other—probably the state of the tide—the yacht had not been brought close up; and in order to get on board, the Queen had to step into a barge, and be pulled some two boats' length. The scarlet baize over the landing-stage ready to be run upon the yacht, was taken off to cover the steps leading direct to the boat, thus leaving the stage itself so wet and dirty (for it was raining at the time), that the Earl of Haddington exclaimed, "We must get some covering for the stage," which had been placed between the Queen's carriage and the pier steps. Nothing suitable could be obtained at so short a notice. But the members of the Corporation, equal to the occasion, like so many Raleighs stripped off their splendid robes of office; those of the mayor and aldermen, being scarlet, were selected, and a dry, comfortable pathway was made for Her Majesty, who had all this time been waiting to alight. She appeared much pleased and amused at the gallant action, and thoughtfully contrived to avoid stepping upon the velvet collars of the official robes.

The Queen had a similar experience at Cambridge. When on her way to King's College Chapel, it happened that the carpet provided for her to walk upon was not

quite long enough, but quick as thought, a hundred undergraduates' gowns were off and strewn three deep upon the pathway.

From the subject of Royal progresses to that of the Queen's messengers is, perhaps, rather a digression, but the following incident, which occurred at Osborne many years ago, is I think, not out of place here.

At one time the Home Service messengers conveyed all official documents from the Foreign Office to the Court; and in the discharge of this highly responsible duty Mr. B—— had travelled to Osborne from London with some important documents for the Queen's perusal. Before returning home, after taking his leave, he strolled through the lovely grounds, and found himself in one of the beautiful "drives" contrived by the late Prince Consort. It was springtime, and the "rath primrose" thickly studded the borders. To pick them was strictly forbidden, but the pale blossoms were "pleasant to the eyes," and—like Eve in another and distant garden—Mr. B—— plucked! At that moment the Queen came suddenly round a corner of the drive in her pony-carriage, accompanied by her Highland attendant, John Brown. The Queen's messenger, bouquet in hand, managed to back, to allow her to pass; but, alas! he could not conceal the evidence of his guilt. The Queen, entering at once into the situation, smiled, and quietly said: "Gathering flowers, B——, to take back to your wife? That's a good man!"

Londoners know—or, rather, think they know—all about Windsor Castle. They have read so many descriptions of it, in papers and magazines, &c. (which, however, only touch upon its surface, so to speak),

that they seldom visit it unless some country cousin or colonial relation come to town, when a solemn pilgrimage is made to view the state apartments, and the Londoner finds that even these seem new to him, and their contents almost a revelation.

But there is much to be seen at Windsor Castle besides the state-rooms. Probably few persons—not even the Queen herself—know it thoroughly. William IV., it is said, explored it for the first time in his life a day or two after his accession. Prince Albert, in all probability, was more familiar with its ramifications than anybody before, or since, unless it be the present Governor and Constable, Lord Lorne, who has written so ably on the subject; or the Inspector, Mr. Leonard Collmann, who, as a matter of duty, has to become acquainted with its every nook and corner.

Most certainly the general public has never seen, and never will see, a tenth part of the wonders of this historic Palace. Its illustrated inventory, wherein its contents are carefully recorded, comprises sixty large volumes; while the Inspector has under his charge more than seven hundred distinct and separate apartments, to all of which there is a master-key.

Its treasures in the way of paintings, miniatures, drawings, engravings, books, and MSS., old china, bronzes, armour and arms, carvings, furniture, tapestry, and gold and silver plate, are unique. Without question, the objective point of a successful invasion after plundering London would be the far-famed castle that crowns the hill at Windsor. Though full of interest, its past history is naturally subordinate to the fact that it is a Royal residence. To the Queen, Windsor is full of memories and associations of the deepest and most

sacred kind. Here the Prince Consort breathed his last ; and here his mortal form awaits the greatest and final change. Here sleeps in God the Queen's beloved mother ; and beneath the glories of the Albert Chapel rest Her Majesty's immediate ancestors and predecessors on the throne.

The Prince Consort's artistic taste is everywhere seen in the Castle, and in the Royal property surrounding it ; his practical agricultural knowledge and talent for horticultural improvements being most conspicuous. His *penchant* for farming was always strongly supported by the Queen, whose own liking for it is, doubtless, inherited.

The Royal farms are the "Shaw" and the "Flemish." Formerly the Queen held the Norfolk, Rapley, and Bagshot farms as well ; always as a tenant, not as owner ; but they were abandoned some years ago. The Shaw farm originally joined the Frogmore estate, and was so called after a Frenchman, M. de Shawe. It was in the occupation of Princess Augusta ; and when she died the Prince Consort took it in hand, and his tenancy was transferred to the Queen. Large sums of money have been expended upon the farm-buildings, all perfect in their way, and admirably adapted for the production of stock. There are at present about two hundred head of cattle—chiefly shorthorns, but also Jerseys, Herefords, and Devon—besides sheep and pigs. It is not a merely ornamental farm ; its *raison d'être* being, to a great extent, the production of prosaic beef and mutton, and good things from the dairy. The prizes won by Mr. William Tait, land steward, at leading shows, prove that the system of feeding is well understood by those in charge.

Windsor Castle is pre-eminently the place whence Royal hospitality is dispensed ; the grandest of state banquets being given in St. George's Hall, when the buffet and long centre table are covered with gold plate ; and soldiers of the Household Cavalry, in helmet and cuirass like living statues, line the hall ; and gorgeously clad pages and footmen serve the guests ; while the military band in the gallery discourses sweet music. The masses of flowers are almost eclipsed in colour by the brilliant uniforms and dresses ; and the sparkling of priceless diamonds beneath the hundreds of lights creates a scene most Royal and gorgeous.

Banquets, more or less on a large scale, have always been a leading feature in the records of Windsor Castle. Previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the meat for the Royal table was cooked at the "Bakery" in Peascod Street. It would seem that the "Bakery" was not in any sense a private one for the Castle, as it was used by most of the surrounding families. Owing to a complaint from Queen Elizabeth about the cold state in which her meals were served—and little wonder, considering the distance the dishes had to be carried—some of the courts on the north-east end of the Castle were closed in, and served as kitchens until the reign of George IV., when the present kitchen and confectionery departments were built in the place of the old ones, and finished about the year 1828. The Royal kitchen on the ground floor is a fine large apartment, architecturally very interesting. Here in Miss Liddell's time (1838) could be seen twenty sirloins of beef roasting before the fire at once. The scale of hospitality while she was maid of honour was rather startling. Although the Court



James Catford, Photo.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

(From the original painting by Lauchert, Oak Dining-room, Windsor Castle.)

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was in London half the time, she says that at Windsor in one year no fewer than 113,000 people were entertained at dinner.

All this feasting, long since abandoned, was but a refined continuation of the barbaric excess of the Middle Ages ; surviving as a relic of the dim past in the mighty baron of beef, the boar's head and woodcock-pie which annually appear on Her Majesty's sideboard at Christmas-time.

Ordinary "command" dinners are given in the large, or state dining-room in the Prince of Wales's tower, overlooking the east terrace and sunk Italian garden. This room is used on semi-state occasions, when the party is large ; its decorations of white and gold in Gothic style, and its hangings of crimson, being very imposing. During dinner a band stationed in the next room, but concealed by a very thin partition, plays a selection of pieces. In the summer it plays under a tenting outside.

It is in the oak-room, or Queen's private dining-room, leading out of the grand corridor, and used as a family *salle à manger*, that the smaller parties of guests are entertained ; a comparatively plain apartment, light and cheerful, overlooking the quadrangle, where in the summer the band plays while the Queen is dining. Over the fireplace hangs Angeli's well-known picture (1877) of the Queen holding a handkerchief in her hands—said to be Her Majesty's favourite portrait of herself. On the walls are also four very interesting portraits of Her Majesty's daughters-in-law, and two fine pieces of Gobelins tapestry. The table is a round one, at which the Queen usually sits with her back to her own picture.

The privileged *invités* to these dinners generally assemble in the grand corridor; and as the dinner-hour approaches they are directed by the Master of the Household to arrange themselves in two rows—the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other—the more important guests being near the door through which Her Majesty passes on her way to the dining-room.

When dinner is over, the Queen adjourns to the corridor, where she receives her other guests; Her Majesty, as a rule, occupying a chair immediately outside the dining-room, having by her side a charming little table of unique design, the top made out of a section of Norwegian pine flagstaff, that stood on the Round Tower from 1829 to 1892. As her guests come before her in turn, Her Majesty says a few words to some, but converses with others, as the case may be. Sometimes, but rarely, she walks round, saying a few kindly words of recognition to all. The Queen then retires to her own apartment, and is not seen again. Formerly Her Majesty used to leave the dining-room with the Prince Consort, and by way of the corridor, enter the suite of large drawing-rooms, where music, and sometimes dancing, filled up the remainder of the evening.

Dining with the Queen for the first time is necessarily somewhat of an ordeal; but the feeling of nervousness soon passes off, and the agitated guest is astonished to find himself feeling at ease under the influence of the ready tact of Her Majesty and the Princesses. This was exemplified many years ago, when a British peer, dining with the Queen, was challenged by a Royal Duchess to take wine with her. His Lordship



James Catford, Photo.]

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THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA BEFORE
HER MARRIAGE.

(From the original painting by Gustav Richter, Oak Dining-room, Windsor Castle.
Given to the Queen by the Empress of Russia.)

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politely thanked Her Grace, but begged to be excused as he never took wine. The Duchess immediately turned to the Queen and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord ——, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye turned to the Queen, and no little curiosity was evinced as to what she would say to the bold teetotaler. Smiling graciously, she simply replied, "There is *no compulsion* at *my* table." Some of Her Majesty's experiences, however, have been of a most amusing character, especially with children. A very little girl, the daughter of a lady connected with the Court, once had the great honour of being asked to have luncheon with the Queen. The child, a mere dot of four years old, had always been strictly enjoined never to apply her fingers to anything—save the bread—that she was eating at dinner, and was especially reminded of this before she went to the Castle, her governess having been in the habit of reproving any breach of this rule by saying in a shocked tone, "Oh, piggie! piggie!" All went well, and the child behaved admirably, until, seeing Her Majesty daintily take up some asparagus with her fingers, the little maid looked at her with a pained expression of countenance, and solemnly raising one of her little fingers, pointed it at Her Majesty, exclaiming, "*Oh, piggie! piggie!*" The Queen, who immensely enjoyed the incident, laughed heartily.

Her Majesty, like all her children, has a keen sense of humour, and a ready wit. But if the joke be not strictly within the bounds of decorum, she can, and does, allow the dignity of her exalted position to assert itself, as the following anecdotes will show.

Once the Queen heard some gentlemen laughing so loudly at the other end of the room over something one of the party had just related, that she walked across to where they stood, and said, "I should like to hear that joke, Captain —. It must be very amusing." Captain — flushed, looked much confused, and asked to be exempted from repeating it. The Queen insisted, and the unfortunate Captain, losing his presence of mind, gave it *verbatim*. It was *not* a lady's joke, and the Queen with much dignity and hauteur remarked, "We are not at all pleased."

On another occasion, when a number of the Queen's grandchildren, who were visiting her, had got together in their room, one of them made a joke which raised such roars of laughter, that Her Majesty entered their apartment to know the cause of so much merriment. The joke was somewhat "advanced," and the young people had to be asked more than once before they could be persuaded to repeat it. But a Queen's command must be obeyed; so the boldest spirit—a masculine one—related it; whereupon Her Majesty drew herself up in dignified rebuke, and with the words "We are *not* amused!" left the room.

Laughter always seems to excite the Queen's curiosity. Once Miss H—— and her companions (ladies-in-waiting) were heard by the Queen laughing immoderately in an apartment close by. Her Majesty sent to inquire what it was all about, and the intelligence was brought that "Miss H—— was dancing a jig!" "Oh!" said the Queen, "I should like to see Miss H—— dance a jig." So she was sent for, and of course did as Her Majesty wished. "Now," said the Queen, "you must select a present. No one ever dances before



James Catford, Photo.]

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THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

(From the original painting by R. A. Muller, after H. von Angeli, Oak Dining-room, Windsor Castle.)

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Royalty without being rewarded. What would you like?" For a moment Miss H—— hesitated; then, archly putting her hands behind her back in schoolgirl fashion, replied, "Mr. ——'s head in a charger!" The Queen was much amused, and answered, "That is a request I can hardly comply with." But the next day a splendid black horse arrived from Her Majesty for Miss H——, with a message to the effect that the utmost she could do towards gratifying Miss H——'s wish was to send the "charger," minus the politician's head.

I have before remarked that dining with the Queen for the first time is somewhat of an ordeal. So is an audience with Her Majesty; but sometimes the latter is trying also to the nerves of the Sovereign. An amusing instance of this happened some years ago. When the Fenian scare was entailing the adoption of extra precaution in high quarters, and everybody was more or less in a state of nervous tension, an accomplished Italian gentleman was summoned to Windsor Castle by the Queen, upon some matter connected with art. He had been there before, and, as usual, awaited Her Majesty's presence in the apartment reserved for such business interviews. Finding that his shoelace had come untied, he turned his back to the door, and commenced to remedy this defect in his attire. At that very moment, as luck would have it, the Queen entered, and seeing, as she thought, a perfect stranger, in such an unusual attitude, started back, exclaiming, "Who is this person?" But an instant after, recognising him, she recovered her self-possession, and smilingly remarked—to use the Italian gentleman's own words when relating the incident—
"How you did frightened me!"

Windsor Castle, though containing within its walls a choice of all things that delight the heart of man, has only one billiard-room. This is situated on the ground floor with windows overlooking the approach to the quadrangle, and is not far from the library. Though not palatial, it is tastefully decorated and very comfortable, and is a popular retreat for the gentlemen of the Household when off duty. The billiard-table is itself an object of considerable interest, being composed of oak recovered from the wreck of the *Royal George*.

The private chapel, described in Chapter XI., is constantly used by Her Majesty. It was formerly the music-room, and is full of solemn memories of Prince Albert; for here Her Majesty used to sit by her beloved husband's side, while

“ . . . his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.”

Before partaking of the Sacrament, they often played sacred pieces together on the organ, or spent the time in solemn meditation. Both Sovereign and Consort were alike in their deep reverence for sacred things. At one time, *circa* 1852, the Queen held classes at Windsor, both on Sundays and week-days, for the children of her domestics, and gave unremitting attention to them. She systematically taught her own sons and daughters the elements of our common faith. On one occasion the Archdeacon of London was engaged in catechising the young Princes, and, surprised at the accuracy of their answers, said to the Prince of Wales, “Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly”; whereupon the Royal boy replied, “Oh; but it is our mama who teaches us the catechism.”



James Catford, Photo.]

WINDSOR CASTLE.

(From the private grounds, showing the Victoria Tower and South Terrace.)

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About a hundred yards from the chapel are the Queen's private rooms in the Victoria Tower, whence she gets a splendid view of the Long Walk and Windsor Forest. Needless to say these rooms are never shown to strangers. They are not particularly large, but are splendidly furnished, and full of works of art. The rooms used by the Prince Consort are—like those at Balmoral and Osborne—kept almost exactly as they were left at his death. In the Prince's dressing-room the principal picture is one of the Queen in her wedding-dress, holding out her hand for the ring to be placed upon her finger. The Albert room—where His Royal Highness breathed his last—is preserved as a sacred memento. In this chamber year by year fresh palm branches are laid upon the couch, as emblems of a Christian's victorious struggle with sin and evil.

I have said that throughout the Castle, Prince Albert's artistic taste is observable; but nowhere is it more so than in the Queen's private audience-room—one of the gems of the Castle—the decorating of which was superintended by the Prince; the carved satin-wood and marqueterie framing on the walls being especially beautiful. In the wall-panels are Gainsborough's portraits of George III., Queen Charlotte, and their many children, and some of the Queen's family by Winterhalter. But the chief interest centres in the two hundred or more enamels—ranging from Henry VII.'s time to that of the Queen—placed underneath these portraits in cases let into the woodwork.

Then there is the library, a portion of the Castle seldom shown to visitors; but to a student quite the most perfect part of it. Mr. R. R. Holmes, the librarian, presides over this wonderful collection of rare

books, MSS., prints, engravings, miniatures, &c., many of them brought together by the assiduity of Prince Albert, while the greater number of the more recent ones have been added by the Queen at her own expense.

The first thing one notices on entering that part of the library devoted to engravings, is a small picture executed by Her Majesty at the age of fifteen, and considered wonderfully good for so young a child. Red morocco chairs, seductively comfortable—many of them placed in the deep, embrasured windows overlooking the town and distant landscape—on every side invite one to sit down, and pore over some of the surrounding 200,000 volumes, so alluringly arranged. The atmosphere is most reposeful, and all conducive to study. But the Queen seldom, if ever, enters this apartment; though, in Prince Albert's time, she frequently used it. When the Empress Frederick is at the Castle, she spends much of her time in the library, and any of the Princesses visiting the Castle are very fond of strolling in.

That the old Castle possesses a splendid collection of interesting historical relics goes without saying. In the eleventh year of the Queen's reign they were, under the direction of the Prince Consort, arranged in the north corridor, which, with the octagon dining-room used by the members of the Household, forms a suite from the private apartments to the grand reception-room of the state apartments. The entire length of this narrow corridor is fitted up with glass cases, full of a magnificent collection of arms of every description and age. Most of the claymores are superb specimens of the workmanship of the period, the chasing on some of the hilts being



James Catford, Photo.]

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THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

(From the original painting by Carl Sohn, Oak Dining-room, Windsor Castle.)

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exquisite. Many of the guns and pistols are encrusted with gold and silver, and there is one magnificent sword scabbard set with diamonds.

With the exception of those in the guard-room, the greater number of the historical relics are scattered here and there in different parts of the Castle, for want of a suitable place. For instance, the old metal clock given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn on her wedding morning, is in the small polygonal apartment called the chapel retiring-room ; William III.'s favourite clock is in the armoury in the north corridor ; while the toilette service—one of the Castle's great curiosities—used by Queen Anne, is in the Queen's own private room. However, the spacious vestibule between the grand staircase and the Master of the Household's office, has now been fitted up with handsome cases of oak and plate-glass for the purpose of exhibiting these and other treasures in a more concentrated manner.

Now and again most curious and, sometimes, most valuable "finds" are made of objects that have lain hidden for years in the Castle stores—stowed away in the pre-Victorian era—forgotten, or esteemed of no value, until brought to light by the indefatigable researches of the Inspector of the Castle, under whose judicious management and practical art knowledge they are renovated in the Castle ateliers, and contribute to the adornment of the various apartments.

One very curious example of these "finds" was but recently unearthed from somewhere in the basement, and is now placed in a curious little ante-room between the octagon dining-room and the north corridor. It is a large hexagonal-shaped ebony clock-case, beautifully gilded, and must have originally been panelled down to

the floor. It has an elaborate domed head, but the face is singularly small. It appears that long ago, in certain Continental countries, this kind of clock used to stand in the room where the priests periodically received the confessions of ladies of rank and fashion, who came to avow their misdeeds and frailties, presumably to no mortal ear save that of him whose duty it was to shrive the fair penitent. But, alas, for humanity and the Church! All her servants were not immaculate, and before the temptation of heavy bribes they sometimes fell, and would even permit a gay cavalier or gallant to conceal himself within the innocent clock-case—which he could easily do—and thus hear distinctly every word uttered by his inamorata under the seal of confession. It is supposed that this very unique object of art was sent over from abroad as a present to George IV.

Her Majesty delights in the companionship of children, and loves to see them enjoying themselves. When she commanded Buffalo Bill's troupe to give a performance at Windsor Castle, it was merely to please the little ones. A pavilion was cleverly arranged for Her Majesty on the east terrace overlooking the ground in the Home Park, set apart for the "show"; and though the Queen for two hours thoroughly appreciated the wonderful feats of horsemanship and shooting that for months had drawn all London to West Brompton, her chief pleasure was the knowledge of the delight the children were experiencing.

Last year, by Her Majesty's command, a large party of the natives of India, Ceylon, and Burmah went down to Windsor from the Earl's Court Exhibition, and, arranged according to nationality, passed slowly in pro-

cession before their Empress, whom they gravely salaamed as Mr. Kiralfy announced the trade and country of each group, Her Majesty graciously acknowledging their salutation. It was a picturesque and interesting scene; and the Queen's motherly feeling was at once aroused at sight of a Cingalese baby, whom she desired should be brought to her. The little infant, unconscious of the Royal presence, smilingly salaamed, and was rewarded by Her Majesty's admiring ejaculation, "What a dear little thing!"

Another very pretty outdoor spectacle at Windsor Castle last year was the assemblage of nearly four hundred of the "Queen's nurses," by Royal command, at a spot near the Kennel's Road, to be "reviewed." They must have been wonderfully well drilled, for when Her Majesty's carriage came to a standstill, and the inspection was supposed to begin, the entire regiment, drawn up in double line, made a low curtsy in perfect unison.

Of late years there have been frequent operatic and theatrical performances at the Castle. On these occasions Mr. Collmann and his staff have their hands very full in making all necessary arrangements in the splendid Waterloo Chamber, where these entertainments are held, many of them being superb spectacles. A very limited number of spectators—about 120—besides the Royal party, can be accommodated in the auditorium. Her Majesty's chair is placed slightly in advance of the others, and near it a small Florentine table and footstool. The chairs reserved for the ladies and gentlemen of the Household and invited guests form an amphitheatre, the seats rising in semicircular tiers to the beautiful carved gallery beneath the great historical portrait of the Duke

of Wellington, at the east end of the chamber. Groups of gloxinias, ferns, and miniature palms—all from the Royal gardens—adorn the space in front of the Royal spectators, and transform it into a charming parterre of bloom and foliage.

After the performance supper is served to the theatrical staff in the Vandyck Room and the Audience and Presence chambers, and a special train conveys the troupe back to London, which they reach in the early hours of the next morning.

At a show of a different kind, viz., that of the Royal Horticultural Society, Her Majesty is a frequent exhibitor and winner of prizes; and no wonder, for her gardens at Frogmore are quite the most complete in the world. For a superb collection of strawberries, grown by Mr. Owen Thomas, the head gardener, Her Majesty was awarded last year the silver Knightian medal. Amongst the various fruits annually produced in these gardens—that, together with the area devoted to vegetables, comprise some fifty-five acres—no less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ tons of delicious strawberries were raised last year, of which quantity seven hundred pounds were forced. Even when the Queen is on the Continent her table is still supplied with her own grown fruit.

Her Majesty is quite a horticulturist, her knowledge of botany extensive, and her ideas of laying out shrubberies, &c., most correct and up-to-date. Hence it arises that considerable changes have lately been made in the planting and adornment of the delightful slopes and shrubbery borders surrounding the north, east, and west fronts of the Castle. When these borders were first formed the taste for evergreens was in the ascendant, and, consequently, special attention was paid to

the varieties of conifers and other perennials ; but latterly there has been a very extensive planting of brighter-coloured, flowering deciduous shrubs. Lilacs are the Queen's great favourites, and laburnums, magnolias, and honeysuckles.

There are capital facilities for outdoor exercise all round the Castle, and in fine weather Her Majesty's pony-carriage is a familiar object on the lovely slopes that extend for nearly a mile on the margin of the lawn and Home Park, and constitute one of the most delightful features of the Royal gardens. Along the upper margin is a broad walk leading to the Royal kennels and to Frogmore, and known as Queen Victoria's Walk. The lower part of the slopes is intersected with walks, and, like those on the higher ground, wide enough to admit of the Queen driving along them.

Some distance eastward is a beautiful rock garden, where many kinds of Alpine plants flourish ; a little beyond is a rustic summer-house, constructed by the late Prince Consort ; and in a sequestered spot at the end of the slopes is Queen Adelaide's cottage, with a fine beech conspicuous on the lawn. This tree is known as Luther's Beech, and according to the legend inscribed on a slab, was raised from one under which Luther was arrested near Altenstein, in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. An offshoot was brought to England by King William when Duke of Clarence, and planted by the Duchess in the gardens of Bushey Park. She bequeathed the tree to Prince Albert, with the request that it should be transplanted to the grounds of Adelaide Cottage, which was done in 1850. But the tree succumbed, and the present one is its offspring.

Close to Adelaide Cottage is the Roundabout Garden, for years a favourite resort of the Queen. It is enclosed by a belt of trees and shrubs, and contains some glorious rhododendrons, a fine breadth of turf, and a rustic summer-house. Further on, in a southerly direction, is the Jubilee Walk, so called because it is flanked on either side by trees of the evergreen oak, planted by the Queen and the members of the Royal Family in 1887.

In warm weather Her Majesty frequently retires to shady, cool, and peaceful Frogmore, where she has afternoon tea in a little kiosk close to the Prince Consort's mausoleum.

In the old days the Queen and Prince Albert used to drive about a good deal in the vicinity of the Castle. Once they went to Upton, an interesting little place about two miles from Windsor, to call upon the talented Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., and his accomplished wife, who were then living at Upton Lodge. Mr. Ward was engaged in painting, by command of Her Majesty, a picture of Napoleon III. being invested with the Order of the Garter at Windsor Castle in April, 1855.

Michael Angelo is said to have followed a process of his own, which he considered requisite to the construction of a successful painting: he drew his figures first in skeleton, then clothed them with flesh, and, lastly, draped them.

Upon Mr. Ward's canvas at the particular moment when the Queen and Prince Albert arrived, the first stage only of Michael Angelo's *modus operandi* had been reached; that is to say, the heads had been carefully painted in, but the figures on the canvas—including those of the Queen and Prince Albert—had been merely

outlined in coloured chalk. The two artists were hard at work, when the servant suddenly announced the approach of the Queen and Prince Albert, who were desirous of seeing how the picture was progressing.

There was no time to erase the coloured chalks and reduce the canvas to a group of heads alone. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were in the utmost consternation, not knowing what to do, when to their intense relief a message came that Prince Albert had all at once recollected that they had an important engagement at the Castle, and must return before visiting the studio.

The subject of Windsor Castle can hardly be considered complete without a reference of some kind to Eton.

During the visit of King Louis Philippe to Windsor Castle in October, 1844, the Queen and Prince Albert, with their distinguished guest, visited Eton College. The boys, to the number of four hundred, were assembled in the quadrangle, forming a line on either side of the way to the clock tower. In the library there is a book wherein distinguished visitors are accustomed to write their names. Prince Albert's name was already in the book, and Her Majesty was requested to inscribe hers therein. She wrote "Victoria R., October 12, 1844." Under this the Duke of Wellington wrote his name, and the King of the French inscribed his on the opposite page. His Majesty expressed his delight at the enthusiastic reception given him by the boys, and with their shouts ringing in his ears, he wrote, "*Louis-Philippe, encore ému de l'accueil que lui ont fait les élèves de cette honorable college.*"

The Duke of Wellington nearly met with a serious accident as he entered the quadrangle. He was

mingling with the boys—who scarcely knew him at first—and walking toward the clock tower, when he was run against by one of the carriage horses and all but knocked down. All at once recognising the Duke, the boys rallied round him and cheered him so vociferously as almost to disconcert his Grace; whereupon Prince Albert turned to him and said, half-apologetically, “You must remember you were an Eton boy yourself.”

CHAPTER IV

VICTORIA—QUEEN AND EMPRESS

Buckingham Palace—General description—Private rooms—Private chapel—Pavilion in garden—Officialism at the Palace—Ball-room and State concerts—Palace garden and garden-party—The Royal mews—Travelling experiences of the Queen—Royal visits to St. Cloud, Lago Maggiore, and Cornwall—Her Majesty's sympathy with the army and navy, and mercantile marine—Her kindness to children—Incident at Derby—Her consideration for employés—Example of thoughtfulness—Her Majesty's loss of friends.



THAT London, the centre of the British Empire, should possess several Royal palaces seems only fit and right. Practically, however, there is but one building that at all approaches one's ideal of the "King's House" in the world's capital.

Not that Buckingham Palace is so very deficient in size, for it covers a considerable amount of ground—its kitchen being a quarter of a mile distant from the Queen's private dining-room—but it lacks architectural dignity, especially in its east front, the only one visible to the public. It is large enough to secure the utmost privacy for Her Majesty; so secluded and remote are her private suite of rooms in the north-west angle of the building, that last year, when a fire broke out in the east

front of the Palace at half-past eight in the evening, and no less than seventeen fire-engines and manuals, in response to a "general call" from headquarters, came dashing up, causing considerable noise and excitement, the Queen—who had recently arrived from Windsor—was happily unaware that anything unusual had occurred until long after all trace of the small outbreak had disappeared.

Buckingham Palace is splendid inside, much more so than most people imagine, and can hold its own in point of magnificence with many a more famous edifice of a like kind abroad. In this auspicious year it will house no end of Royalties and distinguished guests; and with this in view, every one of its state-rooms and other apartments have been redecorated, and it has been beautified from top to bottom. Those persons who annually raise objection in the House of Commons to the vote for the maintenance and repair of the Royal palaces, are possibly unaware of the great difficulty and expense involved in maintaining against even ordinary wear and tear a huge building like Buckingham Palace, whether occupied by the Sovereign for a portion of the year or not. The London atmosphere ruins in a few months the decorations; to say nothing of its deleterious effect upon the pictures, furniture, and upholstery. The indefatigable Inspector and his staff are always busily occupied in endeavouring to keep the fabric habitable and dry; neglect in the latter particular acting disastrously in a few days.

Buckingham Palace is hardly a home-like place of abode. Full of stately corridors, noble staircases, and grand rooms, no doubt it is a fitting residence, where the Queen may for a time abide when duty



William E. Gray, Photo.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Showing Her Majesty's private apartments.)

[92, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

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or State affairs summon her to the metropolis. But one can hardly picture the sacred Lares and Penates of ancient Rome established there—household gods that have survived every other form of idol worship, even that of great Jove himself. Silent are the oracles of the nineteenth century, and to no deity of wood or stone is incense burned or libation poured out; but the spirit of home worship still survives, and with it the identification of our home with the familiar objects of everyday life. These, we may venture to say, Her Majesty finds, to a large extent, absent from Buckingham Palace. Her private rooms are furnished comparatively plainly, but in excellent taste. Her Majesty's sitting-room is crowded with paintings, cabinets, enamels, and work of art. Most interesting of these private apartments is the Prince Consort's music-room, with its elaborate ceiling and cornice, its carved and pinnacled book-cases and music-cabinets, its heavy chandelier, and its unpretending but exceedingly cosy sofas and couches.

There are endless memories in this Palace of the Queen's early married life: recollections of grand balls, concerts, state ceremonies, and receptions of foreign potentates—functions in which she and her Consort were the leaders; but none of the real home-life they both loved so dearly.

The Prince Consort's taste is conspicuous in many parts of the Palace and grounds, especially in the private chapel, where of late years some notable weddings have taken place. Formerly one of two conservatories that stood on the west side of the Palace, Prince Albert decided that it would be suitable for a chapel; accordingly its roof was raised, the necessary alterations made, and in 1843 it was consecrated by Archbishop Howley.

Its appearance is very uneclesiastical, so extremely bright and light is it; the ceiling is diapered with coloured panels, and lighted by a clerestory of glass, while lilac, crimson, and lavender hues predominate in the general scheme of decoration. Nothing has been altered, it is said, from the original plan designed by the Prince; all his ideas concerning it being scrupulously adhered to.

Then again, in the garden on an artificial mound covered with shrubbery, there is a pavilion or summer-house, erected by the Queen and Prince Albert. It is a small Chinese-looking building, with a little platform in front, and here Her Majesty introduced decorative painting in its architecture, at that period (1845) a novelty in England. In the octagon room were paintings depicting various scenes out of Milton's "Comus," by notable British artists—Stansfield, Leslie, Maclise, Landseer. The second, or "Scott" room, was wholly devoted to paintings of places and scenes from the "Waverley Novels," while the smaller apartment was designed to represent the style prevailing in Pompeii, and was accurately copied from existing remains.

These paintings have since been removed from the Pavilion; but the building will always recall the intense interest which the Prince took in it, and the personal care he bestowed upon it.

In the more prosaic but highly necessary reform of the domestic arrangements at the Palace in Her Majesty's early married years, Prince Albert's wisdom was strikingly manifested. The most ludicrous "red-tapeism" existed amongst the Palace officials, of which Baron Stockmar gives the following amusing instance.

Having been sent one day by Her Majesty to the Master of the Household to complain that the dining-room was always cold, that high official gravely answered, "You see, Baron, properly speaking it is not our fault, for the Lord Steward *lays* the fire only, and the Lord Chamberlain *lights* it."

Nevertheless, although a large amount of formalism was swept away, and the most admirable changes were introduced—maintained to this day—a great deal of rigid etiquette—essential to a Court—survives. The rules relating to the dress of the Royal Household, and of those who attend the Court, are as exacting as the regulations that govern the army and navy. Her Majesty and the Royal Family, like the late Duke of Kent, are not only punctilious in observing these rules themselves, but expect others to be the same. Indeed, it is stated that on one occasion the Prince of Wales administered a pointed rebuke to a well-known field-officer, a friend of his, who had inadvertently appeared at a public ceremonial in "mufti," by asking him, in the presence of all the brilliant assembly, why he was not in full dress!

From the year 1840 to 1860 Buckingham Palace was the scene of many very grand entertainments—banquets, balls, State concerts, &c., for which functions its spacious salons are well adapted; but when, after 1850, the south wing was added, containing a splendid ball-room, with a promenade gallery adjoining, and a lofty supper-room, the facilities for entertaining a large number of guests was much increased.

This ball-room is, perhaps, the grandest thing in the Palace. It is nobly proportioned, lighted by electricity from above, and by handsome gilt bronze candelabra

from the sides ; its ceiling is richly decorated, the walls are panelled in crimson silk, and the highly polished oak floor is beautifully inlaid. When a State concert is in progress its appearance is striking in the extreme. On either side are three tiers of seats facing those on the floor level, all occupied by most brilliantly attired personages, the most beautiful dresses and jewels being worn on these occasions.

At the upper end of the room is the organ—originally at the Pavilion, Brighton—and on each side of the platform is a right royal-looking harp and a splendid Erard “Grand,” ornamented with richly gilt scroll-work.

When the Queen is present, she sits in the front chair close to the platform ; and a lady who had the honour of singing an ode before her on one of these grand occasions in the Jubilee year of 1887, told me that she observed that Her Majesty followed every note with the careful attention of a professed musician.

A story is related illustrative of the Queen’s appreciation of excellence in a vocalist. It refers to Lablache, the great operatic singer. During a conversation that he once had with the Queen, she said, “Is it true that you have a large collection of snuff-boxes?” “Yes, your Majesty,” replied Lablache ; “I have one for every day in the year—three hundred and sixty five.” Nevertheless,” rejoined the Queen, “your collection is not quite complete. Here is another for leap-year !”

Amongst the fine collection of pictures at the Palace there is one by Val Prinsep, R.A., in the Princess’s Gallery, that records the great event in the Queen’s reign, viz., her assumption of the title of “Empress of

India," when Lord Lytton was Viceroy. It depicts the proclamation at Delhi, on January 1, 1877, in the presence of the Viceroy, and sixty-three ruling native chiefs, with their military retinues. Fifteen thousand troops took part in this imposing ceremony, which, as a pageant, had been surpassed in magnificence only by the durbar held in the same city in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit to India. Whatever may be its artistic merits, so mighty in its proportions is this picture, and so ponderous the frame, that especial iron girders had to be let into the wall to support it; and when Sir Spencer C. B. Ponsonby-Fane told me that to have this historical painting removed, for the purpose of having it photographed, would cost the sum of £40! my cherished idea of presenting an illustration of it in this book had to be abandoned.

The gardens at Buckingham Palace were at one time quite secluded, but are now overlooked by the upper windows of the lofty mansions in Grosvenor Place. In summer, however, the thickness of the trees to a large extent intercepts the view, and, for London, the grounds are still rural and quiet, and abound with all kinds of bird-songsters.

This Royal park of forty acres is well adapted for garden-parties. Last year's *fête*, on July 13th, was perfectly charming. From four o'clock to seven o'clock the five thousand *invités*—of whom one of the most interesting was the veteran Mrs. Keeley, in her ninety-first year—strolled about, took shelter under the trees from the fierce rays of the sun, or crowded round the tents, specially those set apart for refreshments, which were provided on an enormous scale, the Lord Steward's department having been taxed to the utmost for weeks

before in making arrangements. All the magnificent fruit came from the Royal gardens at Frogmore by special train from Windsor. Of welcome ices there were enough and to spare! Flowers, palms, and rare exotics in every nook and corner lightened up the fast-withering lawns; and for those who desired them, there were pleasure-boats on the lake, skilfully piloted by the Queen's watermen in their quaint costume.

There had not been a garden party at the Palace since the Jubilee of 1887, and none before that for upwards of twelve years.

Those who pass along Buckingham Palace Road, and bestow a glance at the Royal mews, will notice a long, low building skirting the pavement on one side. But it is worth more than a mere glance, because to this Royal riding-school—for such it is—both the Queen and Prince Albert many and many a time used to go, and from the further end of the apartment look down upon the school of horsemanship, and watch the rising equestrian talent of their children. It is a splendid riding-house, somewhat larger than that at Windsor; lighted by numerous windows on each side, and most luxurious as an exercising-ground for saddle-horses in bad weather.

The mews itself covers $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and from 120 to 140 horses are usually kept there. On Jubilee Day, 1887, its great quadrangle presented a most animated appearance. All the horses in the mews were requisitioned, and harnessed to the numerous carriages about to take part in the memorable pageant. The last touch was given to trappings and harness, the last speck of dust and dirt removed from horse and man, the magnificent coachmen, bouquet in buttonhole, were duly

helped on to their lofty boxes and to their handful of reins; a full-dress rehearsal, in fact, took place, prior to their appearance before the appreciative crowds assembled in the London streets. On the eventful June 22nd, this year, when Her Majesty goes to St. Paul's Cathedral, all this will be repeated.

As a traveller, Her Majesty has had many curious experiences, and sometimes dangerous ones. She has been in a railway accident; has been lost on mountains in the Highlands; has encountered several storms at sea, and has met with many serious carriage mishaps. On one occasion, at the sequestered village of Horton, four miles from Windsor, Her Majesty was driving a small phaeton which somehow or other turned over on its side, almost throwing her into a ditch. The situation was awkward; but a lady, who happened to be passing in a pony-chaise, solved the difficulty by offering her vehicle to the Queen, who gladly accepted it, graciously acknowledging the timely assistance the following day by a kind letter accompanied by a present of a beautiful pair of candlesticks bearing Her Majesty's initials. She has over and over again taken shelter in cottages from the rain, and several times when caught in a shower has accepted the loan of an umbrella.

Parisians still recall the incident connected with Her Majesty when she was the guest of the Emperor Napoleon III. in 1855. The Queen was surprised by the rain, and put up her *parapluie*; whereupon one of the crowd, thinking that it looked hardly large enough to shelter her, offered his own, which was accepted with a grateful smile. The next morning he received his property back, and with it a splendid gold snuff-box, on which were engraved the Royal Arms.

During this memorable visit a room was fitted up in the Palace of St. Cloud to resemble in every detail the Queen's favourite apartment at Windsor Castle. One day Her Majesty said to the Emperor: "If my little dog were lying in that chair, I should most certainly feel that I was at Windsor." On the following morning there lay the sleeping dog in the chair. The Emperor had telegraphed for the animal, which, being sent off by express, arrived in time to surprise and delight his Royal mistress.

Her Majesty met with a very amusing adventure on the Continent many years after the above occurrence. It was in March, 1879, when, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, she went to Northern Italy and passed four weeks near the Lago Maggiore. Although the weather was abominable, Her Majesty walked out, accompanied by Lady Churchill, to do some shopping at Baveno. They sheltered themselves as best they could, by keeping close to the houses, and at last entered a pin and needle factory. On their way back to the Villa Clara they went into a shop where carved wood was sold. The carver began by turning his shop upside down to show it to the illustrious occupant of the Villa Clara, and it so happened that his assistant let slip a ladder which caused a number of things to fall to the ground. Unfortunately, the Queen was standing beneath, and quite an avalanche of carved wood came pouring on to her august head and shoulders, as well as on Lady Churchill. Luckily, neither lady was hurt. The unfortunate shopkeeper nearly fainted at such a *contretemps*, and for a few minutes lost the use of his tongue. Her Majesty, however, laughed heartily, and jokingly said to Lady Churchill as she went out, that she

supposed people would say it was one more attempt on a Sovereign's life!

The Queen has also been in some curious places; notably, when accompanied by Prince Albert, she was dragged in a truck by the miners along the galleries of the Restormel mine, in Cornwall, vivid recollections of which event still linger amongst the loyal and simple-minded people of the district.

During this visit to the land of the West Britons the Royal yacht put into Falmouth harbour, and, thinking that it would afford Her Majesty some diversion, it was proposed that the Royal party should witness the shooting of a seine for pilchards. Her Majesty and Prince Albert embarked in the barge, which was steered by Mr. Alfred Fox, a prominent Quaker of Falmouth, who related the incident to me many years ago. Seated in the extreme stern-sheets of the boat, he had the privilege of being in close proximity to the Queen. After rounding Pendennis Castle at the entrance of the lovely harbour, when they began to encounter the swell of the open channel, he noticed that the lively movement of the barge seemed to affect Her Majesty to some extent. But the Queen was not to be daunted, and the long row was continued until the fishing-ground at Gyllyngvase—a small bay on the seaward side of Falmouth town—was reached. Here the net was shot, but, alas! not even for the edification of Royalty did a single pilchard condescend to be caught. Mr. Fox noticed that Her Majesty was unusually silent all the time, which he attributed to the effect of the waves.

As I have previously remarked, anything that has to do with the sea, with her vast mercantile marine, with her magnificent navy, possesses a charm for the

Sovereign of our sea-girt land ; while her interest in the army is well known, and has been evinced from the earliest period of her reign, as shown by the following incidents picked out at random from a multitude of similar ones.

In 1848 a terrible shipwreck took place, that of the *Ocean Monarch*, and it came to the Queen's knowledge that a child had been rescued only to be cast upon the world without a friend or relation to look after it. Quietly and unostentatiously Her Majesty gave orders that the poor little orphan should be maintained and educated at her own cost, and started in life in the position to which it belonged.

Forty-eight years later the Queen's grief at that awful disaster, the loss of the *Drummond Castle*, and her appreciation of the humanity and kindly feeling of the Breton islanders, was evinced in a manner which is fresh in everybody's memory.

Whenever Great Britain has been at war with any of the great powers, or when some of the innumerable military expeditions against savage nations have been in progress, the Queen's sympathies have been instantly aroused for the wounded and for the families of those killed. During the Crimean War her feelings were stirred to the utmost depth. In 1855 Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited Chatham for the purpose of examining the invalided soldiers returned from the war. Her Majesty particularly noticed one who had lost an arm. "What is your name?" said the Queen, addressing him.—"Breeze, your Majesty."—"Where did you lose your arm?"—"At the battle of Bala-klava."—"Poor fellow! I hope they'll behave well to you. What regiment did you belong to?"—"Prince

Albert's 11th Hussars, where I have served as sergeant for the last twelve years," was the soldier's reply. Her Majesty instantly turned round to the Prince, saying, "My dear, you must do something for him," and nodding to Sergeant Breeze in a most gentle manner said, "You shall not be forgotten." Shortly after Her Majesty's return to Windsor she gave orders that Sergeant Breeze should receive five shillings a week out of her private purse, and had him appointed one of the Yeomen of the Guard, with a pension of two shillings a day for life.

The Queen, at her own private expense, also commanded a Mr. Bigg, of 29, Leicester Square, to construct artificial arms and legs for nine men whose severe mutilation attracted her notice during her visits to the hospitals of Portsmouth and Chatham; and a tenth man, suffering from injured vertebræ, was presented by Her Majesty with a spinal instrument. To such an extent were the Queen's sympathies evoked, that she forbade all fancy work at Court in order that she and her attendants might devote all their leisure time to the making of comfortable articles for the use of the brave men in the Crimea.

On one occasion handkerchiefs and neckties, hemmed by the Queen and the ladies of the Court, were sent to thirty sick and wounded soldiers at Portsmouth—an example of kindness which her subjects were not slow to follow. One private, James Cobb, of the 93rd Highlanders, belonging to Brechin, who was wounded in the trenches on the day that Sebastopol was taken, wrote to a friend: "I had a present from Her Majesty the Queen since I wrote to you last. It consists of a silk handkerchief, and the letter accompanying it stated that it was hemmed by the Princess Royal."

And only yesterday, as it were, the Queen—quick to perceive that spirit in her people which has made them what they are—hearing of an old Cornish woman who had sent no fewer than seven sturdy sons to follow the British flag in the army—a fact which Her Majesty was pleased to say “reflected infinite credit on themselves and on the parents who had brought them up”—made old Mrs. Kenett the proudest woman in all Cornwall, by sending her the sum of £10 and a framed portrait of her Royal self.

For the sufferings of others, especially children, Her Majesty feels intensely. When she visited the London Hospital in 1876 she spoke to a boy eight years of age, who had had his leg broken in a carriage accident. After he left the hospital the child, of his own accord and without his father's and mother's knowledge, wrote a letter to the Queen, and posted it with no other address than that of “Lady Queen Victoria.” The letter was delivered to the Queen, and when upon inquiry she found that the idea of sending the letter was the boy's very own she sent him a gift of £3.

Of a like kind is the following incident which occurred only last year: The little daughter of Dr. Smith, Dumfries, who had been for several years an invalid, was so interested in what she heard about the Queen's long reign, that she expressed a strong desire to send a letter of congratulation to Her Majesty. At last she was allowed to write a note of her own composition, which was sent to Balmoral. “Dear Queen,” she wrote, “I write to say how glad I am you have reigned so long, and I hope you will still live for many years to come. I do not think you have ever been in Dumfries, the place I am writing from.

This is my home, and I am nine years old. I have been an invalid for nearly three years, and for the last twelve months have not been able to sit up, so please excuse the writing. With much love and best wishes, believe me, dear Queen, your affectionate friend, Catherine M. Smith."

Three days later the little invalid received a portrait of the Queen and the following letter :—

" BALMORAL CASTLE,

" *September 28, 1896.*

" Miss Phipps is desired by the Queen to thank Catherine M. Smith for her nice little letter, and to forward the accompanying photograph, which Her Majesty thinks she may like to have in her room, as she is unfortunately an invalid."

A simple but touching incident arose out of the Queen's visit to Derby in 1891 to lay the first stone of the new Infirmary. For ten months previously a poor crippled woman had been busy working at a rug which she was going to give to that institution, and her great ambition was that the Queen should stand upon it during the ceremony. Her wish was conveyed by the Mayor to Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Her Majesty at once ordered a telegram to be sent, saying how pleased she would be to gratify the poor invalid's wish, and that she would use the rug when she laid the foundation-stone.

Last year Earl Carrington publicly made some interesting remarks respecting Her Majesty's great care for the working people on her estates, and her desire that each should receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. As a former Lord Chamberlain,

who had had the care of the Royal Palaces, he had, he said, been responsible for an expenditure of £80,000 a year on their maintenance and repairs, and he had found from a careful return that had been made respecting a large staff employed by his department, that they were all paid at a proper rate; that their hours of work were reasonable; that if sick, they were carefully looked after by doctors and received full money; and that when they left the Queen's service they were pensioned. As regards her servants, the Queen's consideration is unbounded; and one of the pleasantest "outings" of the season is that given to the large staff employed at the Royal mews, Buckingham Palace, when all the men, accompanied by their wives and children, are conveyed in brakes into the country, generally to Hampton Court, where they have a capital luncheon in the Bushey paddock, and all kinds of amusements. In the evening, after a cosy, substantial tea, the party returns to Buckingham Palace Road, all the better for their "beanfeast."

Lastly, I must relate an act of the Queen, simple in itself, and one that any other true lady would doubtless have performed, but which shows how womanly feeling in Her Majesty predominates over all thought of a Sovereign's dignity. Many years ago, when the gold discoveries in Australia—especially in Victoria—created such a sensation, and nuggets of almost pure gold were being constantly reported, one of the largest discovered up to that time was sent home, and the bank to which it was consigned thought that such a novelty ought to be submitted to Her Majesty and Prince Albert for their inspection. Permission being obtained, a gentleman connected with the bank took

charge of the weighty mass of precious metal, which was packed in a handsome mahogany box made for the purpose. On arriving at Buckingham Palace, Mr. H——, who was in extremely delicate health—in fact, in a decline—was only too glad to hand his precious charge to the custody of one of the Royal servants, by whom it was conveyed to the anteroom adjoining the Queen's audience-chamber. To his dismay he was then told that etiquette demanded that he should carry the heavy box into the Queen's presence himself. The door was opened, and he advanced tottering, his own weakness and the weight of the nugget almost causing him to faint. The Queen instantly comprehended the situation, and not waiting to summon a servant, advanced toward Mr. H——, saying, "Oh! I am sure you are not able to carry it;" and with Prince Albert's help she took the precious burden out of his trembling hands and conveyed it to the nearest table, where they examined it with the deepest interest.

To the sorrows of others the Queen has ever been alive. But do we sufficiently realise how great have been Her Majesty's own personal sorrows! how terribly during her long reign she has suffered from the loss of friends!—"the saddest of all losses"; for—to quote the late Bishop Thorold—"it is irremediable; the commonest, for it is the lot of all in turn; the most abiding, for the resurrection seems far away. It is the loss by death, which long ago made the army of the dead outnumber the army of the living, and which is ever impoverishing us with a deeper poverty."

CHAPTER V

VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK
OF GERMANY

Her birth and christening—Prince Albert's opinion of her—Her infantile sympathy—Her early acquirements—Anecdotes—Meets the Tsar of Russia—Visits Scotland—Present from King Louis Philippe—At Balmoral—Visits Ireland—In the City—Anecdote—At opening of Great Exhibition—Visits Belgium—At Osborne—At Versailles—Her betrothal—Confirmation—Anecdote—Accident at Buckingham Palace—Her marriage—Departure from England—Arrival at Berlin—Her life in Prussia—Outbreak of Franco-German War—The Crown Prince's illness—Visit to England in 1887—At San Remo—Anecdote—Becomes Empress of Germany—Death of Emperor Frederick—Disposition of the Empress Frederick.



HE Queen has been truly blessed in her children, all of whom have been immeasurable gainers by her admirable training and example. The first on this noble roll-call is the Empress Frederick.

On the 13th of November, 1840, the Court returned from Windsor to Buckingham Palace, where on the 21st of that month the Princess Royal of England was born.

The Privy Councillors had, according to custom on such occasions, assembled to testify to the birth of a Royal infant, when Mrs. Peley, the head nurse, entered

the room, bearing in her arms the "young stranger," a beautiful, plump, and healthy Princess, carefully wrapped in flannel. Her Royal Highness was for a moment laid upon the table for the observation of the constituted authorities ; but the loud tones in which she testified her displeasure at such an exposure, while they proved the soundness of her lungs and the maturity of her frame, rendered it advisable that she should be returned to her chamber, and receive her first attire.

To the Queen's regret, it was decided that the child should have a wet-nurse ; so a Royal messenger was sent off to Mr. Charles Day, surgeon, of Cowes, bidding him announce to Mrs. Jane Ratsey, a sail-maker's wife of Medina Terrace, West Cowes, that she had been appointed wet-nurse to the Royal infant, for which high and responsible office she appears to have been admirably qualified, the Queen having singled her out during her residence in the Isle of Wight, because of the unusually healthy appearance of the woman and her children.

The Princess was soon afterwards vaccinated, in the presence of Prince Albert, by Mr. Blagden, one of the Court surgeons. The first operation was unsuccessful, and a second had to be undergone, when the vaccine was taken from a child living at Brompton, who, with her mother, travelled down to Windsor for the purpose.

So quickly did the Queen regain her strength, that she was able to leave town just before Christmas for Windsor, where a nursery and three adjoining rooms—plainly, but most comfortably furnished—had been prepared for the use of the little Princess and her attendants.

It was Her Majesty's custom, as soon as breakfast was over, to go to the nursery, where she sometimes remained half an hour, accompanied by the Prince Consort. Before retiring for the night, the Queen again visited the nursery to satisfy herself that all was well with her infant treasure.

Her Majesty had expressed a very natural wish that the sacred edifice wherein she had given away her hand and heart should also be the scene of her child's admission into the Church of Christ. But the severity of the weather led to the relinquishment of this design, it being deemed inexpedient to remove the Royal infant from Buckingham Palace, whither the Court had returned in the early part of 1841.

Accordingly, the christening took place in the Throne Room at the Palace, where a temporary altar was erected, whereon was displayed the splendid communion plate from the Chapels Royal. The sponsors were the Dowager Queen Adelaide—who came up from Sudbury Hall to be present on the auspicious occasion—the Duchesses of Gloucester, Kent, and Sussex, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was represented by the Duke of Wellington. In the costly font of silver-gilt was water brought from the River Jordan; and when the nurse gave the babe into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury the infant was named "Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise." Throughout the proceedings the little one behaved very well, and—as Lord Melbourne remarked—was as cheerful as if she knew that the festivity was all on her account.

Amongst the many christening presents was one from H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent—a splendid coverlet of richest green satin, lined with white silk, orna-

mented with flowers, and embroidered in an absolutely unique manner. It was superb in the extreme, and, as was stated at the time, "the whole was of British manufacture and completed by British artists."

Prince Albert was very proud of his firstborn daughter. On one occasion it is said that his English tutor, who was then at Buckingham Palace, having expressed a desire to see the tiny Princess, Prince Albert immediately proceeded to the nursery and brought down the little one in his arms, remarking, "To you, I suppose, children seem nearly all alike, but to my eye this little girl appears more beautiful than any other infant I have ever seen."

Most intelligent and precocious must she have been, as the following proves. In 1842 she was taken with her baby-brother to Walmer Castle, which marine residence the Duke of Wellington had placed at the Queen's disposal after the birth of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Hulke, of Deal, attended the Royal infants in a medical capacity during their visit to Walmer; and his wife, who had presented him with a son on the first anniversary of the Princess Royal's birthday, was honoured by a communication from the Queen expressing a desire that the infant should be named Victor. A few days afterwards Mr. Hulke paid his usual visit to the little Princess, when, in the most graceful manner, she held out to him a gold pencil-case set with jewels, and containing medallion portraits of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, at the same time asking him in very infantile, but perfectly distinct, accents to "give it to Victor as a present from me."

At a very tender age the Princess began to evince that solicitude for others, and sympathy with suffering,

that has characterised her life. The month of January, 1843, was particularly cold and stormy, and those whose duty compelled them to be out in the night air had a hard time of it. This was the case with the sentries on the terrace at Windsor Castle; and the Princess, snugly tucked up in her little bed, was awakened one very bitter night by the loud and continual coughing of some one outside just under her window. Starting up in some alarm, she asked her sleepy attendant who it was, and was told that it was the sentry on duty beneath the tower. "Oh, poor fellow!" she exclaimed with concern, "he has got a *very* bad cough!" and it was not until after many repeated expressions of regret for the "poor soldier out in the cold" that she fell asleep again. For several days the weather continued so severe, that the Royal children could not go out of doors; but the first time they were able to leave the Castle they had no sooner reached the terrace from the postern-door, than the Princess was again startled by the same distressing sound that had disturbed her slumbers. Impulsively breaking away from her nurse, she ran up to the sentinel—an old grenadier—and to his great surprise, said, "How is your cough to-day, soldier? I hope it is better." But he was still more surprised later on, when the Queen, hearing of the occurrence, sent him a present of two guineas as a cure for the "poor soldier's very bad cough." Though simply an evidence of precocious thoughtfulness on the part of the child, this incident was full of significance as foreshadowing the intimate connection her future life was destined to have with warriors unnumbered, and with all the consequent horrors and sufferings of war.

At the age of three the Princess—according to her

father's letter to Baron Stockmar—could speak “English and French with great fluency and in choice phrases.” She was always ready with some witty, if not always appropriate, observation. The Queen was in the habit of reading daily to her a few verses from the Bible. On one occasion, the Creation being the subject, she read out the verse, “And God made man in His own image.” The child immediately perceived the apparent inconsistency of the statements as applied to many specimens of the human race, and exclaimed: “Oh, Mama, surely not the doctor!” whom it appears was a remarkably ugly man.

The following is but one out of many instances of the exceptionally quick intelligence of the Princess Royal as an infant. With the persistence of childhood, she had again and again begged her attendants to let her play with some particular object, and they had as firmly refused. At last, unable to stand it any longer, she ran to her mother, crying out, “Queen, Queen, *make* them obey me”; and, as the child had accurately foreseen, the appeal to her mother in the capacity of sovereign ruler proved irresistible.

In the course of the following year (1844) the Tsar Nicholas of Russia paid a somewhat unexpected visit to the Queen; and at Windsor Castle during some of the Court festivities, notably the grand parade and review in the Great Park, the Princess Royal was allowed to be present—her first appearance at a really great function. The grave and undemonstrative Tsar, whom it is said was seldom seen to laugh, took a great fancy to the Royal children, and, seeing them for the first time, remarked to the Queen, “*Voilà les doux moments de notre vie.*” He frequently played with the

little ones, and on saying goodbye kissed them affectionately and said, "*Que Dieu les bénisse pour votre bonheur!*"

In the same year there arrived at the Castle another Royal visitor, Prince William of Prussia, who unconsciously was destined, by reason of his son Frederick, to stand in a very much closer relationship to the little Princess Victoria of England he then romped with.

At Blair Castle, whither the Princess went that autumn with her parents on a visit to the Duke of Atholl, she went out every day riding or walking, and it was highly amusing to notice the dignity mingled with juvenile humour with which she acknowledged the salutes of the sentries on guard at the castle gate. Of course all she did and said was eagerly noted in that remote part of the country, and the local papers described her as a quick, lively, entertaining child, habitually making the shrewdest remarks upon persons and things, and knowing by heart and able to pronounce the names of all the hills in the neighbourhood—a linguistic feat of no slight merit to a Southron! In commemoration of this Royal visit sundry trees were planted by the Queen and Prince Albert; and, to her great delight, Princess Victoria was permitted to contribute two pines.

In 1845 the Queen went to Germany with Prince Albert. Princess Victoria pleaded hard to go with them. "Why," she asked, "am I not going with you to Germany?" But the Queen, though, as she stated, very willing to take her, did not feel justified in subjecting so young a child to a journey which in those days was no small undertaking. However, the Princess bore the disappointment bravely, and albeit very sorrow-

ful at parting with her mother and father, did not even cry as the farewells were uttered in the entrance hall at Osborne.

The next year there happened one of the greatest events in her child life—the arrival in London of a mysterious chest bearing the Royal Arms of France, and addressed to no less a personage than “The Doll of the Princess Royal of England.” It turned out to be a doll’s trousseau and outfit, a present from King Louis Philippe, who had given *carte blanche* to one of the most eminent *modistes* of Paris to execute his important commission with the greatest taste and skill. Each gown was a complete *chef d’œuvre*, and the ball-dresses might have excited the envy of the most fashionable duchess. One dress was of *gros de Naples*, and another of pink gauze with velvet flowers exquisitely made. With incredible care and perfect workmanship, the tiny embroidered and trimmed pocket-handkerchiefs, the silk stockings, shoes, slippers, cachemire shawls, bonnets, muffs, and black lace scarves, had all been made expressly for the occasion, and the Princess’s astonishment culminated when a miniature jewel-case appeared, filled with ornaments set in diamonds of the purest water.

At the age of seven, Princess Victoria began to emerge a little out of the privacy of home life, and was allowed to take trips on board the Royal yacht at Osborne. Occasionally she went to the theatre, and sometimes attended military reviews. Her favourite amusement at this period appears to have been that of galloping up and down the beach at Osborne on her pony, or driving a miniature phaeton along the sunny slopes of the Home Park at Windsor with her brothers and her sister Alice.

The eighth year of the Princess Victoria's life was a very important one as regarded her future happiness. In the April of 1848 Prince William of Prussia, brother to the reigning King, and direct heir to the throne, paid another visit to the Queen at Osborne. Princess Victoria speedily became his greatest favourite, and frequently drove out with him. There can be little doubt that it was during this visit that the idea of a marriage between the Princess and Prince William's only son Frederick, then seventeen years old, was first entertained. Of course not the slightest hint of this was given to the young Princess, who continued her childish amusements in happy ignorance of all these arrangements for her future.

In the autumn Her Royal Highness was at Balmoral, distributing fruit to the children of the district, and entering into their sports with great glee; on one occasion, as she passed the village at Craithie Bridge, she gave away small cakes to every child she met by the wayside.

In her ninth year the Princess Royal for the first time visited Ireland with the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Alice. And the same year (1849), also for the first time, she took part in a grand public ceremony, proceeding from Westminster to the City in the Royal barge with her father and her eldest brother, who, on behalf of the Queen, opened the new Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street.

By this time the Princess Royal rejoiced in a goodly number of brothers and sisters, so that when the present Duke of Connaught was born on May 1, 1850, she made the very apposite remark, "Now we are just as

many as there are days in the week." In fact, she never lacked, in all her early years, the great advantage of child companionship.

Very vividly must the Empress Frederick recall the memorable First of May in the year 1851, when, standing next to her parents on the dais beneath the central transept at the Great Exhibition, she was one of the most prominent figures in the Royal group.

Her first experience of a foreign land was in Belgium, whither she went with her father and mother in the following year (1852) on a visit to her great-uncle, King Leopold, her novel surroundings affording her good opportunity for much shrewd observation of people and things.

In honour of Prince Arthur's birthday (1854) a children's costume ball was given at Osborne, to the delight of the Princess Royal, who took the keenest interest in the preparations, and was the life and light of the affair.

At Osborne each child had a small garden of its own, which he or she was expected to maintain in a proper state of cultivation. A taste for gardening was implanted in their juvenile minds by the Prince Consort, who was never so happy as when, in the retirement of the Isle of Wight, he could direct the garden-work and superintend the farm.

The Queen herself, as a child, had been accustomed to the healthful occupation of gardening; and one day at Osborne she stopped to watch her eldest daughter, who, with a pair of new kid gloves on her hands, was busily using her scissors amongst the plants and flowers. "When I was a child," remarked the Queen, "I always did my gardening in *old* gloves." "Yes," replied her

daughter, "but *you* were not born Princess Royal of England!"

The Princess Royal accompanied the Queen to Paris in 1855, and during the superb *fête* at Versailles which concluded the festivities held in honour of the visit, she attracted much attention, as in the centre of the splendid Hall of Mirrors she danced in the quadrille of honour, or waltzed with the Emperor Napoleon. Almost every one belonging to the Royal and Imperial party was ablaze with diamonds; but the Princess Royal of England was dressed as simply as any schoolgirl, in a plain white robe, with a wreath of roses on her head. On taking leave of the host and hostess, the Princess was presented by the latter with a magnificent bracelet set with diamonds and rubies.

This was a memorable year for the Queen's eldest daughter, for on the 29th of September she became engaged to Prince Frederick, who, with the full consent of his parents and of King William IV. of Prussia, had crossed the seas for the express purpose of winning her. Young as she was, barely sixteen, the Princess, Prince Albert said, "really behaved admirably, both at the recent declaration on Saturday, and at the leave-taking. She manifested towards Fritz and us the most childlike candour and the nicest feelings. The young people are very much in love."

Soon afterwards, the Princess was confirmed by Archbishop Sumner, the Duchess of Kent—one of the sponsors at her christening—being present on this occasion.

A few years before this, when at Balmoral, the Princess was a frequent visitor at the humble cottages round the Castle, and soon became versed in all the

details of the lowly lives of their inmates, and, it is said, even learnt how to make oatmeal porridge. There was one family, however, in whom Her Royal Highness took special interest, and a new baby having arrived there, she asked to be permitted to attend its christening in the capacity of godmother; but by some mischance she could not get away in time for the ceremony, which had to go on without her. It was barely concluded, however, when the Princess came rushing in, breathless with haste and excitement. On being told how matters stood, her disappointment was intense, and expressed itself in the pathetic appeal, "Oh! but couldn't you do it over again?"

Shortly after the confirmation of the Princess, Prince Frederick came to Osborne on a prolonged visit. It was during this trip to England that the accident happened to his *fiancée* at Buckingham Palace, which, but for her own presence of mind, might have ended disastrously. In the account of this misadventure, given to me by one who had been with the Empress Frederick ever since her marriage, great stress was laid upon the *wonderful* presence of mind evinced in one so young, face to face with a possible catastrophe.

It appears that the Princess, quite unattended, was engaged with her correspondence in her private room, when in the act of sealing a letter by means of one of those rolls of wax, formerly so much in use, she set fire to her deep, open sleeve. Instantly recognising the gravity of her position, she snatched up the hearthrug and flinging it round her, partially stifled the flame, and then rang the bell. A footman almost immediately appeared. With the greatest self-possession the Princess told the man—who also displayed much self-command—exactly

what to do, and the fire was extinguished before any one else in the Palace was aware that it had occurred. A permanent scar was the result of the accident, though H.I.M. is able to conceal it even when in evening dress.

In the two years that elapsed between the Princess Victoria's engagement and her wedding she rapidly developed those characteristics of kindly manner and courteous demeanour which endeared her to the people, and made her in every sense of the word popular.

One February morning, quite early, she drove from Buckingham Palace to the Mint to see for herself how the current coin of the Realm was produced. She had sent no intimation to Tower Hill of her projected visit, so when she arrived there at 9 a.m. there happened to be present only one of the minor officials. However, he did his best to show his distinguished visitor the various processes of coining, explaining everything to the best of his ability. He was naturally embarrassed at having to address Royalty—to him a new experience—and the Princess perceiving this, in the kindest manner requested him to waive all ceremony and to treat her exactly as he would any lady of his acquaintance who might have called unexpectedly and wished to study the art of money-making. He was at once put at ease, and afterwards said that seldom had he experienced so pleasant a task as that of teaching the Crown Princess of England how £ s. d. were made. On taking her leave, she remarked, "I shall never spend a sovereign again without thinking of the trouble the Royal Mint takes in making money for the public."

And now the most important day in the life of the Princess Victoria was rapidly approaching.

The last time that the Princess was at Balmoral before her wedding, all the dependants were invited to gather on the lawn to say goodbye ; but her feelings overcame her and she could not face the ordeal ; so Prince Albert had to take her place and bid them adieu on her behalf.

We, in the year 1897, are so accustomed to Royal weddings, and the pageantry and national festivities accompanying them, that we can hardly realize the excitement and interest evoked by the first marriage in the Queen's family. All London turned out to see what they could of it. Unfortunately the route from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace does not lend itself kindly to the gathering together of masses of people. The distance is too short, and but a very limited number can get more than a glimpse of the carriages as they pass. I speak from experience, because, child though I was at the time, I was determined at all costs to see something of a national pageant, and trudged at a very early hour from the far north of London to the Mall, only to be rewarded with a glimpse of Royal footmen in gorgeous livery clinging on behind the state-coaches. To this day I chiefly associate the memorable event with the abnormal calves and silk stockings of the servitors aforesaid.

All went well on that 25th of January, 1858. The young couple were duly made one by Archbishop Sumner ; the register was signed ; everybody returned to Buckingham Palace ; and the newly-wedded pair from the window over the central archway leading to the courtyard of the Palace, showed themselves to the cheering multitude below—just as did the Duke and

Duchess of York a few years ago. The presents were beyond precedent in their costliness ; the bridegroom's gift being a necklet consisting of thirty-six of the rarest pearls, which may be seen round the Crown Princess's neck in Angeli's famous picture painted in 1885. There were eight bridesmaids, one of whom was Lady Villiers, a lineal descendant of Henry Cromwell, the Lord Protector's talented son.

Painful was the Princess's parting from her beloved parents ; but it had to be faced ; and on the 2nd of February she and her husband embarked for the Continent on board the *Victoria and Albert*. They walked down the pier between two rows of young ladies attired in blue and white, who strewed their path with roses. Prince Albert accompanied them on board, where he said goodbye ; his emotion as he returned ashore could not be concealed. Prince Frederick stood uncovered on the deck as the steamer began to move away from the pier-head ; and, it is said, that sundry working men amongst the spectators called out to him in a rough, but good-natured manner, " Treat her kindly " ; of which characteristic British remark it may be said "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*"

Arriving the following day at Antwerp, the Royal couple were met by King Leopold, who escorted them to Brussels, where a grand banquet awaited them, followed by a ball. Next morning they took leave of " Uncle Leopold " and started for Cologne. Then, by way of Hanover, Magdeburg, and Potsdam, they reached the capital of Prussia and made their public entrance into Berlin on Monday, February 8th. Enormous crowds assembled to give them a hearty welcome ; in fact, their progress partook of the nature of a joyful triumph, and



James Catford, Photo.]

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA PRESENTING HIS BRIDE-ELECT, PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSE, TO THE
EMPEROR WILLIAM I. ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beaman.

(From the original painting by A. von Werner, in Buckingham Palace.)

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in its genuineness left nothing to be desired. No expense had been spared to make the reception a magnificent one; the entire nation delighted to do them honour.

A few days after their entry, Prince Frederick received formal deputations from the University of Berlin and the Academy of Arts, when it was revealed to the learned professors that the Princess was an accomplished Latin scholar, the Prince remarking, "My consort understands Latin; she learnt it with her brothers;" and the Academy subsequently enrolled her amongst its members by reason of her talent "as a composer, and as a draughtswoman."

It must have been a great trial to the lively and impulsive young Princess, accustomed to the home life of Balmoral and Osborne, and the comparative absence of restriction at Windsor and Buckingham Palace, to find herself surrounded by rigid Court etiquette—irksome and intolerable to an English-bred lady—and placed in the midst of a highly intellectual military nation, where princesses and women in general do not find so much favour as princes and men; and where the influence of women on politics and public affairs is regarded with jealousy.

All this her own wise father had clearly foreseen, and in the correspondence between him and his daughter she freely poured forth all her troubles, while he lost no opportunity of strengthening his child and encouraging her to persevere in her daily duties and to bear with calmness all that was unpleasant. In one of his letters to her, he said, "The public, just because it has been rapturous, may now grow minutely critical. This need cause you no uneasiness," and he begged her

“to overlook her household like a good wife.” This latter precept she carried out to the letter, superintending her home like any lady of ordinary rank, with simplicity, thoroughness, and economy.

Soon after her marriage, Her Royal Highness discovered that one of the maids was in the habit of going about her domestic work, dustpan in hand, clad in the height of fashion, and with her hair elaborately dressed. The girl was summoned one morning into the Princess's boudoir, and a present was made her of a brown woollen gown and a white cap, tastefully made, and she was told that in the future she would be expected to wear them when at work.

As a child the Princess had been taught to keep her boxes and drawers tidy and orderly with her own hands. This wholesome practice she continued after her marriage, to the great horror of the Court officials, who told her that it was derogatory to the dignity of a Princess. Her reply was to the effect that as it was the custom of her Royal mother to do the same, it could in no wise be derogatory to that mother's daughter.

The Princess's tastes were then—as now—singularly simple; and in this simplicity, as in everything, she possessed the fullest sympathy of her devoted husband, who had such utter confidence in her judgment that he used to say when any difficult question arose, “Oh, well, we will ask my wife; she knows how to do everything.”

As the children grew up around the Royal couple, the Princess's duties were necessarily extended. Seldom has there been a healthier and more natural home, in spite of the endeavour of the demon etiquette to force the children to breathe a false and artificial atmosphere.

The dresses of her little ones were modelled under her own supervision, their food prepared as she desired it, and their education under her personal direction, both she and Prince Frederick being frequently present while the governess gave the children their lessons, which began at six o'clock in the summer and seven in the winter, the Princess maintaining that the uninterrupted early hours of morning are the best for mental work. After breakfast came recreation ; then more lessons again until one o'clock. To show the motherly nature of the Princess, nothing pleased her more than to brush her children's hair before they went to bed.

Her father-in-law had presented her with a farm-estate at Bornstädt, whither she and her family delighted to retire, enjoying themselves thoroughly in primitive fashion, the Prince looking after his prize cattle, the Princess attending to her dairy and garden, and the little ones revelling in miniature earthworks, cricket, and every kind of outdoor sport ; all meeting together at their plain two o'clock dinner.

But the peace and quietude of the domestic life was rudely interrupted from time to time ; for her soldier-husband was called away to the battlefield ; and, like thousands of other wives in Germany, the Princess had to bear the sickening anxiety of suspense, and the weary waiting for the wars to end. Last of all came the Franco-German War ; the proclamation of King William as Emperor of Germany ; the entry into Paris ; the triumphant return of the conquering hosts to Berlin—and the sword was sheathed.

A new era dawned upon the Fatherland ; and years went by in which the Crown Prince and Princess of united Germany were foremost in the work of building

up and consolidating the edifice of the Empire, whose foundation the Prince had helped to lay.

One autumn evening in 1886 the illustrious couple, when in the north of Italy, went for a drive with the King and Queen of that country. It grew chilly, and the Crown Prince, who had forgotten his overcoat, caught a severe cold, which ultimately settled in his throat, and was, alas! the "little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand," destined to grow apace and cast its dark shadow over the life of our beloved Princess Royal; for it was to this cold that the Crown Prince attributed the origin of his fatal illness.

On June 14, 1887, the Crown Prince and Princess arrived in England to take part in the Jubilee festivities; but in order to spare the Prince—who by this time had developed serious throat symptoms—the fatigue of talking more than was prudent, they stayed at the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood. They used to worship at All Saints' Church, where they occupied the Vicarage pew in the chancel. During their stay in this delightful suburb the Crown Prince greatly endeared himself to everybody. He went about as quietly and unostentatiously as an ordinary private individual, and so fatherly was his nature that he always noticed the little children whom he met in his walks, and often spoke to them.

In the November of the Jubilee year the Crown Prince went to the Villa Zirio, at San Remo, where the operation of tracheotomy was skilfully performed upon the illustrious sufferer by Dr. Bramann, in the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie. With the tenderest and most assiduous care the Crown Princess nursed her husband. Fatigued as she was with the constant watching, she never lost her thoughtfulness for others. After the

operation, the patient's dietary had to be most carefully attended to, and it was one of the duties of "Sister Alice"—his nurse—to look after this. For breakfast a poached egg was sometimes served, but the Crown Prince could not always manage to eat it. One morning the Princess noticed that Sister Alice looked unusually fagged and exhausted, the result of having sat up several nights in succession. "You must eat this at once," said the Princess, bringing her the dish containing the poached egg, and sat down by her side until it was consumed. But consideration for others, even in the smallest matters, has always been part of the Empress Frederick's nature. There is domiciled at the Villa Emily, San Remo, an excellent society, of which she is patroness, its object being to enable gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, whose state of health necessitates their doing so, to pass the winter in the South of France. One of the inmates, a great invalid, was one day lying on the sofa when the door opened, and Sir Morell Mackenzie announced the Crown Princess. The invalid made a spasmodic effort to rise and make obeisance; but the Princess gently pushed her back into her original comfortable position, and said, "Pray do not rise. I only came in to see how the institution was getting on."

During their stay at San Remo the Prince and Princess were brought into frequent contact with Dr. Freeman, the popular resident English physician, with whom a friendship was formed of an enduring nature. Some years afterwards, when the Empress Frederick was residing at the old Schloss at Homburg—Friedrichshof Castle being in course of building—Mr. Freeman happened to be staying at the fashionable little watering-

place ; and after leaving his name in the visitors' book at the Schloss, he met the Empress returning from her drive. By some mischance she did not recognise him, but as soon as she saw his name in the book she sent off a note inviting him to dinner the next day. When Mr. Freeman entered the room, the Empress, who was sitting on a sofa, motioned him to sit down beside her. She was much affected as she conversed with him about the sad past at San Remo, and when he was leaving she laid her hand upon his, saying, "Mind you always call upon me whenever you are at Homburg."

Reverting to San Remo, however. Months sped by of alternate hope and chilling fear for the future. In March, 1888, the news of the Emperor William's death arrived, and was conveyed in the first instance to the Princess, who in the course of the day communicated the sad intelligence to her husband as he was walking in the grounds. He was deeply affected and retired to his own room, his devoted wife remaining in the garden, sobbing bitterly.

On the evening of March 12th the new Emperor and Empress arrived at Charlottenburg, near Berlin. The Emperor had borne the journey from San Remo very well, but his state of health prevented him from being present at his father's funeral on the 16th. A double burden of no common order the Empress Frederick had now to bear, and bravely did she adapt herself to the extraordinary position in which the decree of Providence had placed her. On the one hand she had an ailing and practically helpless husband, at whose bedside she watched with unremitting care, while on the other she had to undertake on his behalf many of the duties pertaining to their new exalted position.

Shortly after the Emperor William's death, the customary "Court of condolence" was held in the *Ritter Saal* of the Palace. Hundreds of wax candles faintly illuminated the vast hall, which was entirely draped in black; all external light was excluded, the blinds being down and the curtains drawn. In front of the silver throne stood the Empress attired in deepest mourning and wearing the broad orange ribbon and insignia of the order of the Black Eagle. She looked—as she must have felt—ill and weary, for she had been suffering tortures from neuralgia for the ten previous days. Yet this and other ceremonies she had to go through alone. She was cheered, however, in a special manner and in many ways by the sympathy of thousands of her own sex, who sent her baskets of violets and lilies with heartfelt wishes that she might be rewarded for all her great devotion by the recovery of her husband. How thoroughly she herself perceived the responsibility of her position, and the conflict of duty which it involved, may best be realised by her own words:—

"I feel that my most sacred duty is to care, as a wife, for my husband in his illness; and I am thoroughly conscious of the duties that I have to undertake as Queen of Prussia and German Empress, and I shall perform them to the best of my power."

Alas! the Empress's devotion to her husband in this world was not destined to be exercised much longer. Summer came, and with it all the outward signs of leaf and flower, whereby Nature mutely strives to strengthen man's half-hearted belief in a tangible resurrection.

To the poor Emperor it brought eternal rest. With his heartbroken family and several of his devoted servants kneeling around him, his noble spirit was loosed

from its suffering body on the morning of June 15, 1888.

The Empress Frederick possesses the rare combination of the highest intellectual powers of man and the impulsive tenderness of woman. It is this impulsiveness, the desire to act upon the spur of the moment, that often causes her to be misunderstood. She sees so clearly the exact bearings of any matter brought before her, her perceptive powers are so great, that she is sometimes accused of too hastily coming to a definite conclusion. Her tastes and predilections are essentially intellectual, and nothing pleases her more than to gather around her, or to correspond with, men and women of science, art, and literary fame. Yet it is in the gentler sphere of philanthropy that she is pre-eminent. To alleviate the sufferings of the sick, to elevate the condition of the poor, and everywhere to improve the social position of her own sex, has been, and is, the nobler work of her later life. "I have always," she once said, "kept in view the moral and intellectual education of women and the advance of hygienic arrangements. I have endeavoured to increase the prosperity of women by opening to them fields for gaining their livelihood, and I hope to attain still more in this direction with the loyal co-operation of the women of Berlin and the whole country."

CHAPTER VI

VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF
GERMANY (*continued*)

Some personal recollections of the Empress Frederick at Schloss Friedrichshof.



THE first time I had the honour of meeting H.I.M. the Empress Frederick was in this wise.

I had been entrusted with the delicate mission of ascertaining if the Empress would be willing to become the Patroness of a new British society, having for its object the development of the Handel cult, a scheme with which it was well known H.I.M. greatly sympathised.

Homburg "the beautiful" was therefore my destination, there to await the Empress's commands to an audience at her castle of Friedrichshof close by.

It was half-past eight by the clock at Victoria station as the night train to Queenboro', comfortably freighted with its miscellaneous human cargo, got smoothly under weigh; and by the time the shortening autumn day had deepened into darkest night, men and women, encumbered with their personal impedimenta,

stumbled as best they might along the narrow gangway that led to the deck of the Zeeland S.S. Company's Royal Mail steamer *Prinses Elizabeth*, ready with her steam up for an eight hours' run across the German Ocean to Holland.

A beautiful passage over a sea of glass landed us at Flushing—in the early morning hours looking bright and quaintly attractive. Then came breakfast in the dining-saloon attached to the terminus, and after a frantic rush for the best seats in the through carriages to Cologne, peace and quietness in a fairly comfortable compartment.

Hour after hour at steady Dutch speed the train passed by endless dykes and silent pools, where contemplative herons stood on one leg, hoping against hope for a breakfast of fresh fish to be brought to their feet without further trouble. Past villages, windmills, churches and farms, all on a dead level, with not even a hillock to relieve the interminable flatness of the landscape; past acres and acres of peat moss cut and dried for exportation as litter; past some tall posts painted black and white—and Kaldenkirchen, the frontier town of Germany, was reached, where, stopping for twenty minutes while our luggage was examined, we partook of a cosy, well-cooked *mitagessen* of comforting bouillon, veal cutlets—such as can be had only in the Fatherland—and a capital white wine, which sent us on our way rejoicing. Finally, after twenty-five hours' continuous steaming from London, the hospitable "Golden Eagle Hotel" at Homburg received two somewhat exhausted and unwashed *voyageurs*.

A few days afterwards in a rather rickety hired vehicle, drawn by a decidedly rickety pair of horses,

I was being conveyed to the Castle. A delightful six-mile drive through shady pine forests, and by a road cut in the sides of densely wooded hills—reminding one of Scotland—and all too soon the towers and high-pitched roof of lordly Friedrichshof came in sight. Then, and for the first time, I experienced a sensation not unlike that which steals over one after knocking at the dentist's door—a sneaking desire to go back again and postpone the visit to a more fitting season.

It is all very well to boast of perfect self-control under every circumstance, and to fortify one's self with quotations from Burns about "rank" being the "guinea stamp," &c., and "man's the gowd for a' that." But the fact remains: a first audience with Royalty entails rather *un mauvais quart d'heure* even to the most self-assured, chiefly, I believe, because of one's intense desire to say and do absolutely the right thing, and to break none of those unwritten, but rigid, laws of Court etiquette with which one cannot possibly be quite familiar.

My coachman, being a stranger to the Royal domain, somehow blundered, and I was put down in the neighbourhood of the domestic offices, and had to make my way as best I might to the grand entrance, where I inquired for the Hofmarschal. Appeals to the Royal footmen were useless, as they could not speak English, and my knowledge of German was so microscopic that the position was rapidly becoming acute, when, to my great relief, an elderly domestic appeared who could converse in French. All was now plain sailing, and I was ushered into the splendid inner hall and thence to the billiard-room, where I awaited with some remains of nervousness the advent of the Empress.

Ten minutes quickly passed as I noticed with deep interest my regal surroundings—the pictures, the writing-cases emblazoned with the Imperial Arms, and the exquisite “finish” of everything. Then, turning to the many-paned casement overlooking the main approach, I had just arrived at the conclusion that its solid gun-metal fastening could not have been “made in Germany,” when the door at the further end of the room softly opened, and the Empress, attended by Countess Perponcher, stood before me.

“So you have come from England, Mr. Beavan, to tell us more about the Handel Society?” she said, in a clear, pleasant voice, with a slight—very slight—German intonation.

With a profound bow I replied that I had that honour, and that I begged to submit for Her Majesty’s inspection an original MS. of Handel’s “Rinaldo,” entrusted to me by the Hamburg Museum.

“Ah! the dear old Handel!” exclaimed H.I.M., impulsively, as she rapidly turned over leaf after leaf of the precious volume which lay before her on the billiard-table. “How many, many times in the dear old days have I not looked at his MSS. in Buckingham Palace!” Suddenly she came across poor Madame Patey’s death-song, “*Lascia ch’io pianza*,” and commenced softly singing it in a style that would have pleased her *maestro*, the late Sir Michael Costa, to have heard.

The Empress was dressed in black, and had evidently that moment returned from her customary morning stroll in the garden. In her enthusiasm about Handel she began to talk eloquently on the subject of the proposed Society, at the same time walking up and down the room, somewhat to my discomfiture, for I was in

a very circumscribed position between the table, the window, and the wall.

It is well known that all our Royal Family possess, to an almost marvellous extent, the art of putting people at ease. I very quickly experienced this in the case of the Empress Frederick, and could quite understand the necessity of the sage advice often given to novices "to beware of saying too much in the presence of Royalty." For in little more than half an hour I felt that I had known Her Majesty all my life.

All this time the Countess Perponcher had been silently standing with folded arms at the head of the billiard-table; but when the audience was at an end—the object of my visit having been happily secured—and the Empress had graciously extended her hand, over which I bowed with proper respect, the Countess—to whom her Royal mistress on leaving the room had conveyed some command in a low voice—turned to me and asked in excellent English whether I would like to see the library and some of the state-rooms. Expressing my gratification thereat, we went through a small door with posts of Venetian stone, into a noble apartment some 50 feet long, I should think, at the end of which a copy of the great altar-picture at Cologne Cathedral adorned the wall; close by was a spacious fireplace with iron dogs beneath a projecting chimney-piece of Istrian stone. I was shown cabinets containing priceless autographs; glass cases of gold, silver, and bronze medals representing members of the English and Prussian Royal families; and quaint "chamberlain keys," such as were used in the last century, attached to the coats of Court officials.

Massive bookcases, nearly all round the room, held

the thirty years' result of H.I.M.'s indefatigable labour in collecting, one compartment being entirely devoted to works dedicated to herself, amongst which I particularly noticed Dr. Schlieman's famous book on "Troy." One division was stored solely with volumes presented to the Empress by her Royal mother—generally at Christmas-time—the inscription always being in the Queen's characteristic and beautiful handwriting.

We then passed through a splendid suite of apartments, all on the ground floor. First, a waiting-room, or boudoir, in Louis XVI. style; then the large drawing-room, whose long windows give direct upon a broad terrace; everywhere a multitude of beautiful objects that could only be glanced at ere we entered the famous "collection-room," a perfect museum of objects of art, where I would fain have lingered. In this well-proportioned room, built in the sixteenth century Renaissance style, are carefully preserved most of H.I.M.'s treasures, some in large glass cases, others on tables. In the largest case, and in some of the smaller ones, I was shown a bewildering collection of gold and silver cups and ornaments of various periods, watches, crucifixes, ivory caskets of Gothic days with sacred subjects carved thereon, *bijouterie* of all kinds, Italian *faïence*, and clocks in silver bronze. One special case contained some watches of different periods and shapes, varying in size from that of a hazel nut to the formidable proportions of a "Nuremburg egg." On the centre table were some exquisite old velvet-bound missals with silver clasps and edges; but what I was most charmed with was a magnificent picture of a Venetian auburn-haired beauty by the celebrated Paris Bordone. At the end of the room was a remarkable chimney-piece with iron dogs,

the ancient pot-hooks over the open hearth being flanked by tall bronze candelabra.

I just peeped into the large dining-room, where my attention was specially drawn to a fine bust of the late Emperor Frederick over the noble columnar mantel-piece. After admiring the octagonal breakfast-room beyond, whose vaulted ceiling produces the effect of an old baronial hall, we traversed the grand corridor and so emerged into the great inner hall whence I originally started, and where against the walls, hung with ancient tapestry, were placed at intervals splendid carved and gilded *cassoni*, or antique Italian bridal coffers; and here I took leave of my most courteous *cicerone* and bade farewell for the time to stately Friedrichshof.

The next time I met the Empress Frederick, was one very warm morning in September. I had been walking for hours, thoroughly exploring the well-kept grounds that surround her Castle, and by noon I had arrived at a condition of dust and perspiration, aggravated by the wearing of a heavy, tight-fitting frock-coat and tall hat, such as Mark Twain would have considered justified the use of profane language, when, to my great distress of mind, Herr Director Walter, who had been looking for me everywhere, told me that the Empress wished to see me at once.

"But look at me!" I said, aghast. "How can I possibly enter the Empress's presence in this dusty and heated condition? Pray let me cool down a little and make myself presentable." "Impossible!" replied the Director. "Her Majesty is expecting you. You must come as you are. I am sure she will excuse you."

At this moment a servant in dark blue and silver livery came hastily towards us and announced that Her

Majesty had left the rose garden, where she had been sketching, and was coming our way.

There was nothing for it but to face the position bravely and to apologise for my very undesirable appearance. Indeed, the visible effect of the sun's rays was now literally pouring down my face.

"Poor fellow! Put on your hat; you will catch cold," was Her Majesty's sympathetic reply; and glad I was to obey her.

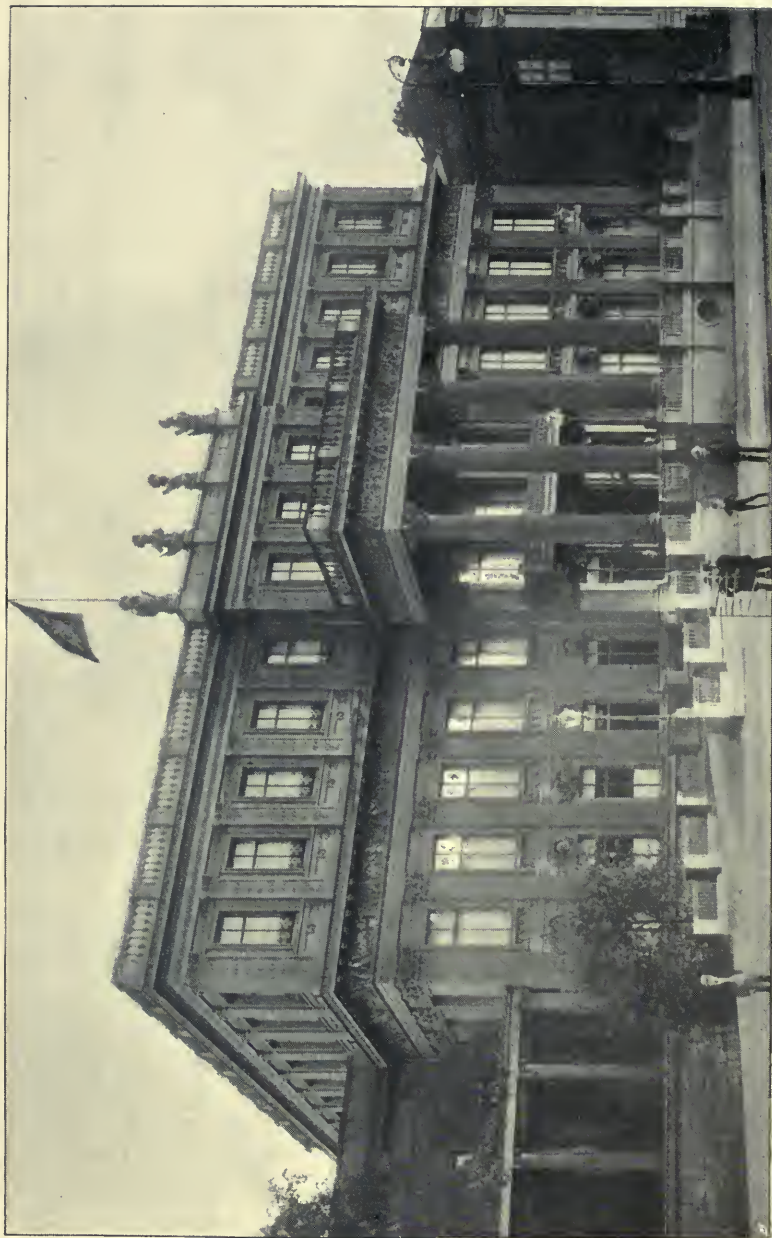
After conversing with great animation for half an hour on business matters, the Empress was good enough to tell me some most interesting particulars about her estate, and how she became possessed of it.

"You have little idea," she said, "how rough everything was when I first came here. The roads had literally to be created—that was the first step."

As a matter of fact, every decent highway about Cronberg has been made at the Empress's expense. But this she did not tell me.

She then said that in the "happy days," when, as Crown Princess, she used to stay at the old Homburg Schloss, she once—and once only—came over with her husband to see Cronberg, then a mere hamlet, and was charmed with the natural beauties of the place. "And then," added the Empress, with deep emotion—"and then came the fatal year 1888; and after that I could not live in solitary state in a big castle, and I felt that for the sake of occupation I must have a place entirely my own, which I could develop and look after myself in my own way."

As a result of this determination, the Empress caused inquiries to be made as to the climate, soil, &c., of Cronberg. An elaborate report was duly sent



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S PALACE, BERLIN.

(Contributed by H.I.M. the Empress Frederick.)

[To face page 110.]

in, and it was decided to acquire the house and grounds upon which the present edifice stands. The estate was then quite small, but subsequent purchases brought it up to a total of about 250 acres.

After the old mansion had been pulled down, the work of draining, planting, and building went on without intermission for four years, resulting in a noble residence encircled by park-like grounds, flourishing orchards, and exquisite gardens.

On the latter I ventured to compliment their Royal owner and designer, but I was at once met with the remark that there were scores in "dear old England" much finer and grander, and that the only claim hers had to consideration was that there were few, if any, estates laid out in the same way in Germany. Certainly, if the rose garden be taken as an example, nothing can surpass it, even *out* of Germany, except perhaps that at Birkhall, which it resembles.

Imagine about half an acre of ground, with a southern aspect, enclosed in part by creeper-covered walls, and on one side by trellis-work hidden in trailing roses; the slopes divided into a multitude of miniature terraces, whereon double rows of half-standard rose trees grow thick and fragrant. Nasturtium and ivy conceal the edge of the stonework; the flower-beds are bordered with the old-fashioned favourites—golden-feather, ariculas, and polyanthus; while the beds themselves blaze in the bright sunshine with stately sunflowers, tall hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds. Everywhere one finds perfume, warmth, and repose, the three essential components of a long-established unconventional English garden.

When the Castle was completed there was a little

hesitation as to what it should be called. The name "*Friedrichsruh*" was abandoned because of its certainty to be confused with Prince Bismarck's retreat in the far north of Prussia. At last Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe thought of "*Friedrichshof*." Her mother adopted the idea, and accordingly "*Frederick's Court*" it is; while upon the white stone porch at the chief entrance was deeply carved in Roman letters the touching dedication—

"FRIDERICI MEMORIÆ."

But I cannot leave the subject of Friedrichshof without giving some further particulars of so exceptional a place, interesting in so many ways. Our beloved Queen visited it for the first time two years ago, when special drives and paths on gentle inclines were thoughtfully contrived for her pony-carriage, in which she went about and saw everything.

Charmingly picturesque and satisfying to the eye is the architecture of the Schloss—Rhenish Renaissance of the early sixteenth century, of which there are endless examples all along the Rhine. The Castle lies at the foot of pine-clad hills, the lower ranges of the Taunus mountains. Towards these its northern front looks, its steep, slate roof pierced and lighted by countless little windows that produce an indescribable sensation of novelty to an Englishman.

On the garden, or southern side, is a wide terrace with broad steps in the middle and at each end. Vines cluster on the balustrades; while oleanders, orange trees, and pomegranates flourish in wooden tubs below.

Just about here stands an iron flagstaff bearing aloft the Empress Frederick's flag, a black coat of arms on

a red ground. On the Castle walls are carved the letters "F. & V." and "V. & F.," united by a cord on an heraldic shield.

Leaving the terrace, one can walk over an undulating plateau of lawn ornamented by rare conifers. The ground then dips gradually towards the public road, which, as at Sandringham, intersects the estate; and hedges of roses, *vis-à-vis* to rows of chesnut trees, are gracefully linked together by pendant grape-vines.

In the outlying portions of the grounds, wherever possible, is beautiful rockwork embellished with dwarf holly-bushes, yews, and junipers.

Shady walks abound, and alluring seats are cunningly scattered about in sheltered nooks, where can be enjoyed absolute stillness and peace, broken only by the chiming of the Castle clock, the faint echoes of distant village life, and the twittering of innumerable birds. In one of these secluded spots a miniature waterfall musically ripples over a large moss-covered rock into a deep pool beneath, wherein mighty Prussian carp float lazily upon the surface, disdainingly the bread and biscuit too abundantly offered them by passers-by.

Never before had I felt the poaching instinct so strong within me, except perhaps when by the side of the lake in the lovely pleasure grounds of the Kurhaus at Homburg, and when lingering by the moat at Helmingham Hall in Suffolk.

Once when wandering at the back of the Castle, I came unexpectedly upon the tennis-court, which is quite concealed by a thick arbor-vitæ hedge. A game was proceeding with much heartiness and enjoyment, not to say hilarity. The players were a son and a daughter of the Empress Frederick, and Baron Reischach and his wife,

whose children were romping just beyond with Prince Waldemar, Prince Henry of Prussia's eleven-year-old son. This fine little fellow, who can speak English perfectly, was dressed in sailor costume, and looked—as indeed he is—most intelligent. One of his greatest trials seemed to be the necessity of returning with grace the numerous salutations of his subordinates; the perpetual lifting and replacing of his sailor-cap naturally becoming irksome to the child.

Before quitting the Castle I was taken to the summit of the lofty central tower, whence is to be had a glorious view of the surrounding country. Cronberg, a small town of 2,500 inhabitants, lies just beneath; the old Burg, or stronghold, dominating all. Handsome villas are scattered about, for the Empress is by no means without neighbours. There is Baroness W. de Rothschild's villa at Königstein close by, and next to Friederichshof is a large mansion belonging to Herr von Guaita, the reputed proprietor of Mumm & Co.'s famous brand of champagne. Well in sight is the old Lutheran church where H.I.M. worships; and, though twelve miles distant, seeming quite close in the clear atmosphere, is the city of Frankfort, that happy place where street musicians are allowed to play but once a week, and which boasts the finest railway station in the world. At the extreme right is a glimpse of the winding river Main, and even of the Rhine itself; the tall chimneys of the aniline works at Höchst and Griesham being the only blot on the fair scene.

By command of the Empress, Herr Walter—Royal gardener at the Prussian Court in 1863, and who now admirably superintends the entire estate at Friederichshof, and has laid out all the grounds and roads—took me

over the ruins of the Burg upon which I had just looked down. It is now the property of the Empress Frederick, who is carrying out a scheme for its restoration that will take years to complete. Situated on the summit of pretty slopes utilised as gardens by the numerous "squatters" and encroachers upon the Crown property, this ancient baronial stronghold is a striking object. A cresset beacon still crowns one of its towers, and must have lighted up many a wild scene in the Middle Ages. In the process of restoration the original timbers are being made use of, so sound are they in spite of the five hundred years that must have elapsed since the enormous oak beams were first put in position.

We had reached the Burg through the picturesque town where the sound of the old-fashioned flail can still be heard, and curious Teutonic customs and traditions linger. Sundry scrolls hanging outside private dwellings and taverns revealed the fact that military manœuvres were going on in the neighbourhood, and informed the public that Lieut. Schott of the 80th, or Corporals Hans and Fritz of the 150th Regiment were quartered there.

Suddenly came rumbling by, a battery of artillery bound for the scene of action, whither the Empress Frederick, clad in well-fitting black riding-habit, and mounted on her favourite horse, Paddy, had gone early in the morning to witness the operations. I noticed that the helmets of the gunners and the drivers were ingeniously covered with felt as a protection against the sun's rays, and also that the harness and accoutrements generally, though not up to the Woolwich standard, would be none the less serviceable in the field.

Round and about Cronberg, with the exception of a

couple of sentinels guarding the intersection of every road, not a soldier was visible. Patrols of lancers, very much resembling our own, were reconnoitring and looking out for the well-concealed enemy. At last, without a moment's warning, heavy firing commenced, and for some hours there was an incessant thundering of guns, which ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

One o'clock approached. The Empress and suite cantered past us home again, and were shortly followed by a splendidly uniformed general in an open carriage, on a visit to the Castle.

Grave and prolonged military salutes were exchanged on every side, and for the day the military pageant was at an end.

The Empress leads a very quiet, simple life in her summer retreat at Friedrichshof, but she is by no means a recluse. At the primitive little railway station at Cronberg there is always some one coming from or going to the Castle. Two of her married daughters live not far off—Princess Margaret of Hesse at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort, and Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe at Bonn—and visits between the mother and daughters are frequently exchanged. Any Royalty sojourning at Homburg, as a matter of course, pays his or her respects to H.I.M., and she returns their civilities, frequently riding into Homburg on horseback, and lunching at "Ritters" when the Prince of Wales is there on his usual August visit.

The Empress is never idle for a moment. She rises early, and is a great deal out of doors. Unfortunately, she delights in open windows; and frequently coming home heated from long walks, persists in sitting in a thorough draught, affecting surprise when the conse-

quence is a severe cold. Expostulations on the part of her old attendants are thrown away, because she never will admit that the draught was the cause of her illness.

In the morning, as soon as the nine o'clock breakfast is over, she generally goes out into the garden. From twelve to half-past one she as a rule rides, and the remainder of the day is occupied in studying, painting, receiving her numerous visitors, looking after her miniature farm (where nothing escapes her vigilant observation), and in visiting the humble dwellings of the needy, which she does most systematically and unostentatiously; so that, what with one thing and another, the Empress has but little spare time.

Perhaps everybody does not know how much H.I.M. is interested in American ladies, especially those who have made their mark in advocating or advancing the social status of womankind. Therefore the opinion that our cousins across the sea hold of her, is worth recording.

A charming Philadelphian with some claim to literary distinction, and whose writings the Empress had probably come across in some magazine, was stopping at the Victoria Hotel, Homburg, when one morning she was greatly surprised to receive a letter from the Empress Frederick's lady-in-waiting, conveying a command for her to attend at Fredrichshof the next day. Naturally, she felt much flattered, and hastened to get "coached" in the nice points of etiquette to be observed during the coming interview.

Left to herself for ten minutes in the library at the Castle, she sat extremely still, letting nothing, however, escape her observation, until she became aware of a

light step, and, looking up, saw "a slender, fair-haired woman passing between the *portières*." Remembering her instructions, the visitor rose, made a deep reverence, and waited for her Imperial hostess to open the conversation.

The Empress desired her to be seated; and in less than no time every particle of formality was put on one side, and the two women chatted away as if no social difference existed between them. "The one thing," afterwards said the Philadelphian, "I was most careful not to forget, was that H.I.M. must be allowed both to start and to abandon the topic of conversation."

The Empress told her that the women of the United States excited her interest and evoked her sympathy with their mode of life, and that their unrestricted friendship with the other sex especially charmed her, because she herself had always enjoyed the intimate companionship of brilliant men—first that of her father, and afterwards that of her husband. She spoke also of her advanced thoughts in the direction of women's rights, their higher education and fitness to hold office and to enter into the learned professions.

As the Empress talked, the American was deeply impressed with her mental alertness, liberal views, and fund of general information; also with her simplicity of manner, which, she said, was "perfect," while her animation and fluency, without one touch of egotism or self-consciousness, she described as "vastly attractive."

When the audience, which lasted nearly an hour, was at an end, the Empress rose, and extended her hand. Thinking it was given to her to kiss, the visitor

stooped forward, when H.I.M. smiled, shook her head, and with a hearty clasp of the hand said that she quite understood democratic customs, and never expected her guest to conform to European Court etiquette.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Visit to Brighton in infancy—At Osborne as a boy—Travels in England—Anecdote—At Oxford and Cambridge—Trip to Canada—Anecdote—In the United States—Anecdote—In the Holy Land—Marriage Settlement—Sporting proclivities—Contrasts—Prince Regent at Newmarket—Anecdote—The stud at Sandringham—Sandringham game preserves—Game larder at Sandringham—The Duke of Clarence a good shot—Shooting-party at Sandringham—Tenants' ball at Sandringham—Kingsley's recollection of Prince of Wales's marriage—Popularity of the Prince of Wales and Family—Anecdotes of the Prince of Wales.



FROM his earliest infancy the Prince of Wales, as heir to the throne, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention whenever he has appeared in public. We are told that when he visited Brighton with his little sister Alice—then a baby in arms—and was taken on to the chain-pier, hundreds of people assembled on the cliffs to look at his little Royal Highness, who was dressed in a “black satin pelisse with a Tuscan hat and black feathers.”

In his boyhood he must have been “a bit of a pickle.” While strolling alone one day on the beach

at Osborne, he noticed a lad laboriously gathering shell-fish, probably for sale in the town of Cowes; and while the lad's back was turned, the Prince thought it would be a capital joke to toss over the basket, in which the day's "catch" was collected. But he reckoned without his host if he imagined the fisher-boy would put up with this practical joke without protest. The fighting instinct was in both, great as was their difference in rank, and in a moment they had a fine "set-to." After several rounds, not much to the advantage of the Prince—though he knew how to use his fists—the combatants were separated by a gardener, who happened to come that way, and the Heir Apparent, looking rather dilapidated, was led off to his father—who it appears had been watching the battle from afar—and severely reprimanded for interfering with the poor lad's fish-gathering. No doubt the young Prince in some kindly fashion afterwards substantially recompensed his humble antagonist.

His Royal Highness's first appearance in a position he has so often since occupied, was at the age of fifteen, when he "took the chair" in the unavoidable absence of Prince Albert at one of Faraday's famous lectures at the Royal Institution, and conducted himself with great modesty and efficiency.

At this time the Prince travelled about England a good deal, by way of relaxation from his studies, his tutor accompanying him. His real name and title were supposed to be kept a close secret, but occasionally the truth leaked out. They had reached the West of England, and the landlord of a certain hotel, having good reason for assuming that they would pay his little town a visit, had his best rooms

refurnished and the entire establishment renovated, and waited anxiously for his trouble to be rewarded. At last, one afternoon, a gentleman and a youth—in whose features the proprietor of the hotel was sure he recognised those of the distinguished visitor he was expecting—arrived, and asked if they could be accommodated for the night. The finest apartments in the house were at once assigned to them, and everything was done to make them comfortable. Everybody was on his best behaviour, and without openly acknowledging their rank the landlord evinced the utmost deference to his guests. Later in the evening, when almost every apartment in the hotel was taken, there arrived three more travellers—two gentlemen and a boy. When they asked for bedrooms, the landlord replied, “Very sorry, gentlemen, we have only room for two of your party, but perhaps we can manage to make up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa.” This was done; and in the morning it was discovered that the youth who had slept upon the “shakedown” was the Heir Apparent, while the boy who had occupied the best bedroom was plain “Master Robinson,” travelling with his father!

The Prince of Wales passed through the educational period of his life, and studied at Oxford and Cambridge, if not with marked success, at least with credit; and in 1860 he embarked at Plymouth on board H.M.S. *Hero* for a prolonged tour in Canada. Before he reached his destination the Prince invited all the young officers of the ship, who were his particular chums, to dine with him. In honour of the occasion the post-prandial smoking-time was prolonged for half

an hour, a privilege of which His Royal Highness availed himself to the last minute, but when the time was up he was the first to throw away his cigar. Throughout the voyage the Prince was most strict in observing the ship's rules; the result being that not only was he liked, but respected by all the officers. "Liked" is, perhaps, too weak a term to express their feelings towards him; for they thought of him not merely as the Prince of Wales, but as the most good-natured and courteous gentleman that had ever been on the vessel.

During one of his rather trying journeys in Canada the Prince travelled *incog.*, but the veil was frequently removed by accident or indiscretion. Rather late one evening he arrived at a little inn on the river St. Lawrence. The landlord was very attentive, for he saw that he had under his roof no ordinary personage; but who it was he could not possibly guess. He repeatedly entered His Royal Highness's sitting-room. On the first occasion he said, "I think, Captain, you rang the table-bell. What did you please to want?" Once he brought in a plate of fine raspberries, and said, "We have found in the woods, Major, a few rasps. Will you please to taste them?" He invented a third and fourth excuse for entering, saluting His Royal Highness first as "Colonel" and then as "General." At last, just before leaving the room, he returned, fell upon his knees, and cried out, "May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don't behave suitable. I know you are not to be known. I mean no offence in calling you 'Captain' and 'Colonel.' What must I call you? For anything I can tell, you may be a King's son." To this speech the Prince

would have given a kind answer but for a universal and irrepressible explosion of laughter.

On his way to Washington to visit the President, His Royal Highness entered the great Republic under the title of "Baron Renfrew," and did much by his manner and conversation to create and sustain a friendly feeling towards the mother country.

Some curious experiences were the result of this trip to the States. A certain Mr. S——, more wealthy than wise, remarked when introduced to the Prince, "Lord Renfrew, eh! But you're no better than anybody else. Let me call you Mr. Renfrew." And, to the infinite amusement of the Royal party, he persisted in so addressing him during the entire visit.

Of the Prince's popularity while he was in the United States there can be no doubt; but it had its inconveniences, for he was persistently mobbed wherever he went. At Mount Auburn His Royal Highness planted a tree in commemoration of his visit; but the people who had followed him and his party, regardless of the ten dollar fine they incurred, broke through the enclosure as soon as the Prince had left, and entirely denuded it of its leaves, which no doubt are preserved as treasured mementoes to this day.

Later on, in 1862, the Prince thoroughly explored the Holy Land under the sympathetic guidance of the late Dean Stanley. Then came the most important event of his life—his marriage.

Lord Palmerston, who was particularly happy in his way of putting such things before Parliament, in proposing a resolution to provide an establishment for the Prince and Princess of Wales, said: "The Heir Apparent to the Crown is going to contract a



William E. Gray, Photo.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.
(The Garden Front.)

[92, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

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marriage which will, I trust, not only be productive of domestic happiness to the family in the midst of which it is to be celebrated, but holds out to this country a prospect of a long line of succeeding sovereigns, who, by virtue of transmitted qualities, and of the recollection of those who went before them, will imitate the virtues of the stock from whence they spring, and will contribute, as much as the present family do, to the happiness, the welfare, and the dignity of the country over which they rule."

In the same spirit Lord Palmerston referred to the financial provision to be made by the nation for the illustrious couple; and, after recalling the fact that the last Prince of Wales, after his debts had been completely liquidated in 1806, enjoyed an income of £138,000, and that it was not the desire of Her Majesty that the appropriation by Parliament should be founded upon such a precedent, proceeded to remark with his usual humour, "Such of those whom I am now addressing, and who, fortunately for them, are not in the single and bachelor state, well know that there are expenses which the Princess of Wales must incur, and which require that she should have a separate and sufficient income, and, by the treaty of marriage recently concluded between Her Majesty and the King of Denmark, the allowance undertaken to be secured to Her Royal Highness was £10,000 a year for her own separate use." At the conclusion of his speech, this amount was voted unanimously by a most enthusiastic House of Commons.

Last year, as all the world knows, the Prince won the Derby and the St. Leger; and it may be asserted with truth that his popularity culminated at

the moment when, amid an absolutely unparalleled scene, he led back Persimmon to the weighing-room at Epsom, and it was demonstrated that we Britons are true descendants of the old Scandinavian hunters, and that *malgré* our veneer of culture, we at heart regard a thorough sportsman as the criterion of excellence, in whatever rank of life he may be found.

Whence does the Prince derive his sporting proclivities? Presumably from both his parents. Her Majesty the Queen, herself a skilled and graceful rider, we know always took great interest in Prince Albert's shooting expeditions, and regularly attended Ascot races. To his uncles, George IV. and William IV., the Prince of Wales may also indirectly trace his love of the "sport of kings." But his experiences have been very different from theirs. Nowadays the Prince is conveyed in a luxurious saloon carriage to Newmarket, which he reaches in about two hours, and after enthusiastically watching the great races of the day, returns to town by "special" in time for late dinner at Marlborough House. George IV., when Prince Regent, used to post the seventy miles from town to Newmarket, and more often than not finish up the day's sport in what we should consider a strange fashion. It was his habit to invite himself to the table of any of his intimate associates; and on one particular occasion, after the races on the Heath, he elected to dine with Richard Tattersall—"Old Tatt" as the business founder of that well-known family was called—at his establishment, New Barnes, adjoining the town of Ely, and about thirteen miles west of the "metropolis of racing."

Old Tatt possessed a cellar well stocked with a choice,

but potent port, with which he was wont to ply his guests after dinner. To this the Prince Regent, seasoned as he was, succumbed at a late hour, or rather in the small hours of the morning. Neither of the postboys could be found, and as it was necessary that the Prince should be at Newmarket early that morning, it was resolved that Mr. William Windham and the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, who were both of the party, should take their places, which they accordingly did. Peacefully sleeping, the Prince Regent, *vini plenus*, was comfortably deposited in the post-chaise, and the journey was performed in capital style and in fair time, all things considered.

At the very outset the Prince Regent won the Derby with Sir Thomas, and subsequently 184 races in the course of four years. It is true many of these were of small value, but he had luck at the commencement, and had not to wait patiently for a great success, as his great-nephew has had to do.

Lord Palmerston would be rather astonished if he could revisit the Norfolk estate, that in 1861 he recommended the Prince Consort to purchase as a shooting-box for the Heir Apparent at a cost of £220,000. The genial Premier's racing proclivities would at once lead him to inspect the splendid stud, now the feature of Sandringham. In some buildings around a yard originally devoted to the housing of Shire horses and prize-cattle, the Prince of Wales, some ten years ago, decided to begin the uncertain, expensive, and often highly unsatisfactory experiment of breeding thoroughbreds, and—as with everything that His Royal Highness undertakes—the arrangements for so doing were carried out with absolute

completeness. Years went by, and the result on the whole was not particularly satisfactory; but perseverance was at last rewarded, and since Lord Marcus Beresford in 1890 assumed the management of the stud, assisted by Edmund Walker—a very capable stud-groom—some excellent colts and fillies have been sent out, amongst them Persimmon and Thais, English bred and English trained.

As to shooting, it is notorious that the Sandringham estate is one of the best-managed preserves in the kingdom, so well has its natural adaptability for the rearing of game been developed since the Prince came into possession. No better district in Norfolk could have been selected for a Royal shooting-box than that of Sandringham. It *looks* a gameful country. Long years ago its wastes harboured the great bustard; its meres and marshes vast flocks of wild-fowl; and, when the bitterly cold wind blew strong from the North Pole across the Wash, the cries of wild geese and swans might have been heard as they settled down at some lonely and sheltered spot on the coast.

In the winter the feature of the delightful house-parties organised by the Prince, is the *battue*; and to provide ample game is a serious and costly undertaking. Over 10,000 pheasants are annually reared, partly by incubators, and partly by the services of common barndoor hens, who are found to be the most careful of mothers. The large scale upon which everything is done may be gathered from the fact that of these familiar birds over a thousand are employed.

Mr. William Jackson, the head-keeper, must pass through many an anxious moment before his labours

are rewarded with absolute success at the "big shoot" of the season and the annual total of game of all kinds finally recorded. But that he can be relied upon for quantity and for quality, the contents of the splendid game-room show. As a rule, the pheasants at Sandringham are exceptionally heavy birds, loaded with fat, and excellent in flavour. At only one spot, perhaps, can they be equalled, and that is at Osborne, where certain of the order *Phasianus colchicus* are in the habit of wandering about on the sea-shore at low tide, and picking up vast quantities of minute *crustacea*, which seem to suit their constitutions admirably.

In all Europe there is but one game-room or larder larger than that of the Prince, and it is to be found on the late Baron Hirsch's estate in Hungary, its capacity being 9,000 head. The one at Sandringham holds 6,000 head, and was built in 1869, on thoroughly scientific principles. Octagon in shape, after a few days' shooting, when it is full, it presents a most interesting appearance — 4,000 pheasants occupying the place of honour, with, perhaps, some golden specimens amongst them, shot by mistake; comparatively few partridges and hares, innumerable rabbits, a choice collection of woodcocks, and, here and there, in bitter weather, some wild-fowl and wood-pigeons.

Rabbits abound on the estate, the waste ground suiting them to a nicety, and some years ago a large tract near Wolferton was adapted as a warren.

On the ground floor of the game-room, hampers are packed for sending away to charitable institutions and to friends, every head of game not required for

home use being thus disposed of, or given to the tenants, railway officers, and the police; and when each day's shooting is over every labourer on the estate who has acted as beater is allowed to take home a hare and a pheasant to his family.

The results at these big shoots are rather startling; the more so as some of the guests invited down to Sandringham find it somewhat hard to negotiate the wild and wary pheasants brought up in the woods.

One of the best of shots was the late Duke of Clarence. Jackson, who was his preceptor, shows with pride and emotion a small stuffed rabbit, the first that ever fell, under his direction, to the gun of the youthful Prince. It was Jackson's early opinion of "Prince Eddie" that he would turn out a first-rate shot. Nothing could excel the skill with which he bowled over woodcocks—by no means easy to kill—in a failing light, over ploughed land.

The following is a description, from personal observation, of a grand "shoot" at Sandringham when the Duke was living, and it will apply to the present time.

By eleven o'clock the shooting-party, numbering ten guns, was ready for a start; an army of beaters, marshalled by the head-keeper, began to range the coverts, and the guests were placed in position. In this department Jackson is an autocrat, against whose fiat there is no appeal, even the Heir Apparent yielding willing obedience. Silence prevailed, broken only by the twittering of small birds and the "caw" of suspicious rooks that, rapidly flying out of the wood, were mistaken for pheasants by short-sighted guests, and frantically blazed at amidst peals of laughter,

in which the Prince heartily joined. But his Royal Highness loves a joke. During a tedious "wait" in another part of the preserves the Prince was seen amusing himself by digging his walking-stick into the turnips that lay about for the game to eat, and essaying to shy them straight at an old friend's back. After many woefully bad shots, one of the vegetable missiles made a splendid "centre," to the intense amusement of the Royal host.

His Royal Highness uses a hammerless gun at the "shoots," and, of course, always has an attendant to hand him his second breechloader. When the "wait" is a long one, the Prince sits down on a one-legged stool, and at a distance has the appearance of being seated upon air.

After a long pause, the faint murmuring of advancing beaters became more and more distinct. A whirr of wings, and the first pheasant fell to the gun of the Duke of Clarence. Whole flights now made their way into the open. There was a perfect fusillade, and the air grew thick with falling birds. At regular intervals, along the edges of the "horse-shoe"—a clearing so called from its peculiar shape—the guns had been arranged, Jackson having placed the gunners well apart, as sometimes the shooting is rather erratic. Indeed, how the beaters escape death is a mystery! Brilliant cock-pheasants issued wildly from the opposite wood, and, as though struck by lightning, dropped down, a lifeless heap of feathers. Rabbits cowered almost under one's feet, and displayed the most invincible antipathy to break cover. A pair of domestic fowls—pheasant foster-mothers, no doubt—scared out of such senses as they possessed, evinced

a sudden propensity to emulate their congeners by essaying to fly upwards over the tree-tops. In the excitement of the moment the Duke of Clarence, forgetful of the parental injunction, cleverly dropped a golden pheasant that had been keeping company with the rest. "Well shot, Prince Eddie!" impulsively shouted Mrs. Jackson—the nurse of his boyhood—who stood just behind him. "Don't put that in the van," whispered the Prince to his attendant. At length the beaters emerged from the distant under-wood, and the great "drive" of the day was at an end.

Then came luncheon, served in a large tent in an adjoining paddock, and the Princess of Wales and other ladies appeared on the scene, to partake of it and to inspect the bag—amongst which the golden pheasant was *not*—laid out in orderly lines on the grass.

Later on was some desultory shooting in the out-lying coverts, and as the party returned home in the dusk by way of a field in fallow, surrounded by plantations, a woodcock got up. "Mark cock, sir!" and before his baffling flight had carried him forty yards, he was secured in excellent style by the Duke of Clarence. Thus ended a most successful day in the Sandringham preserves.

Vastly different was shooting a century ago. There were no *battues*, no "warm corners," or warm luncheons for the exhausted gunners, nor thousands of victims in fur and feather to send off to market. A *good* bag on the best of manors would be not more than twenty-four brace of pheasants and thirteen brace of partridges, besides hares, rabbits, and woodcocks,

to three guns; and the achievement of the Duke of Bedford and six others in 1796 is often quoted as phenomenal, when, on Mr. Colquhoun's estate at Wretham, in Norfolk, they killed in one day eighty pheasants and forty hares, besides a few partridges.

After the big shoot, the day sometimes winds up with a ball, of which there are three annually given at Sandringham—the County Ball, the Tenants' Ball, and the Servants' Ball. The first-named is confined to the *élite*; the second includes the leading families in Norfolk, as well as the Prince's few tenants and their friends; the last is for the domestics.

Formerly dances were given in the large entrance hall, but it was found to be too small, so a handsome apartment was built, which with two or three other rooms forms a new wing approached by a fine corridor. It is of beautiful proportions, but hardly lofty enough for dignity. At one end is a musicians' gallery, at the other a large bay window, and in an alcove at the side is a splendid marble fireplace with elaborate overmantel. Kept always in the highest state of polish, the oak floor is perfection for dancing. Indian trophies adorn the walls, and the rounded ceiling, in colour matching that of the light dado, gives a peculiar character to the room.

Far and wide the district is in a state of excitement on the eve of these balls. At Lynn not a bed is to be had at the leading hotels, as so many of the *invités* come from right across the county, and are obliged to put up at the old town.

The famous avenue of trees leading from the Norwich gates to the main entrance of Sandringham House is gay with many coloured lanterns, and as

the hour approaches a continuous stream of carriages draws up, for everybody tries to be as punctual as the Prince himself. By ten o'clock quite four hundred guests are assembled, expectant and in excellent spirits, waiting for the entry of their Royal host and hostess.

In this representative courtly assembly are some of the loveliest types of beauty to be found anywhere; dark eyes, bright complexion, and abundant hair—the characteristics of Norfolk—predominating. Everybody has gravitated towards the corridor entrance of the ballroom, when suddenly there is a subdued whispering, the well-dressed crowd moves away from the door and forms into a kind of lane, down which Sir Dighton Probyn, as an advance guard, leisurely strolls. Behind him comes the distinguished house-party, headed by the Princess of Wales leaning on the arm of the principal guest—an ex-Cabinet minister—followed closely by the Prince escorting the statesman's wife, whose magnificent diamonds excite intense admiration, and possibly envy, in many a feminine mind. High up in the gallery the band plays "God save the Queen," and, as the Royalties pass slowly through the ranks of the gay crowd, they smilingly acknowledge the respectful salutations of the company. Altogether a very charming effect is produced.

The ball opens with a quadrille, which is confined almost entirely to the Royal party at the upper end of the room, and for the moment the guests seem more inclined to have a good look at the great "personages" than to dance themselves. The Princess joins in the dance, and afterwards sits down in the alcove facing the music-gallery, where she remains nearly all the

evening, chatting gaily with certain privileged beings who from time to time are invited to take their place near her. After a few dances the Prince also desists, but he does not sit down. He is simply ubiquitous, smiling recognition to those he knows slightly, and shaking hands heartily with his intimate friends. At last a terpsichorean spirit takes possession of the guests, and they join freely in the waltzes, galops, &c., that follow without interruption, though the space is rather limited because of the necessity of keeping one portion of the apartment clear for the young Royalties, who appear to be enjoying themselves immensely.

Between the dances sundry introductions and presentations of prominent county people are made to the Prince and Princess, and it is amusing to watch and criticise the various ways in which the Court courtesy or bow is accomplished. With some it is an act most gracefully performed, with others rather an awkward exhibition. But it is all so thoroughly English, and shyness is part of the national heritage.

Supper is served at 1 a.m. in the main building. Light refreshments have been procurable all through the evening, the attendants here being exclusively women servants prettily dressed in white. For Royalty and their more favoured guests the conservatory is utilised, and after the Prince and Princess and their party have supped, relays of guests are escorted thither and are waited upon by gorgeously arrayed Royal footmen. Nothing can be more delightful than this place for a ball supper. Small tables are daintily arranged round the grand tree-ferns and palms that soar aloft to the glass roof. Needless to say, the collation is admirable, and the champagne—unlike that

which is nowadays considered "quite good enough" for most festive occasions—is excellent, as might be expected from such a Royal host.

After supper, dancing is renewed with considerably increased vivacity, but for the Highland Schottische very few couples stand up, not many caring to face the ordeal of figuring in this somewhat eccentric dance, though those who do so call forth many complimentary remarks, particularly one or two gentlemen whose ease of movement is remarkable. One couple after another retire exhausted, and are glad to sit down. Whether fired by patriotic association or inspired by the supper, the last gentleman "left in" declines to desist, and he and his unfortunate partner—the daughter of a well-known county squire—wildly dancing, just in front of the Royal party, are gazed upon with rapt attention and much merriment. His Royal Highness's eyes twinkle with fun, and the Princess and her daughters are silently convulsed with laughter, for the enthusiastic gentleman is by no means young, and the prolonged exertion is beginning to tell upon his face. There is no pause, and the music maliciously quickens. The poor girl's imploring face moves one to pity, but she bravely keeps on. At last the pace is too much for them both, and, by mutual consent, the indefatigable couple give in. A round of applause follows; the lady withdraws in a collapsed condition; and—her partner is invisible for some time afterwards.

Shortly after this amusing incident the Princess retires for the night—or, rather, for the morning, as it is close upon 2 a.m.—with the same ceremony that attended her entry; and the ball is at an end.

This year is pre-eminently one of retrospect in all

things pertaining to the Royal Family. Thus it is worth recalling the impression made upon Charles Kingsley—who at the time of his death had enjoyed the regard and affection of the Prince of Wales for fourteen years—by the memorable ceremony in St. George's Chapel in 1863. "We are just from the Royal Wedding," he says. "At least so I believe. We had (so I seem to remember) excellent places. Mrs. Kingsley in the temporary gallery in the choir, I in the household gallery, both within fifteen yards of what I am inclined to think was really the Prince and Princess. But I can't swear to it. I am not at all sure that I did not fall asleep in the dear old chapel, with the banners and stalls fresh in my mind, and dream and dream of Edward the Fourth's time. At least I saw live Knights of the Garter (myths to me till then). I saw real Princesses with diamond crowns, and trains, and fairies holding them up. I saw—what did I not see? And only began to believe my eyes when I met at the *déjeuner* certain of the knights whom I knew, clothed and in their right mind, like other folk; and of the damsels and fairies many, who I believe were also flesh and blood, for they talked and ate with me, and vanished not away. . . . I cannot tell you how auspicious I consider this event, or how happy it has made the Prince's household, who love him because we know him. I have nothing but golden reports of the Princess from those who have known her long."

Fully has this prognostication, as it may be called, been verified. Year by year the popularity of the exalted couple has increased since Kingsley's words were written.

At the time of Princess Maud's wedding the follow-

ing conversation—almost verbatim—was overheard in a railway carriage. An old servant, unfolding the “Wedding Number” of the *Illustrated London News*, offered it to a lady sitting opposite, saying, “Excuse me, ma’am, but have you seen this portrait of Princess Maud and Prince Charles?”

Lady : “Yes, thank you; and I think it is good of them both, don’t you?”

Old Servant : “I’d a good look at her, bless her, when she was married, and I’m sure there wasn’t nobody there as wished her greater happiness than I did in my heart.”

Lady : “You seem to like the Princess Maud?”

Old Servant : “*Like* her! *Like* ain’t the word. I *love* her. Yes, and every one of our Royal Family. There’s not one of our great families fit to hold a candle to them for kindness and good-nature. I’m a rare ’un for Royalty, and would follow them about everywhere, though I know there are them as would laugh at me for my pains; but such folk spend most all their time in sneering at their betters, and want others to do the same. No! as I say, there’s nobody comes up to our first family for real, true kindness.”

Lady : “I quite agree with you.”

Servant : “As for the Princess of Wales, everybody says a good word for her, and it takes a wonderful nice woman to get everybody’s good word. In all my life—and I’ve lived as servant in a good many grand houses where there’s a good lot of gossip always going on about Royalty, and where Royalty’s often visited—and I never knew but one person who said anything against our Princess; and all as *she* said was that the Princess was a bit deaf, and that deafness was apt to make folk disagreeable!

Princess Maud can't help being nice with such a mother, and I'm sure I wish she'll be *very* happy, dear little thing! and with such a father too, for the matter o' that. He's got as kind a heart as ever beat, and no throne and no crown will ever make him proud or stuck-up and look down upon folk because they are poor. I say there's nobody like them. They are as nice to a servant as to a duchess!"

Good-nature and love of fun—instances of which abound—are at the bottom of much of the undoubted popularity of the Prince.

One day, shortly after he became the owner of Sandringham, he went into the cottage of an aged widow, who in the course of a chat told him that for more than threescore years and ten she had lived there, following upon the tenancy of her parents. The Prince asked her if she paid any rent, to which she replied in the affirmative, naming the amount, and also adding that the agent was pretty sharp in collecting it. His Royal Highness suggested that it was high time she ceased paying rent; but the old woman replied that, in that case, she would be turned out of the cottage and have to go to the workhouse. "Tell Mr. ——," said her visitor, "that the Prince of Wales says you are to pay no more rent." Then it flashed across her mind that it was the Prince himself who was talking to her; and, infirm as she was, she slid off her chair on to her knees to thank him, but he insisted upon her resuming her seat.

Some years after this the Prince, happening to be in the neighbourhood of Guildford, strolled into the park at Hatchlands, and called at the entrance lodge, the occupant of which was a venerable old dame

over eighty years of age. His Royal Highness politely inquired after the old lady's health. Not knowing who was addressing her, she answered somewhat bluntly that she was quite well and happy ; but directly the Prince told her who he was, the information had such a remarkable effect on the old lady that, although she had not risen from her chair without assistance for many months, she sprang up and with open arms literally flew at the Prince, who professed to be quite alarmed. With great energy she told him that she remembered the good old days of his great-grandfather, King George III. ; and, to his intense amusement, related her reminiscences. She actually clung to the tail of his coat until he promised that he would call again the next time he came to Hatchlands.

True charity—the charity that always prompts, if possible, to conceal the faults of others—is one of His Royal Highness's characteristics ; an instance of this being when he discovered in the wine-cellar at Marlborough House many years ago a “bottler” quietly absorbing some of his choicest sherry. The Prince, whose footsteps had not been heard, approached, and, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, looked at him with a comical expression ; then, merely saying, “Capital stuff, isn't it?” went away laughing, leaving the self-constituted connoisseur in a state of collapse.

On the official celebration of the Queen's birthday the Massing of the Bands at St. James's Palace is an occasion when the Royal inmates of Marlborough House may be seen under peculiar circumstances by a select few of the public.

But this must have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRINCE OF WALES (*continued*)

The Annual Trooping of the Colour—Rendezvous at Marlborough House—Departure for the Horse Guards' Parade—Waiting for the return of the cavalcade—Incidents—*Déjeuner* at Marlborough House—Massing of the Bands at St. James's Palace—Lieutenant Dan Godfrey—The scene at Friary Court—Prince of Wales and party on the Mound at Marlborough House—"God save the Queen."



WEDNESDAY, May 10, 1896, dawned inauspiciously upon London. A marked change had come over the weather; and, after basking for several weeks in the sunshine, humanity had suddenly to resort to great-coats and warm jackets.

But in spite of the unpropitious elements, thousands of enthusiastic persons were present at the time-honoured ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour and the subsequent Massing of the Bands at St. James's Palace.

It is somewhat uncertain when the custom of trooping the colour to celebrate the Sovereign's birthday began; but it probably originated with George I., who used to delight in watching his grandson, the Duke of Cumber-

land, drill a regiment of boys in the Horse Guards' Parade ground—a locality dedicated to martial displays ever since the restoration of Charles II.

During Her Majesty's reign, Saturday has invariably been fixed for this ceremony, but last year—most likely to suit the convenience of the Prince of Wales, who had been deputed by the Queen to take the salute—the day appointed was Wednesday.

Privileged spectators of the "massing" assembled quite early on the roof of St. James's Palace, whence they could command a capital view of all that was going on within the walls of Marlborough House garden, which had been selected as a rendezvous for the distinguished personages who were to take a leading part in the day's function.

Lord Suffield, standing on the gravel walk in front of the conservatory, could be seen receiving the guests as they arrived by the side entrance, and it was an interesting occupation to identify them with one's field-glass, as, superbly mounted and brilliantly uniformed, they drew rein and returned the salutation of the Lord-in-Waiting, whose civilian's dress was the only spot of black on the bright-coloured picture. Presently the salutes became incessant, and frequent the waving of hands towards the Princess of Wales's boudoir, whence the ladies responded with much fluttering of handkerchiefs.

After some delay, unaccountable on the part of the Prince of Wales, whose punctuality is proverbial, the gates at the garden entrance were thrown wide open, and there rode forth a most imposing cavalcade, though its effect was somewhat marred by the freakish pranks of the wind, which tore off the red and white plumes

from an officer's cocked hat and sent them flying, like parti-coloured snowflakes, towards the tops of the adjacent trees.

First in the procession came an officer of the Quartermaster - General's Department, followed by other members of the Headquarters Staff, including Sir Redvers Buller, several A.D.C.s and equerries, amongst whom were the Earl of Erroll and Major-General Ellis; also an officer of the 11th Bengal Lancers in gorgeous Eastern dress, who was very excusably mistaken for an Indian Prince. Then appeared Lord Wolseley on a charger magnificently caparisoned and with harness resplendent in brass-gilt mountings. Wearing a field-marshal's uniform, and the star and lovely light blue riband of the Order of St. Patrick, and holding in his hand the baton of his new office, he looked every inch a Commander-in-Chief.

Historically-minded spectators immediately began to picture another head of the force, the great Duke of Marlborough, as, with flowing wig and splendid armour, he must many times in the days of good Queen Anne have emerged from this identical mansion, bound for some review or State function.

With the broad riband of the Order of the Garter over his uniform, the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, came next; right and left of him, but slightly in the rear, were the Duke of York in the rather unbecoming uniform and spiked helmet of the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire (Militia) regiment, and the Duke of Cambridge, in Grenadier uniform, looking hearty and gallant as ever, in spite of his visibly advancing years. His presence gave a sense of pathos to the scene, and on all sides were heard expressions

of tenderness for the veteran ex-Commander, whose familiar figure no longer *presided* over the ceremony.

Prince Christian, in General's uniform, looked imposing ; but was recognised with some little difficulty, so seldom is he seen in uniform. With him was the Duke of Teck ; then followed several officers, the French and other military attachés, Lord Methuen, Lord Howe, Lord de Ros, in Life Guard's uniform, and others.

On arrival at the Horse Guards, the Colour was duly trooped with all the stately and time-honoured details ; and, after the march past, the line of troops was reformed, a Royal salute given, and the proceedings, thus far, brought to a close.

But all this took time, and an hour had somehow to be killed by the people at the Palace, who were waiting for the return of the united bands. Luckily, there was plenty to look at ; much, too, that required explanation, if only the right man could be found to impart it.

As good luck would have it, a *Deus ex machina* descended, or, rather, ascended, from the celestial regions of H.M.'s Office of Works, and him the ladies under my charge forthwith proceeded to discreetly cross-examine. Like a wise man, he resigned himself to the situation, and gave forth out of the abundance of his knowledge. Happily there was little work to be done in his department that day, and he was free to attend to his questioners, for by long-established custom the roof of the building, from early morn until past one o'clock, was given up to viewers of the pageant, and a constant succession of friends circulated through the official premises, whence access to the leads was gained by a somewhat perilous wooden staircase. Thus business was of course suspended, and vain were it for requisitions

to be sent in from the families domiciled at York House, Marlborough House, or St. James's Palace—all under the fatherly care of the "Works"—for repairs, removal of bells or locks, or any of the thousand and one things required in large establishments. These must perforce wait a more fitting time for their execution. It was the Queen's birthday, and the officials, as it is meet and right they should on so auspicious an occasion, enjoyed a brief respite from their labours.

Many of the party on the leads had never before obtained so excellent a view of Marlborough House and its gardens, and they were surprised at the extent of the latter.

It was pleasant pastime to try and identify the different apartments, whose windows we could plainly see. We were told that on the ground floor facing St. James's Palace, is the famous Indian room, wherein are displayed treasures of Eastern art worth a quarter of a million or so. We heard, too, that the glass porch, or conservatory, at the front of the house leads direct into the large drawing-room; that the Princess's boudoir and dressing-room are on the floor above; and that at the south-west angle of the building is her bedroom; while on the two top stories are sundry private sitting-rooms and the apartments of the young Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales.

All this was very entertaining.

Then we were told about the wonders of the plate-room, the cups and salvers, the centre-pieces and dinner-services, yachting trophies and silver-wedding presents hidden away therein, and that amongst other rare and interesting objects in Marlborough House was

one curious memento of the Prince's serious illness twenty-five years ago.

It appears that when he was lying prostrate at Sandringham, and a fatal termination was anticipated within a few hours, every newspaper throughout the land had the obituary notice of H.R.H. "set up" ready for the following day's issue. Upon his recovery the Prince requested several of the leading papers to send him these notices, and to this day they are to be seen in one of his bulky scrap-books. One cannot help wondering what kind of records they are!

We also heard that the original foundation-stone, laid by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, can be seen let into the wall in one of the basement passages with its original inscription quite decipherable.

Our official friend discoursed fluently on the changes wrought in this locality during the last sixty years. It was somewhat difficult, he said, to believe, as one looked down upon Marlborough Gate at the crowds of people and the incessant stream of cabs and carriages flowing towards Westminster and Victoria, that at one time there existed only a narrow footpath from Pall Mall through the Palace precincts into St. James's Park, and no vehicular traffic at all. He went on to say that when the road was created by the Office of Works, there remained a piece of land over and above what was required, which was generously handed over to Marlborough House, and incorporated with the garden, widening it by some eighty feet, as we now see it, the original wall at the same time being brought into its present line. Then again, said our friend, it was hard to realise that before the great fire of 1809, which consumed all the south-eastern portion of the Palace—and

might easily have burned the entire edifice—there existed a real court on the site which still bears its old name of the “Friary”; and that beyond it, abutting upon Marlborough House, was yet another court—not a trace of which remains.

The German Chapel, looking as if it were a trespasser upon the Marlborough House site—the exact contrary being the case—is, we were told, outwardly but little altered since it was built for poor neglected Catherine of Braganza. Gossip declares that when the Prince of Wales came into possession in the year 1863 he was very desirous of having it removed; but the Queen, influenced, no doubt, by the Prince Consort’s attachment to the Lutheran form of worship, would not consent to this, and its life was spared for the time. As there are no particular associations connected with it, and as it looks, and is, an excrescence, no doubt one day it will share in the general scheme of improvement that will probably be effected even in this most conservative locality.

When time has to be whiled away, the merest trifles serve to divert one. On this occasion a diversion was caused by the behaviour of the large Union Jack which, in honour of the day, was flying from the roof of the New Oxford and Cambridge Club, close to the entrance of Marlborough House. During one of the gusts of wind the flag, which had evidently seen considerable service, was noticed to be rent asunder, each half furiously lashed by the breeze, threatening every instant an ignominious reduction to mere strips of bunting.

A spectator, who seemed to know what he was talking about, remarked that few persons were aware of

the tremendous strain a flag was subjected to in a high wind, nor how comparatively costly a large, well-made flag was. "Now, look," said he, "at the Royal Standard yonder on the Victoria Tower. It does not seem much bigger than a good-sized table-cloth, but what do you think its dimensions are?" Several conjectures were made, but all wide of the mark. It was shown to be 40 feet by 24 feet—big enough to cover a drawing-room of handsome dimensions. This Standard, it appears, is never hoisted except on this particular day, and on those rare occasions when the Queen goes in person to open Parliament. Presently the object that had originated much entertaining conversation, was pulled down, after a vain attempt had been made to patch it up. But the Club was equal to the emergency, and, after a little delay, a brand new one was procured and run up, to the delight and satisfaction of every loyal subject present.

Traffic through Marlborough Gate was by this time almost impossible. The crowd, intent on getting a peep at Popular Royalty, had, with the dogged pertinacity peculiar to our race, settled down into a solid mass just under the garden wall, bearing with admirable good-humour the rather unnecessary violence of the police, whose duty it was to keep the people from the roadway.

At last there were palpable signs that the ceremony at the Horse Guards was over, for the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, the Duchess of Teck and the Duchess of York, drove by, bound for the 11.30 *déjeuner à la fourchette* always given at Marlborough House after the Trooping of the Colour. About a dozen of the Royal Family attended on this occasion, and,

doubtless, after their very early and hasty breakfast, did justice to the *chef's* efforts, attractive enough, as may be seen from the following menu :—

Filets de Soles Grillée, Sce. Colbert.

Œufs Poches, aux pointes d'Asperges.

Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Parisienne.

Chauds froids de Cailles à la Richelieu.

Les Viandes froides à la Gelée.

Poulets Printaniers au Cresson.

Salade de Légumes à la Bagration.

—
Dessert.

While the Prince and his guests were enjoying these good things, the combined bands of the Coldstreams, the Grenadier Guards, and the Scots Guards, headed by their respective drum-majors, had marched into the courtyard, escorted by a large contingent of eager sightseers, who, like a forlorn hope, valiantly flung themselves upon the phalanx of spectators already assembled, but were made to beat a hasty retreat into the rear of the shady Mall, there to witness as best they might the final act in the day's drama.

A brave show these three bands made as they grouped themselves in the Friary Court. First came the Coldstreams, under the conductorship of Mr. Thomas, marshalled by a gorgeous being wielding a highly ornate and betasseled staff with the consummate skill and nonchalance born of much experience, and who, with his many-buttoned long white gaiters and golden tunic, looked as though he had just stepped down from some old picture of the battle of Fontenoy ; but he wore a black velvet jockey cap, and not the high conical hat of the footguards in the time of George the Second. By the way, it was the Coldstreams,

headed by General Monk, who had the honour of escorting Charles II. through London on his triumphal entry at the Restoration. Superb must then have been the uniforms of the officers; the captains sporting gold-coloured corselets; the lieutenants black ones studded with gold; and the ensigns plain cuirasses of silver!

After the Coldstreams came the ever-popular Grenadier Guards, over whose band, it is almost superfluous to say, the veteran Lieutenant Dan Godfrey presided—but, alas! for the last time on such an occasion, as the inexorable military laws that insist upon retirement at a certain age compel him to relinquish, for good and all, the official baton which for so long he has wielded so ably.

Forty years ago Dan Godfrey began his career in the Guards' Band, his first appearance being on a memorable day when the gallant regiment returned to London from the Crimea. In his case, heredity of taste is strongly marked; his father, two years before Waterloo, having joined the Coldstreams as a bassoon player, his three sons following in his footsteps. It appears that the commission of lieutenant, bestowed upon Mr. Dan Godfrey in the Jubilee year, is the only one that has ever been given to a bandsman. It was certainly deserved, few men having worked harder for it.

A bandsman's lot is not "all beer and skittles," as some people imagine. To begin with, the pay is just the same as that of any other soldier, *i.e.*, 1s. 1d. per diem, with sixpence added for living out of barracks; and were it not for the 2s. to 6s. 6d. per week granted to them out of the regimental fund contributed by the officers, they would have rather a hard time of it. As a rule, they are undersized men; and being selected

for their musical abilities alone, as often as not they are not endowed with much physique. Therefore the strain upon them on a field-day, when marching long distances under a blazing sun, is no light matter.

It is rather puzzling for any one not thoroughly versed in the differences and niceties of uniform to determine to what regiment the different bands belong, so much alike do they appear, the costumes of their respective drum-majors also varying but little. However, a close examination of their bearskin busbies reveals the fact that the Coldstreams wear a red plume imbedded in the thick fur; the Grenadiers a white one; and the Scots Guards none at all.

Mr. Dunkerton acted as bandmaster to the brave Scots, whose pipers looked, as usual, wonderfully picturesque. At a given signal the music-sheets were deftly arranged on the portable stands by the bandsmen, who stiffened into musical "attention," and as the sharp baton tap was heard, Kral's Quick March "Hurrah" opened the performance in what might be called the "Theatre Royal," Friary Court.

The resemblance to an open-air theatre was very complete. Below, were the stalls behind the military orchestra; while the stage was formed by the garden and wall of Marlborough House, upon which the exalted performers were presently to appear. Occasionally this illusion was slightly disturbed, for in the intervals between the playing of the pieces there occurred delightfully mysterious marchings and counter-marchings and whisperings of passwords on the part of real soldiers fully accoutred, who were supposed to be relieving guard at the public offices and Royal residences in the neighbourhood. Somehow, it all looked like *playing* at

soldiers, at least, so remarked a small friend of mine who ought to know, for she is an officer's daughter, and her age just seven.

On three sides of the court, chairs, arranged in triple rows, were occupied by gaily-dressed ladies, who chatted with the officers of the regiments, whose wives or sisters, cousins or aunts they doubtless were. Everybody seemed to be dressed in new costumes, and all would have looked charmingly gay and bright but for the sullen sky.

On the top of the spacious colonnade at the back of the court, provided with plenty of red-clothed seats, was a large party of the Lord Chamberlain's friends and relatives, Lord Lathom himself, with his patriarchal beard, being the most prominent person, as he moved about exchanging words of greeting or compliment.

Every window in the official residences and "apartments" of the Palace was full of spectators; even the attics and garrets high up in the red-tiled roofs had their quota. Tier upon tier of animated people were listening to the melodies, just as in the private boxes at the Opera.

Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" was being admirably rendered, when Mr. Brown, the *tapissier* at Marlborough House, appeared upon the "Mound," and arranged sundry rugs and drapery upon the garden-seats, at the same time placing strips of red baize on the parapet of the wall in front. This was an unmistakable indication that the breakfast was well-nigh over, and that the Royal party would, according to custom, shortly make their appearance on the Mound.

The "Mound" is an artificial hillock approached by a slightly winding path from the garden, on whose summit, a little above the level of the wall, a kind





ROYAL PARTY ON THE MOUND, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

[Copyright,
Arthur H. Bassett.]

(Original Drawing by F. H. Michael, from sketches taken on the occasion of the Massing of the Bands.)

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of platform has been made, almost invisible from the pavement beneath in Marlborough Gate. Upon this platform are a couple of benches and several chairs embowered in ilexes and other evergreen trees, and here the Princess often comes to listen to the band when the guard is relieved, for she can entirely escape observation except from the window of the Palace opposite.

We could see the Princess emerge from the conservatory, and slowly lead Prince Edward of York ("King David") along the broad gravel walk towards the Mound. She was hidden for an instant, and then came into full view, smiling and gracious as ever. Her Royal Highness sat down and took her little grandson on her lap. Then came the Duchess of York, matronly and dignified, and looking hardly younger than her charming mother-in-law. The Duchess of Teck did not put in an appearance, probably deterred by the weather, which had begun to look very threatening, but as a rule she is one of the first to arrive on the Mound, where she remains until the end. Presently, the Prince of Wales showed himself, still in uniform, but wearing a forage cap and smoking a big cigar. He looked about him for a few moments—and retired. Then entered, to the music of "Tannhäuser," all the other Royalties, the Duchess of Fife having with her her charming little daughter, who was immediately taken charge of by her Uncle George of York. Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark were otherwise occupied, for the spectators, to their huge delight, could discern them at the window of one of the sitting-rooms chatting together in an apparently most affectionate manner.

Sir Francis Knollys, at the back of the seated group, which had been marshalled by Sir Dighton Probyn,

conversed with Princess Victoria, while Sir Dighton chatted pleasantly to the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York; and an Indian Prince, magnificent in raiment and with resplendent turban, smoked innumerable cigarettes—and said nothing.

Then down came the pitiless rain. As the first drops fell, the bands retired to save their new and expensive uniforms from damage. No matter what the weather may be, the Princess of Wales generally braves it out, laughing pleasantly as the people scurry away for shelter. But this time she did not seem so ready to do so, perhaps out of consideration for the Royal children and their mothers. However, umbrellas and rain-cloaks were called into requisition, and she and the rest of the group consulted together, and decided to remain. For a brief interval the rain ceased; the bands returned; made one more effort, and played Meyerbeer's Coronation March from "Le Prophète" to perfection. The Palace clock struck one; the guns in the Park enclosure boomed forth a Royal salute, startling the wild-fowl out of their usual self-possession; everybody rose to his or her feet; and little Prince Edward's cap was gravely removed by his grandmamma, while "God save the Queen" was superbly played by the massed bands.

Ring down the curtain. The play is at an end. Let us leave the dear old Palace with all its associations, its charming garden with its old sundial and daisy-starred lawn, whereon monarchs have strolled and courtiers intrigued. Let us hasten home and change our dripping attire, and ponder over the fact that in no way does Royalty more easily make itself popular in England than by affording to the Queen's loyal subjects such enjoyable spectacles as the annual Trooping of the Colour and the Massing of the Bands.

CHAPTER IX

PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE

Darmstadt—Birth of Princess Alice—Her character and disposition—Anecdote—Betrothal—Marriage—Anecdote—Princess Alix of Hesse—Outbreak of Franco-German War—Good work of Princess Alice at Darmstadt—Organises Hospital relief—Goes to Sandringham to nurse the Prince of Wales—Death of Prince Frederick William of Hesse—Outbreak of diphtheria in the family—Speech of Lord Beaconsfield—Circumstances of Princess Alice's death—Her funeral—The mausoleum at Rosenhöhe.



Y its greatest admirers Darmstadt can hardly be regarded as a lively place of residence.

Fresh from the brilliant boulevards of Frankfort, with its up-to-date shops, tramcars, palatial railway station, and crowds of well-dressed, energetic citizens, the unwary traveller, beguiled into "doing" Darmstadt, experiences intense depression directly he enters it. The cause is not far to seek. The streets and open spaces are deserted, and the mystery is what in the world the sixty-five thousand inhabitants are doing with themselves. To intensify the forlorn appearance of the town, the outside shutters of every private house in

summer—when the sun generally shines with remarkable persistency—are kept closed. It is as though everybody had gone into mourning.

There is, however, much that is interesting to see: handsome public buildings, a theatre, and a curious church, whose large elliptical roof is a kind of cross between that of the Albert Hall and the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. But to an Englishman the whole place breathes of Princess Alice. Besides the hospital named after her, there is the old Grand Ducal Palace; also the very modest-looking house she used to occupy, and the new Palace where she resided and where she died; and her tomb, which, so far as I know, has never yet been described to the British public.

On April 21, 1843, there passed away at Kensington Palace, Augustus, Duke of Sussex, the Queen's beloved uncle, whose figure is so prominent a feature in Sir David Wilkie's picture of the Queen's First Council, and who, for a quarter of a century, lived the life of a student, collecting printed books and rare MSS. at the sacrifice of many an object of legitimate luxury, and whose massive granite tomb close by that of his sister is so conspicuous an object at Kensal Green.

Four days after his demise, Her Majesty gave birth at Buckingham Palace to her second daughter, baptized two months afterwards in the new private chapel of the Palace, under the name of Alice Maud Mary. In her father's opinion this infant was the "beauty of the family." An unusually bright child, and if sweetness of disposition constitute loveliness, she was the most beautiful of the flock. From babyhood she was the favourite in the Royal household, her gentle nature and lively intellect to a large extent resembling that of her

father. Her remarks, even in childhood, were often full of wisdom, very much to the point, and listened to with considerable deference by her brothers and sisters. Once at Osborne, as they were all busily engaged upon their "allotments," one of them dug up some turnips with the object of sending them to the Royal table. Closely adhering to a fine sample of these roots was a large specimen of the *Annilida*, or common earth-worm. A solemn conclave was at once held as to the advisability of its being placed in the basket with the others. Little Princess Alice, however, with a gentle air of assurance, settled the question by saying, "Oh, let it pass; it's such a beauty; and Mama will be none the wiser when she has eaten it."

Her Royal Highness's education was conducted with the utmost care, and before she had emerged from girlhood she was one of the most accomplished young ladies in Great Britain; yet, with all her strength of character and studious temperament, she was the most domesticated of the Queen's daughters. Her ideal life seems to have been one of retirement and entire devotion to those dearest to her. It was to her that the family turned instinctively in time of illness, and her constant presence in the sick-chamber of the Prince Consort seemed the most natural thing in the world. No wonder that the Queen—as she herself has told us—desired to delay the marriage of so sweet a companion as long as she reasonably could. But the inevitable day arrived; and at Windsor, late in the autumn of 1860, the young Princess's heart and hand were, with the Queen's cordial approbation, formally bestowed upon Prince Louis of Hesse. It was nearly two years, however, before they were married, for the Queen's "great

sorrow" intervened; but rising from the depth of her affliction at the summons of duty, the widowed mother consented to their union in the summer of 1862; and in one of the large rooms at Osborne the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha gave away his niece, Princess Alice, to the Prince Louis of Hesse, Her Majesty herself attending in a most private manner, clad in deepest mourning. Under these rather depressing circumstances the wedding of Princess Alice took place.

There is an amusing story told of Her Royal Highness's first visit to the wife of the English *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt. That lady, being informed that the Grand Duchess would call upon her, made every preparation for the expected visit, but while waiting for the sound of carriage wheels heralding the approach of Royalty, she was surprised by the entrance of a "quiet lady in a waterproof, with an umbrella," who remarked that the roads were very muddy, but that she had taken care not to soil the scarlet cloth which she had found laid down for her reception. It was Her Royal Highness.

Seven children were born of the marriage, two of whom were destined to live but a short time, and one to occupy the most responsible and fateful position possible for a woman — that of the Tsaritsa of Holy Russia. Simply enough, even frugally, was Princess Alix of Hesse brought up, quite unconscious of the mighty destiny awaiting her. Her recreations were those of girls in the middle class of life, and her pleasures anything but costly. She was sixteen before she went to an evening party, and until after her confirmation was not allowed to wear a long dress or jewellery of any kind. Such a



James Catford, Photo.

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beavan.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE WITH PRINCESS
VICTORIA AND THE PRINCES FREDERICK AND
ERNEST OF HESSE.

(From the original painting by Noack in Buckingham Palace.)

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transformation as was brought about by her marriage has seldom been heard of out of a fairy-tale. The mistress of twelve palaces in St. Petersburg alone, she has not in her exaltation forgotten her Cinderella days and the homely lodging-house at Harrowgate, where she had so much fun ; and amidst all the excitement of her gorgeous marriage she did not fail to send a present to the owner of the house.

When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, Prince Louis of Hesse was summoned to the front, and in the very heat of the campaign was exposed to the utmost danger. Then it was that the heroic side of the Princess Alice's character began to show itself in a practical form. When Her Royal Highness first arrived in Germany, her brilliant, yet solid accomplishments, her talents as a sculptor and painter, her interest in German art and literature, and her kind and hearty disposition, soon made everybody admire and love her. She began to elaborate a scheme for the elevation of the art of sick-nursing, for which her warmth of feeling and her intense sympathy with suffering pre-eminently qualified her.

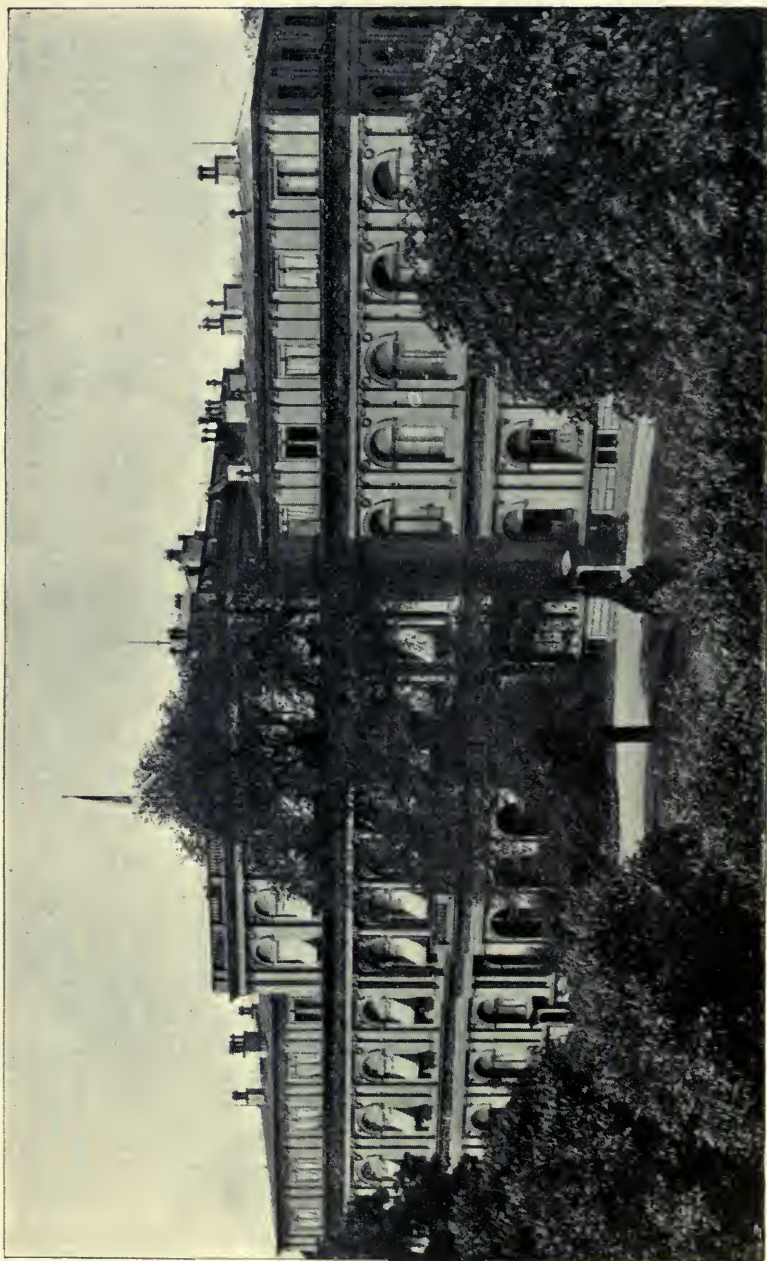
Any moment might have brought to Darmstadt news of her husband's death on the battlefield, or of his being wounded by the enemy's bullets. The hospitals at her capital were crowded with soldiers maimed and wounded, and she was hourly brought face to face with what she knew might be her consort's fate ; yet she never flinched. For many a gallant warrior her moral influence did what no mere medical aid could effect, and greatly advanced his recovery after the surgeon had done all he could for the poor material frame.

Directly the war began, Princess Alice placed her Palace at the disposal of the Germans, as a depôt for

stores of all kinds for the sick and wounded. Committees were formed for the proper distribution of the immense mass of material that poured in from every quarter ; and over all the Princess was the guiding and directing spirit. One section undertook the task of supplying the wounded men with refreshments while the trains conveying the poor sufferers stopped at Darmstadt station.

Many of the ladies who volunteered for this work were advanced in years, yet they might be seen at all hours of the night exposed to the bitter frost, with only the scanty shelter of open sheds, waiting the arrival of the trains with their ghastly freight. The instant they could safely do so these ministering angels pressed forward and penetrated into the recesses of the carriages, bearing with them food and clothing for the wretched sufferers ; warm soup, sandwiches, coffee, milk, wine, brandy, shoes, stockings, bandages, compresses, warm jackets, and wraps of various kinds. Many, alas ! paid with their lives for their heroic deeds, and all were more or less permanently weakened in health ; but such was the power of example set by Princess Alice !

Other committees carried out a complete system of tending the sick in temporary hospitals ; some of the ladies undertaking the nursing, others the cooking and general domestic department ; the life and soul of them all being the Royal president, as she hastened from hospital to hospital, instructing, encouraging, and consoling. She passed hours in the different wards, unheeding the nature of the diseases—small-pox, dysentery, and typhus—and thus, no doubt, her health became insidiously undermined, lessening her chance of recovery from any illness she might thereafter contract.



GRAND DUCAL PALACE, DARMSTADT.

(Contributed by H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.)

[To face page 160.]

Hardly had the war with all its horrors ceased, when from Sandringham came news of the Prince of Wales's illness. Instinctively the Royal Family turned in its distress to its "good sister" for consolation, if not for material help. Princess Alice instantly responded, and travelling to Norfolk at once assumed the position of head-nurse, and watched without intermission by her brother's bedside. After many days of anxiety came a brief period of rest from care and trouble—alas! too brief to be effectual in restoring her to robust health.

In the year 1873 her sweet little boy, Frederick William, barely three years old, fell out of a window—Her Royal Highness having quitted the room only a moment before—and received such injuries that he did not survive. Terrible was the shock to Her Royal Highness, and it was noticed that ever afterwards her wonted energy seemed to have left her, and that her manner was tinged with an inexpressibly pathetic sadness.

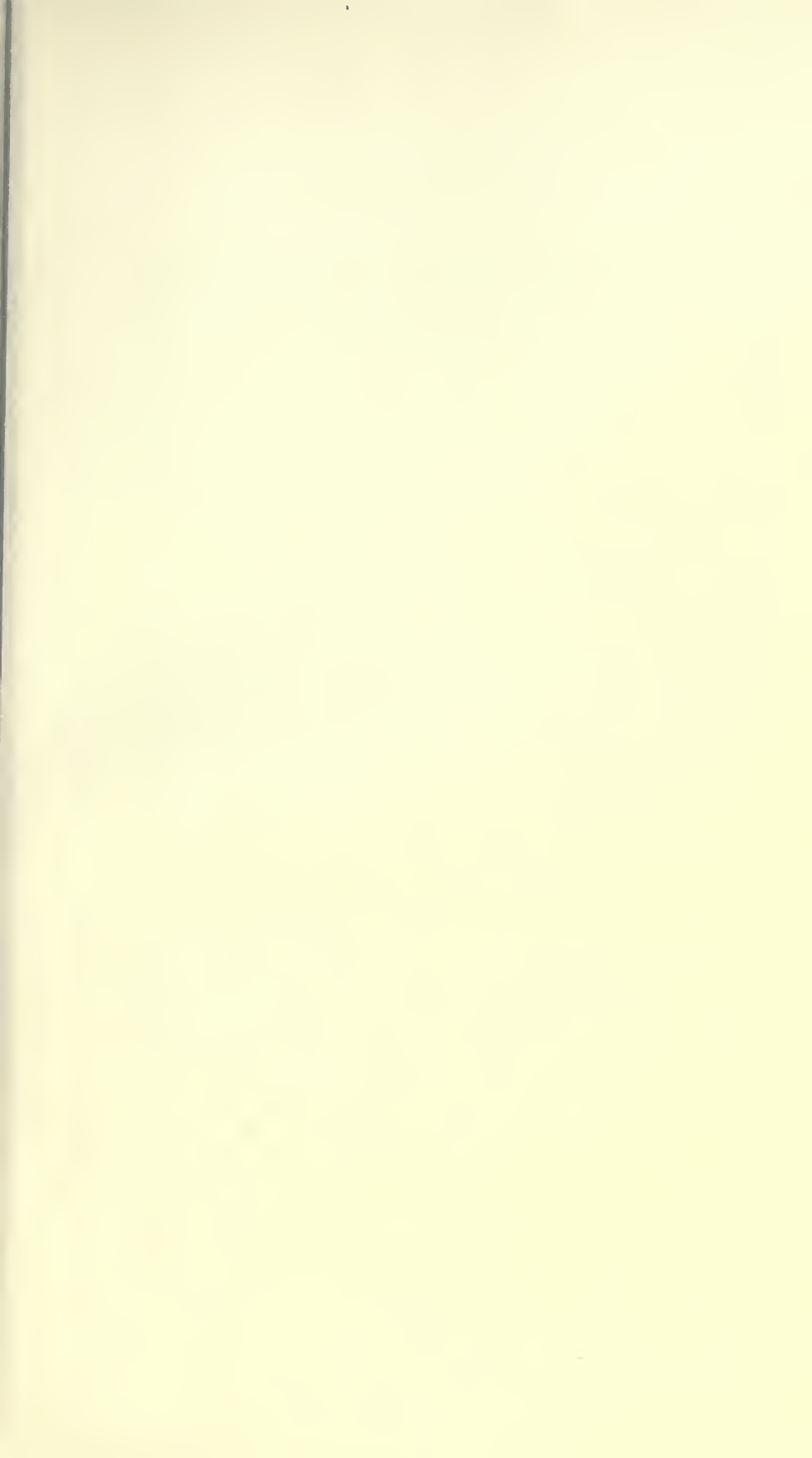
Five years went by, when an epidemic of diphtheria—abnormally limited in its extent—broke out in the Grand Ducal Palace at Darmstadt. In its intensity and in many of its features it probably reminded the Princess of the outbreak of scarlet fever at Carlisle in 1856, when Dean Tait and his wife in six short weeks laid five loved daughters in the churchyard at Stanwix, within sight of the old cathedral hard by the placid waters of the Eden.

Six members of the Grand Ducal Family were attacked within eight days—Princess Victoria on the 6th of November; Princess Alix on the 11th; the following day Princess Mary, aged four years; on the night of the same day Princess Irene; in the afternoon of the next

day, *i.e.*, the 13th, the eldest son, Prince Ernest Louis; and on the 14th the Grand Duke himself. Thus, with the exception of Princess Alice and her daughter Elizabeth, the entire family were prostrate with the fell disease. All recovered ultimately, save the Princess Mary, who died on November 15th, to the inexpressible grief of the agonised mother, herself nearly dead with anxiety.

The Earl of Beaconsfield told the House of Lords in a most feeling speech that "the physicians who permitted her to watch over her suffering family enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son—quite a youth—the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother, to console him, clasped him in her arms, and thus received the kiss of death."

Such was, and doubtless is still, the current belief in England regarding the circumstances attending the last days of Princess Alice. But the story is not so generally received in Germany. The probable facts—as related to me by one who for many years enjoyed the full confidence of the German Royal Family, and knew the Grand Ducal Family intimately—were that after the death of little Princess Mary the poor mother could not be dissuaded from frequently going to the mausoleum at Rosenhöhe to gaze at the coffin of her dearly-loved child, which had been placed by the side of the boy who had been snatched away from her five years before. The





GRAND DUCAL PALACE, DARMSTADT.

Garden Front.

Showing on the left the apartments occupied by Her Majesty the Queen ; and on the right, the room where Princess Alice died.
(Contributed by H. D. H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.)

weather was very severe and trying, frost and snow alternating with chilling rains, and Princess Alice caught a violent cold, which, in her mental agony, she scarcely heeded. She was worn out in constitution, and utterly unable to fight against the throat affection that now began to develop itself—and on the fatal 14th of December she passed into a world where the rest for which she had perhaps unconsciously longed on earth was not denied her.

Princess Alice was, indeed, one of the most gifted and noble-minded of women. She was endeared to the people of this country by her large intelligence and her life of perfect domesticity and duty. "The humblest of people felt they had the kinship of nature with a Princess who was a model of family virtue as a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother."

Just out of the city of Darmstadt there is, in the midst of orchards and famous for its roses, a charming garden called Rosenhöhe, wherein stands a small building, at one time used as a pavilion, where Princess Alice used to entertain her relatives and friends, and where many a happy party was given, and many a rose plucked. Here, after the unification of Germany had become an accomplished fact, Her Royal Highness received with great ceremony the Emperor William I. and a large and distinguished party of smaller potentates. Little did any of her guests imagine that the pretty little building they were admiring was destined to become their hostess's tomb.

The funeral of the beloved Princess took place on a bitterly cold but fine day in December, 1878, and the leading London papers described in detail the ceremonies attendant upon it; the service at the church

attached to the Grand Ducal Palace, the removal of the coffin (covered at Her Royal Highness's own request with the Union Jack) from the hearse at Rosenhöhe, and its "consignment to the vault."

Naturally they thought that this was the final act; but as a matter of fact the mortal remains of Princess Alice were not placed in their intended receptacle, but are still above ground with those of her husband. He could never be persuaded to have the coffin put in the vault below the flagged pavement. He could not endure the idea, and would not even permit the subject to be discussed. Consequently Sir Edgar Boehm's beautiful recumbent cenotaph of the Princess and child—subscribed for by her brothers and sisters—could not be placed *in situ*, but stands under a lovely stained-glass memorial window some little distance from the coffin, effectually obstructing the entrance to the vault beneath.

The pavilion is in three divisions, with a verandah in front. Upon the stone floor of the left compartment, entered by ponderous gates, the coffins of the late Duke and Duchess rest side by side—that of the latter almost concealed by wreaths and palm-branches, the cards attached to these memorials bearing many a Royal and familiar name. All too touching for words are the surroundings; and memories of the sweet Princess come thick and fast.

In the central and largest division of the building lie, in exactly the same manner, the coffins of Princess Alice's two children; and in the farthest compartment, also on the stone pavement, that of Prince Alexander of Hesse, father of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Thus sleeps Princess Alice; the only one of the Queen's children who has both died and been buried out of England—a Princess the record of whose beautiful but sorrowful life is calculated to do more practical good than a thousand sermons. In Luther's words—

“She lives where none can mourn and weep
And calmly shall this body sleep
Till God shall death itself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.”

CHAPTER X

PRINCE ALFRED, DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

Former Sailor-Princes—Prince Alfred enters the navy—First voyage in the *Euryalus*—Passes as midshipman—Second voyage in the *Euryalus*—Adventures at the Cape—Elephant-shooting expedition—Sport in India—Visits Sydney—Is shot at and seriously wounded—Return of the *Galatea*—Pets on board ship—Betrothal—Trousseau of Grand Duchess—Clarence House—Succession to Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—Description of the Duchies—Theatre and English Church at Gotha—Characteristics of the Duke and Duchess.



THE adoption of a naval career by "our Sailor-Prince"—as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha used affectionately to be called—was in strict accordance with the precedent that a member of the reigning family of Great Britain should be associated with the British navy. It is true that the precedent can hardly lay claim to great antiquity; for it was not until after the time of the Armada that England began to be a maritime power; and there was no considerable increase in her fleet until the Great Revolution, when some 173 vessels manned by 42,000 seamen, represented the Royal navy. There was the Duke of York, afterwards James II., a good example of an intelligent Royal admiral, whose victories over the Dutch on two



PALAIS EDINBURGH, COBURG.

(Contributed by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.)

occasions off the coast of Suffolk showed the fighting stuff he had in him. Then there was the Sailor-Prince, Edward, Duke of York, brother to George III., who as a volunteer accompanied the Cherbourg expedition in 1758 in H.M.S. *Essex*.

William IV., the Sailor-King—then Duke of Clarence—entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of twelve, and served his time in the West Indies and on the American station, labouring anxiously to promote the welfare of the navy.

Neither the Duke of York nor the Duke of Clarence made anything like long voyages. Their field of action was circumscribed, and it was left for the reign of Queen Victoria to witness a Royal Prince circumnavigating the globe as a naval officer, and passing through a series of stirring and interesting adventures.

Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, became a sailor when quite young. From childhood he showed a predilection for the sea, which was probably developed by a residence at Osborne. However that may be, at the age of fourteen he decided to join the navy, and was placed under the care of the Rev. W. R. Solby at Alverbank, near Gosport; and through the summer of 1858 continued his studies for the profession, making very satisfactory progress. Rejecting the idea of a *private* testing of his qualifications, he elected to take his chance with the other aspirants for admittance into the navy. Having passed the strict and searching examination, he joined as cadet H.M. steam-frigate *Euryalus*, 51 guns—captain, J. W. Tarletan, C.B.—and embarked at Spithead for his first voyage, October 30th, the Prince Consort with the Prince of Wales going on board to see him off.

Prince Alfred was in the best of spirits, and made himself at home with the other cadets. It was distinctly understood that his rank should give him no kind of immunity from the duties imposed upon his companions. His outfit was no better than theirs; every article in his chest being of strict regulation pattern. This chest, by the way, had been previously sent to Buckingham Palace for the Queen and Prince Consort to inspect, and, no doubt, its contents afforded them much amusement.

Prince Alfred had to sling his own hammock, and, of course, mess with the cadets in the usual way.

From Ferrol, where the *Euryalus* touched, the Prince proceeded in a Spanish war-steamer to Corunna, where he went over the famous battle-ground, and saw the mausoleum erected to the memory of General Moore in the gardens of San Carlos.

Gibraltar was the next place visited, where the Prince seems to have enjoyed himself very much, all kinds of excursions having been planned for his amusement.

Then came Malta, where balls, race-meetings, and dinners were the order of the day. After stopping at Tunis, and at most of the Mediterranean ports, the *Euryalus* returned home preparatory to a more prolonged cruise round the world.

Prince Alfred passed his examination for midshipman on board his ship the day she anchored at Spithead; and thus his naval career commenced in earnest.

In the course of his next voyage on board the *Euryalus*, Prince Alfred—then aged sixteen—touched at the Cape, and went up-country to Natal accompanied by the Governor and suite, crossing the boundary on

August 13, 1860. The route was southwards, and the road for about six miles led through wild ravines and gorges, and over rugged spurs. As the Prince and his attendants were leading their horses down the steepest part of the descent, they suddenly came upon a band of four hundred native warriors squatting on the ground—that being the Kaffir attitude of respect—and were startled by the entire assembly rising simultaneously with a shout of “Bayete!” the native version of “Long live the Queen!” or “Prince.” A fine young black, dressed in white trousers and black frock-coat, advanced with his hat raised above his head and his hand outstretched towards the Prince, and exclaimed in polite vernacular: “We have often heard of the great Queen beyond the water, and that she cares for the black skins living within Natal. Now we *know* that she does care for us, for she has sent her heart to us.” The speaker was the native chief Zikalè, who had led four hundred of his dusky warriors to render homage to the son of the Queen on the threshold of her African dominions.

At the foot of the pass the Prince’s party “off-saddled”; waggons were drawn up, and the tents were pitched. His Royal Highness, who had been on horseback all the day over a very rough road, sat down on his camp-chair while fires were being lit and food prepared. Presently it was noticed that his pleasant face had assumed an aspect of entire abstraction; and before dinner was announced he was asleep with the tired sailor’s happy facility for snatching forty winks at will. At night the Prince’s hammock was slung in a comfortable Cape waggon, which served him as a bedroom during his progress through South Africa.

Next morning Zikalè’s warriors were arranged in

three semicircular tiers on the hillside, the chief and his councillors sitting in front, while a photograph of the group was taken by the Prince, after which the cavalcade started towards the city of Maritzburg, 135 miles distant.

Seven years later, Prince Alfred—or rather the Duke of Edinburgh, as he had then become—was in command of the *Galatea*, and was again in South Africa, when he enjoyed the privilege of shooting elephants in the Government preserves at Knysa. His party came suddenly upon a herd of eleven in an open space in the forest, and the Duke managed to secure some excellent sketches of the noble animals before they were disturbed. A few days afterwards, he shot a fine bull elephant while it was charging him—no small feat, as African sportsmen are well aware.

But it was in India, in 1870, that His Royal Highness was able to freely indulge his sporting proclivities, having accepted the invitation of the chief civil officers of the Oudh administration to a shooting-party in the Oudh and Nepal forests.

His Royal Highness, who had travelled all night in a *palki*, arrived early in the morning at the camp, and in less than two hours all the details of the expedition were arranged, and a start made. Luncheon was universally condemned as a mere waste of time—an infringement on the seven hours devoted each day to hard work. Unfortunately, the Duke's baggage had been left behind on the road, so that on his arrival his personal belongings consisted, to use his own words, of "a pair of hair-brushes and a bottle of soda-water."

The first day there was a good deal of miscellaneous shooting, and the line of four hundred elephants—up to

that time the longest ever seen in the field together—was a most imposing spectacle.

His Royal Highness thoroughly enjoyed the sport, and won all hearts by his frank and genial manner and his disposition to be content with everything. He proved himself a thorough sportsman, and never tired during the longest and most trying day; when there were no tigers to shoot he contented himself with shooting birds and deer, so that he was never without some amusement. Every day he compiled the list of game himself, the bag mounting up to 305 head in eight days' shooting.

At night after dinner there was always plenty of fun round the camp fire, and many a pleasant yarn was spun by the tired sportsmen. One of the Duke's stories was about a Frenchman who, being rather proud of his acquaintance with sporting terms, and having made a bag of two brace of partridges, astonished his host by telling him that he had "shot a pair of braces!" Another of his yarns was of an old servant of his, named Smith, who had charge of His Royal Highness's guns, and took a keen interest in the effect produced by the various weapons he came across, and was very fond of digging out bullets from the dead game, in order to see the form the projectile had assumed. When the Duke was shot at in Sydney, one of the first persons who saw him after the bullet was extracted was, naturally enough, his personal attendant. Smith's ruling passion was too strong to be kept in the background, even in face of what might have been a great catastrophe, and he at once asked to be permitted to examine the bullet, that he might note the effect produced upon the piece of lead by its impact with the Duke's body!

During the Oudh expedition a rather serious accident happened. An old elephant suddenly fell down in a dead faint, breaking the howdah all to pieces against a tree. Unfortunately a servant had got one of his hands caught between the howdah and the tree, and was seriously injured. Luckily, the well-known Dr. Fayerer was one of the party, and immediately attended to the sufferer, while the Duke stood by and saw him properly bandaged, and gave him brandy out of his own flask.

When the hunt was over, every attendant in the camp received a handsome present from the Duke—not an elephant-driver or palki-bearer was forgotten—and a special donation of 100 rupees was sent by him to the widow of a soldier who had been killed in an adjoining camp by a tigress.

Eagerly were the movements of H.M.S. *Galatea* looked forward to by the British public. Every detail connected with the voyage was commented on at home and abroad. Private letters spoke of the Duke as “every inch a sailor,” punctual, affable to all, a just, but not too rigid a disciplinarian—in fact, “the model of a captain of Her Majesty’s navy.”

The voyage began under the happiest auspices, but it was destined to be a sadly memorable one to His Royal Highness. Port Jackson—or Sydney Harbour, as every right-minded citizen of that hospitable Australian city prefers to call it—is approached, as travellers to the antipodes are aware, through a noble gap or gateway in the precipitous cliffs, that for many miles to the north and south withstand the ceaseless attack of the mighty Pacific Ocean.

To those who have gazed upon the exquisite vegetation and varied scenery of Hong-Kong or Columbo

harbours, not to mention Bombay or Rio de Janeiro, Sydney Harbour is rather disappointing, lacking, as it does, the background of mountain-peaks which add so much to the charm of other land-locked havens; the foliage, too, is dull in colour. As a commercial port, however, it is, perhaps, unrivalled in its safe anchorage and extensive wharfage facilities.

Middle Harbour, a northerly prolongation of Port Jackson—a great inlet of shallow water reaching for many miles into the interior—still retains many evidences of primitive beauty; and there, at Clontarf, a long, sandy beach, terminating in a convenient piece of flat ground backed by wooded hills, presents an ideal site for picnics, for which purpose it is largely resorted to by pleasure-seekers from Sydney. This was the spot selected for a grand *al fresco* entertainment in aid of the Sailors' Home, and everything was done to make it a success. All the notabilities of the colony were present; the weather was perfection, a splendid luncheon was served in a commodious marquee, and after the Queen's health had been duly drunk, the Duke rose from his seat, and, giving his arm to the Countess of Belmore, the Governor's wife, left the tent, and shortly afterwards strolled towards the beach, attended by Sir William Manning.

Amongst the hundreds of light-hearted picnickers who had journeyed to Clontarf that day to do honour to the Queen's son, was an individual intent upon the perpetration of a dark and cowardly crime. On landing at Middle Harbour, keeping aloof from the crowds that pressed round the Royal tent, he hovered about in a restless, preoccupied manner, which in itself might have marked him out for closer observation had not everybody been otherwise engaged and unsuspecting of treachery.

This man's name was O'Farrell, and, judging from his portraits—which represent him as being rather of the American type with high cheek-bones—there was nothing peculiar about his appearance, and he was well dressed.

Suddenly, as though he had that instant decided upon action, the wretch drew a revolver from beneath his coat, and, running swiftly towards the Duke, fired at him point-blank. Providentially, the Duke, with a sailor's quickness of eye, had marked his approach, and seeing the revolver, had just time to slightly turn round, thus receiving the bullet in his side. Staggering forward he fell heavily to the ground, crying out, "Good God, I am shot! my back is broken!" Sir William Manning instantly faced the assassin, who, retreating a few paces, levelled his weapon at him and pulled the trigger, but it missed fire. Sir William then rushed at the villain slipped, and fell. The sequel might have been terrible, as O'Farrell was again preparing to shoot at the Duke, who lay helpless on the ground, had not Mr. Vial, a coachbuilder of Sydney, at that moment pinioned the murderer's arms from behind. O'Farrell cursed and swore, and tried hard to turn the weapon upon his assailant, but in vain. He fired haphazard; the bullet struck the ground, rebounded, and inflicted a most agonising wound upon the foot of a Mr. Thorne, who with others had rushed to the rescue. His Royal Highness was carried into the marquee suffering tortures and groaning heavily. "Bear me carefully," he was heard to say; "I feel as though my back would give way."

Meantime there ensued a scene the like of which has seldom been equalled. O'Farrell was all but torn

in pieces by the infuriated crowd. Strong men were seen weeping aloud for very shame that such a deed could have been possible, while women were swooning on every side. At last Dr. Watson, a surgeon attached to the *Galatea*, was able to pronounce the wound not likely to be immediately fatal, and that there was hope. So frantic were the people around the marquee, and so loud their expression of grief, that the Duke sent out this message, "Tell them that I am better, and that I shall recover."

Soon afterwards a litter was extemporised, in which His Royal Highness was gently placed and borne by his own sailors to the steamer, the long line of spectators silent as the grave as they gazed with the utmost sympathy and grief at his pinched and drawn features. He was taken to Government House, where the wound was carefully examined. It then appeared that the muscles of the back had been seriously injured; but the bullet glancing from them had passed round the lower rib and lodged in a dangerous place above the abdomen.

We know what followed, and how by the mercy of Providence the ball was extracted, and the Duke's recovery secured. But it was a fearfully narrow escape.

Whether the crime was a political one, or O'Farrell was impelled by some fancied private grievance to thus attempt to wreak his vengeance upon the Duke, will never be known. He paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold at Darlinghurst Jail; and thoroughly deserved his fate.

On the return voyage of the *Galatea* to England in 1870, at the conclusion of the Duke's Indian Tour—

surpassed in brilliancy and Oriental magnificence only by the Prince of Wales's visit four years later—amongst the innumerable pets on board none was so popular as the celebrated elephant "Tom," a present from Sir Jung Badahoor.

Tom joined the ship at Calcutta, and soon found his sea-legs. He knew the pipe for meals as well as any of the crew; and over and above his legitimate rations, he was regaled with the most miscellaneous and apparently unnatural food—pea-soup, paper, wood-shavings, tea-leaves, champagne, beer, whisky, rum (of which he had a daily allowance), brandy, gin, wine, soda-water, and, lastly, tobacco. Nothing seemed to disagree with him, neither was he ever perceived to be "the worse for liquor." Tom's great delight was to tease his fellow-passengers, the dogs, and waken them from a comfortable snooze. One unfortunate puppy, consigned overnight to Tom's house on the upper deck for warmth, was discovered the next morning resembling a dog cut out of paper, Tom having unfortunately overlaid it!

In 1873 the Duke was betrothed to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, and the wedding took place at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on the 23rd of January the following year according to the rites of the Greek Church, and afterwards in accordance with those of the Church of England, when Dean Stanley officiated.

It was stipulated in the formal marriage treaty that the Grand Duchess, on becoming a Princess of England, should not in any way be hindered in the exercise of the worship of the Orthodox Greek Church in which she had

been brought up, but that the children born of the marriage should be educated as Protestants.

As regards the Grand Duchess's trousseau, it was stated at the time that it occupied the entire area of the White Hall in the Winter Palace—an apartment larger than Westminster Hall—and equalled in quantity a season's stock-in-trade of any of the monster shops in Paris. This lavishness has always been a Russian custom, and in the year 1804, when the Hereditary Prince of Weimar brought home his bride—a Grand Duchess of Russia—her wardrobe arrived in eighty waggons, and her stock of jewellery enabled her to change the set every day for a twelvemonth.

Clarence House, the town residence assigned to the married couple, is externally a plain, uninteresting modern building, adjoining St. James's Palace on the west, with which it does not at all harmonise. It was originally built for the Duke of Clarence, in the reign of George III., upon a portion of the site of two structures that formerly flanked the Palace on the west, and were subsequently converted into Harrington Houses.

During the visit of the allied sovereigns to London in 1814, the King of Prussia resided at Clarence House; and Princess Augusta used it as a town house until her demise in 1840; after which the Duchess of Kent lived there whenever she was in London. The Duke of Clarence occupied it from time to time, and continued to do so for a brief period after he became King. Previous to his marriage the Duke of Edinburgh considerably enlarged and altered Clarence House at his own expense. He added new offices and a wing, removed the old portico, and erected a new entrance facing St. James's Park.

Clarence House is tastefully and comfortably furnished. Trophies of the chase from South Africa and India give life and animation to the long entrance-hall or corridor. The various drawing-rooms are prettily arranged, and not overcrowded with furniture. Perhaps the morning-room, with its seductive lounge-chairs and couches, is the cosiest apartment in the house. As to the Duke's own sanctum, though lightened with pictures, busts, and cabinets filled with china, it looks most business-like. There is an Indian room, too, at Clarence House, which, though in no way rivalling the famous one at Marlborough House, contains a choice collection of arms and some rare Eastern *faïence*.

As the garden is connected with the charming old-world pleasance in front of St. James's Palace, it has excellent facilities for garden-parties, some very delightful ones having been given by the Duchess from time to time, notably one on July 3, 1895, when the Shazada was present.

On the death of Duke Ernest II., the Duke of Edinburgh succeeded, on August 22, 1893, to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in accordance with a State arrangement made many years before. The Prince of Wales, October, 1863, had on behalf of himself and his descendants, formally resigned in favour of his younger brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, all right and claim to the Dukedom of Coburg and Gotha, to which he had become heir-presumptive and next in line of succession, on the death of his father; Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg having no children.

Thenceforth the principal home of the Duke and Duchess was to be in this charming little dual German state; so small, indeed, that the area of its several



SCHLOSS EHRENBURG, COBURG.

(Contributed by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.)

[To face page 179.]

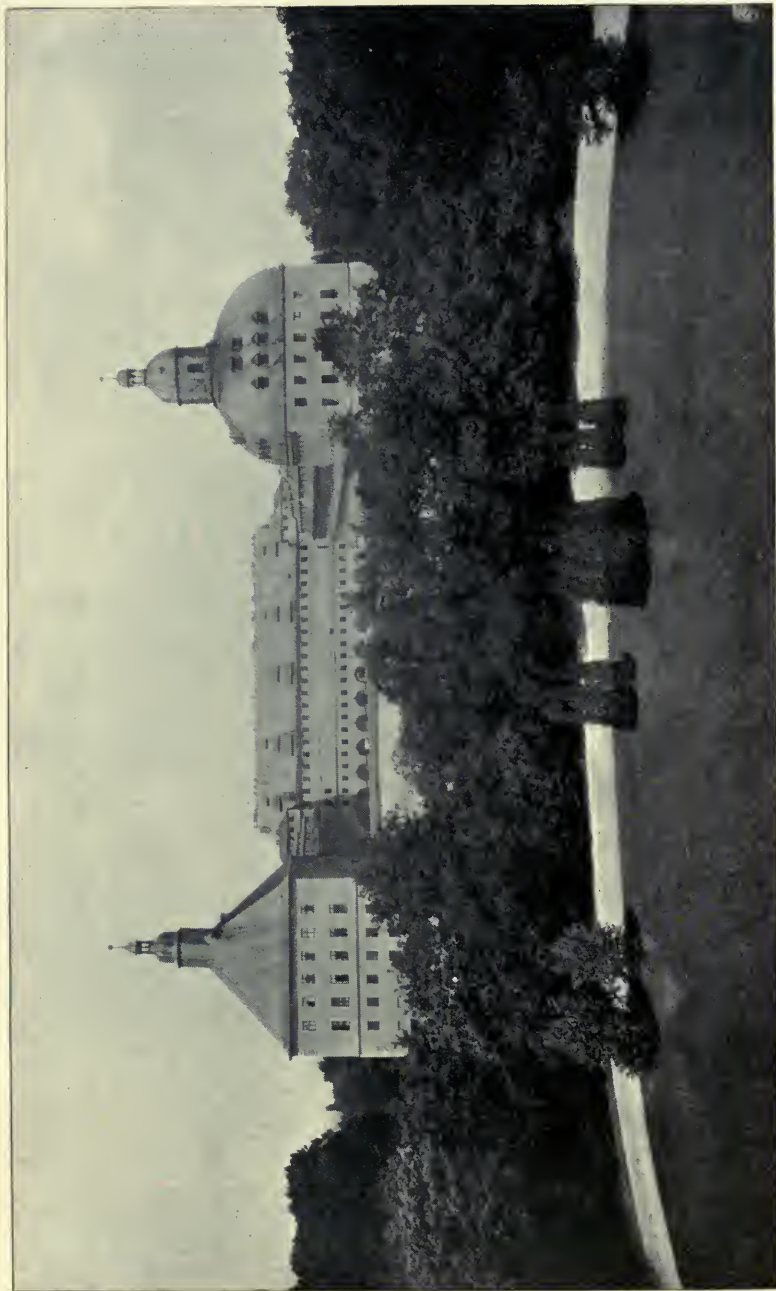
detached portions hardly exceeds that of Greater London. The Coburg Duchy, of course, will always be dear to every British subject, because of its association with the late Prince Consort, who was born at the Rosenau, four miles from the town of Coburg. This state abounds in castles and beautiful forests. At Coburg, which is distant one hundred miles from Gotha, there is the Schloss Ehrenberg, where the Queen and other Royal guests were entertained at the marriage of the Duke's daughter, Victoria Melita, to the Grand Duke of Hesse in 1894. There is also the Palais Edinburgh—the residence of the Duke and Duchess—and the famous old castle where Luther was hidden for three months during the Diet of Augsburg, and where his bed and pulpit may still be seen in the room he occupied. The Duke and his family generally live at Coburg; but the castle at Gotha is occupied by them from January to March. There, on the outskirts of the picturesque Thuringian forest, and on the summit of its hill, is the castle Friedenstein, famous for its picture-gallery, museum, and library; and not far off is the ducal château of Reinhardbrunnen, formerly a Benedictine monastery.

Gotha, although up to date in respect of electric lighting and street locomotion, is still old-fashioned enough to be extremely interesting, and retains many distinctive German customs. Peasant women are seen there with immense panniers strapped on to their backs; quaint bullock-waggons roll slowly by; little carts are used, drawn by dogs, single and in pairs; and curious wheelbarrows without legs are trundled along. A feature of the place is the abundance and boldness of the wild birds, cats being not allowed in the streets,

wherein if they stray from the houses, their owners are fined. It possesses an admirably managed theatre, mainly supported by the Duke, and only open when the Court is in residence. Every night the programme is changed, and the Ducal party are almost invariably present. Excellent is the acting, but the German version of some of our English plays is rather astonishing. Not long ago "Jane Eyre" was given, in which the principal male character figured as "Lord Rowland Rochester"! Sometimes the theatre is used for charitable *fêtes*. Quite recently a grand bazaar was held there for the benefit of the idiot asylum. The Duke and his party were present with their little three-year-old granddaughter, who, in evening dress and wearing white kid gloves, looked through her opera-glass and fanned herself like a grown-up woman. This up-to-date little person can speak both English and German.

When at Gotha the Duke attends Divine service according to the Church of England ritual, in a detached building in the Ducal Park, erected by the grandmother of the late Prince Consort, and only recently adapted for sacred purposes. It serves also as a residence for the British chaplain. It is plainly fitted up, and seated with chairs, a few of which in the front row are reserved for the Duke and his family, &c. The Duchess worships according to the Greek Church, in the private chapel attached to the Castle.

The early life of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, although passed in one of the greatest of European Courts, was, on the whole, remarkably quiet; and so, to a certain extent, has been her subsequent career. She is extremely fond of music, is an adept in art, and as a linguist she has few equals.



SCHLOSS FRIEDENSTEIN, GOTHÄ.

(Contributed by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.)

At the Royal College of Music, South Kensington, Her Royal Highness may often be seen in one or other of the practising-rooms, sitting by the side of the pupils, and by her kind manner and her keen interest in their work making their task easier.

The Duke, as everybody knows, is a skilled musician, and also a composer. Many years ago, on the occasion of his first visit to Nijni Novgorod, a private concert was arranged for his delectation, the instrumentalists being selected from the orchestra of the Italian Opera. Out of compliment to the Duke, his "Galatea Waltz" was played, but H.R.H. detected some imperfections in its execution, and, taking the baton from the hands of the conductor, assumed the leadership for the time being, and, having set matters right, returned to his place. His Royal Highness subsequently sent a splendid portrait of himself to the conductor as compensation for the temporary usurpation of his position.

Although Her Royal Highness's name is not often directly connected with philanthropic work, her goodness to the poor in an absolutely unobtrusive manner has always been remarkable. She is generous to a fault, and most considerate to her dependants. In Germany she has always been very popular, and many an anecdote might be related of her friendly chats with the peasants, and the practical aid she has bestowed upon them in their domestic troubles.

As to the Duke, his artistic tastes and instincts are strong, and he is one of the most successful collectors of glass and antique gold and silver work in Europe. He is proverbially genial and pleasant, especially to his inferiors in social position; and, sailor-like, does not

disdain to "turn his hand to anything." He has been known to help the workmen in his own house to move heavy pieces of furniture, chatting familiarly the while.

In the words of one of his German subjects, "the Duke is blessed with a happy temper, and all who have the good fortune to be with him are charmed with his winning ways."

CHAPTER XI

PRINCESS HELENA, PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

Association with Windsor—Localities of Royal weddings—Private chapel at Windsor Castle—Early years of Princess Helena—The Queen's consent to her marriage—Frogmore—Cumberland Lodge—Anecdote—Her philanthropic work—A meeting at Fulham Palace—Life at Cumberland Lodge—Personal characteristics of Prince and Princess Christian.



OMEHOW it seems natural to associate Prince and Princess Christian almost entirely with Windsor and its neighbourhood. In the first place, they have lived there ever since their marriage; first at Frogmore, and afterwards at Cumberland Lodge. The Prince is Ranger of the Great Park and High Steward of the town corporation, while much of the Princess's important philanthropic work has been carried on for many years past in the Royal Borough and district.

Of the Queen's nine children, the Princess Royal was married in St. James's Chapel; the Prince of Wales in St. George's Chapel; Princess Alice at Osborne House;

Prince Alfred at St. Petersburg; Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold at St. George's Chapel; and Princess Beatrice in Whippingham Parish Church; Princess Helena's wedding being the only one celebrated in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. This, like its congener at Buckingham Palace, lends itself rather unkindly to the gathering together of a wedding-party, for not only is its area exceedingly restricted, but there are certain structural peculiarities that render it an awkward apartment in which to marshal and arrange a distinguished assembly.

As few people outside Court circles have seen this chapel, it may be as well to describe it. About a hundred yards from the Queen's private apartments in the Victoria Tower, and just behind the eastern end of St. George's Hall, it is easy of access to Her Majesty and the Royal Family. It has no windows, the lighting being from above; thus the effect is rather gloomy, and, owing to its octangular shape, the arrangement of the seats is somewhat peculiar. Her Majesty's pew is in a kind of recessed gallery facing the altar, the officials and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting occupying a gallery on each side of it. Right and left of these respectively are two other galleries—one for visitors at the Castle, and the other appropriated by the organ and choir.

These five galleries, together with the recessed sanctuary, the reading-desk, and the pulpit, complete the octagon, and the floor is filled up with sittings following the lines of the octagon. On a bench just below the Royal pew one of the chief officials has his particular "sitting" close to a very touching terra-cotta group by Dalou, bearing the inscription, "Of such is



James Catford, Photo.

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beavan.]

TERRA-COTTA GROUP OF AN ANGEL AND FIVE OF THE
QUEEN'S GRANDSONS.

(From the original by Dalou in Private Chapel, Windsor Castle.)

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the Kingdom of Heaven," and representing an angel enfolding in its arms five little babes—the Queen's grandsons—leaflets on the tree of human life, whose development had been prematurely checked by the chilling frosts of Death, yet destined one day to be restored to the fulness of their appointed growth by the Husbandman of mankind.

Princess Helena's time up to the age of twelve was fully occupied with her studies. Though but thirteen when her father was stricken down with the fever that closed his life, she was one of his most devoted attendants during that illness, and, when all was over, was the stay and solace of her heartbroken mother, whose seclusion she shared for five years.

The opening paragraph of the Queen's Speech to the Parliament of 1866 contained the announcement that the Royal consent had been given to the marriage of Princess Helena to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. By the unanimous voice of the House of Commons a dower of £30,000 and an income of £6,000 per annum were voted to her. Shortly afterwards Prince Christian, a scion of the illustrious house of Aldenburg, was made a General in the British army, High Steward of Windsor, and had the Order of the Garter conferred upon him.

The selection of Frogmore for the newly-married pair was a particularly happy one; in fact, the young bride in going thither could hardly be regarded as leaving home.

About half a mile up the Long Walk, a road to the left leads to the lodge-gate of Frogmore House, surrounded by its lovely pleasure-grounds, and remarkable for the splendour of its numerous ornamental

trees, the finest of which were planted by order of Queen Charlotte when she purchased the lease of the property.

Close by are the far-famed Royal gardens—probably the most complete in the world—where fruit, flowers, and vegetables in enormous quantities are annually raised for the use of Her Majesty and her household. Some idea of the scale upon which these last named are grown may be formed from the fact that every year the rows of peas, if placed end to end, would extend upwards of five miles!

Frogmore has always been a favourite retreat of the Queen when in residence at Windsor; and no wonder; for it is a delightfully secluded and peaceful spot, and, to Her Majesty, full of memories of the past.

Some years later the Prince and Princess Christian removed to Cumberland Lodge, charmingly situated amid beautiful sylvan scenery, about a mile beyond the bronze statue of George III. at the top of the Long Walk. Close by are the schools—supported entirely by the Queen—and All Saints' Chapel, built at Her Majesty's expense for the residents in the Great Park. Within easy walking distance of the Lodge are the newly-erected buildings of the Holiday Home for London boys, where batches of cripples and others from the slums of London come to spend a delightful fortnight in the summer. This excellent establishment the Princess Christian instituted and personally supervises.

Windsor is a capital field for the exercise of Her Royal Highness's activity in doing good. There is the Crèche, the Nurse's Home—created, so to speak, by the Princess—and many other institutions for helping



James Catford, Photo.

CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR.

(From the private grounds.)

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beaman.

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the sick and gladdening the sorrowful. During the winter there is a society for providing the very poorest children with hot meals twice a week, when the Princess, a true Saxon lady (*hlæfweardige*, or loaf distributor), does not consider it beneath her dignity to help in serving the free dinners.

Some years ago Princess Christian persuaded a friend to adopt a poor little waif and stray. Soon afterwards she was told that the child was dainty about her food, and actually objected to cold mutton! Whereupon the Princess laughed, and said, "Well, cold mutton is not so *very* nice after all, is it? I am not fond of it myself, and as to mamma, though she rather likes cold beef, the one thing she *cannot* and *will not* stand is cold mutton!"

Eminently practical is the Princess in her philanthropic plans, being not only a designer and organiser of benevolent schemes, but thoroughly understanding, from personal experience, the work she is engaged upon. Probably her greatest achievement has been the Royal British Nurses' Association, whereof she is President, and which is one of the most useful institutions of the day. And from those deeper depths of human weakness and sin, where only woman's influence may succeed in bringing her erring sisters to the surface, Princess Christian has been the indirect means of saving many.

The scene is Fulham Palace one July afternoon last year, and Her Royal Highness is to preside at a meeting of the Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, which undertakes—to use Mrs. Temple's own words—"two distinct aspects of work; the *preventive*, which seeks to place girls out of danger

from bad and neglected homes and neighbourhoods, and to train them in good and safe paths of life; and the *rescue*, which seeks to restore those who have sunk low to a life of self-respect and trustworthiness." With a pleasant smile, and slightly bowing to the assembly as she enters the old "Hall"—formerly the chapel, and hung around with historic pictures—she steps on to the small platform and "takes the chair," Mrs. Temple being on her right hand. Everybody sits down, and those who have never seen the Princess before are able to leisurely note her personal appearance. They find that Her Royal Highness is somewhat stout and of dignified bearing, holding her head well thrown back; that her face is rather pale, her eyes bright blue with a keen sense of humour lurking therein and showing itself also in the corners of her firm mouth. Her manner is simply perfect. She seems bent upon putting everybody at ease, more especially the lady speakers, to whom, in order to dispel any shyness they might feel at having to express their opinions before Royalty, she reassuringly nods and smiles as they ascend the platform, as though she would say, "I know that I *am* the Queen's daughter of course, *but really I cannot help it*, and you must try not to mind me at all." When remarks are made that meet her approval—which is constantly occurring—she turns to Mrs. Temple and by a succession of little nods signifies her satisfaction. Critical people say that her voice "has a slightly foreign intonation, but is not unpleasant," and everybody observes with what spirit she joins in the singing of the doxology.

Princess Christian is as domesticated as it is possible for a woman to be, in spite of her public engagements, which she fulfils at all costs of personal comfort, and



James Catford, Photo.

CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR.

(From the private grounds. Side view.)

[Copyright, Arthur H. Beaman.]

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often, even in mid-winter, leaves Windsor by a very early train in order to be present at some London committee meeting. But she is domestic both by inclination and training. In her early married years she spent a good deal of time in the nursery, not contenting herself with having her children brought downstairs for her inspection now and again, and she used frequently to wheel the perambulator at Frogmore unattended by a nurse. Only the other day, during a long railway journey, the Princess, who was in a Royal saloon, was seen to be busily engaged in the homely task of arranging the table for five o'clock tea, as if it were a matter of course.

Her Royal Highness's four children share in their mother's views, and have been brought up in the same unpretentious way as she was. A gentleman who was at Wellington College with her two sons, and has frequently stayed at Cumberland Lodge, speaks of the family as being "one of the very nicest, all living such a quiet, happy life together." The young Christians, he says, are "great at cricket," and the Princess "very jolly, only she *will* come down late to breakfast!"

Princess Christian is extremely fond of children. On one occasion when abroad she made the acquaintance of a little boy of seven, and upon ascertaining that he was an orphan, she went night after night to see him safely tucked up in bed, and after hearing him say his prayers, remained with him until he fell asleep.

Like all the Royal Family, Princess Christian greatly appreciates faithfulness in a servant, and last year evinced her appreciation in a very pretty and substantial manner, for not only was she present at the wedding of Prince Christian's valet to one of her maids, but she lent the

bridal party some of her own carriages for the occasion, and gave the wedding breakfast at Cumberland Lodge. Just as the happy pair were starting for their honeymoon, the Princess slipped on to the bride's finger a splendid gold and emerald ring ; and, to add to the rejoicings, the servants were allowed to remain up until a late hour, dancing, and enjoying themselves in various ways.

As a business woman, Her Royal Highness is remarkable. She has a very clear head, is quick to understand a proposition, and, if she approves of it, never hesitates or vacillates, but at once brings to bear upon its realisation all her powers. She possesses the rare gift of being able to do two or more things well at the same time ; *i.e.*, she can write upon one subject and simultaneously dictate upon a totally different one. She is an omnivorous reader, and remembers what she has read. She is an authoress, an excellent translator, and loves the fine arts. Her correspondence is most voluminous and continuous, and her handwriting, of which an "expert" has recently written in one of the magazines, shows force of character. "Love of making others comfortable first," he says, "is the keynote to the character of the amiable Princess. Cultivation, clearness of ideas, common sense, good taste, harmony, calmness and patience in the hour of trial are there, but she is enthusiastic and vivacious in discussing measures of practical helpfulness. Honour, temperance, and self-denial, candour and constancy are there too."

Prince Christian is always popular wherever he goes, and is a great favourite with the Royal Family. Horses and dogs he is very fond of, and is thoroughly British in his taste for all kind of athletic sports, cricket, football, hunting, and shooting ; the latter, alas ! a recreation he

has had some cause to regret since his sad misfortune at Osborne some years ago. Amongst all the brilliant assemblage at Goodwood—the Heir Apparent not even excepted—Prince Christian, with his fine, upright figure and white moustache, is most in request with the fair sex, and decidedly first favourite.

CHAPTER XII

PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE

Her engagement to the Marquis of Lorne—Precedents for a subject marrying Royalty—The Campbell family—Princess's marriage—Departure for Claremont—Home-coming at Inverary—Queen's visit to Inverary Castle—Anecdote—Kensington Palace—A personal reminiscence of the Princess—The Marquis as Governor-General of Canada—Arrival at Halifax—Journey to Ottawa—Princess's speech at Montreal—Life at Rideau Hall, Ottawa—Sleigh accident to the Princess—Narrow escape of Princess—Salmon-fishing on Cascapedia River—Departure from Canada—Popularity and philanthropy of the Princess—Anecdote—Personal characteristics.



LN 1870, when the engagement between the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne was announced, there arose a host of antiquarians discussing the interesting question of precedents for a Royal Princess marrying a subject of the reigning Sovereign.

Mr. J. B. Planché—then the “Somerset Herald”—however, authoritatively settled the question by the statement that the earliest example was when Gundrada, fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, became the wife of Guillaume de Varennes, ultimately created Earl of Surrey by William Rufus.

Another instance was that of Edward I.'s daughter, who was twice married to subjects, greatly to her father's disgust, both unions having been contracted without his consent, or even knowledge. Edward III.'s daughter married a subject; and Edward IV., blessed with eight princesses, allowed three of them to contract alliances with English noblemen. In recent times, Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George III., married her cousin, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, an English subject, and the son of an English lady, widow of Earl Waldegrave.

In the case of Princess Louise, the husband of her choice was descended from a long line of ancestors, who for more than five centuries had taken a famous and active part in public affairs. A succession of Earls carried down the honours of the Campbell family to Archibald, the first Marquis of Argyll, who—a martyr to the religious liberties of his country—was executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, and whose son was beheaded on the same spot twenty-four years later. The latter Earl's placid sleep the night before his execution is touchingly portrayed in a well-known picture by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., and in fresco on one of the corridor walls of the House of Commons.

The derivation of the family name, Campbell, is attributed by the present Duke—so it is said—not to the fanciful Norman origin of *De Campo Bello*, but to the more prosaic, but probably correct, Gaelic words *cam*, bent or wry, and *beul*, mouth—the originator of the clan being probably a wry-mouthed warrior.

The Marquis of Lorne was born at Stafford House, and represented Argyllshire in the House of Commons for ten years, until 1878, when he was appointed

Governor-General of Canada. Subsequently he made two unsuccessful attempts to re-enter Parliament, but headed the poll at the last election by a small majority in the Southern Division of Manchester. He is an excellent and fluent speaker with a decided touch of humour, and, like his father—whose literary reputation, particularly as an able vindicator of the Divine Reign of Law in Creation, has long been assured—the Marquis is a diligent and successful man in various departments of literature, and, I may add, a financially successful one.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, theirs being the first Royal wedding which had taken place there since that of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The bride was given away by the Queen in person, and it was noticed that Her Majesty looked as happy and as smiling as in the old days. After the benediction had been pronounced, considerable curiosity was aroused amongst the foreign ladies present as to which of the couple kneeling at the altar would rise first, as it appears there exists on the Continent a superstition that the one who is quickest to rise after the blessing will maintain domestic supremacy. But in this case, whether by a previous understanding or by accident, both bride and bridegroom rose to their feet simultaneously.

After the breakfast and reception at the Castle, the happy pair set off at half-past four o'clock for Claremont. In accordance with an old Highland custom a new broom was thrown after them, just as they ascended the steps of the carriage, and they drove off amidst a shower of white satin slippers. Amongst these friendly missiles was one that all the young princes and princesses struggled hard to obtain possession of—a little shoe

worn by the Princess Royal of England at her first Christmas-tree festival, and which had been sent from Berlin to Windsor Castle, under strict promise that it should be returned and preserved for the next wedding. The drive to Claremont was by way of the Long Walk, past Frogmore, through Old Windsor, across the plain of historic Runnymede, along Egham Causeway, to Chertsey, and thence to Esher.

After a brief honeymoon the newly-wedded couple finally settled down at Kensington. But numerous visits at home and abroad had first to be paid, of which not the least important was that to Inverary Castle. With its square turrets and pine-wood surroundings, the Castle—always a striking object—never looked more picturesque than at the close of August, 1871, when Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived there for their “home-coming.” Their reception was most enthusiastic, and the Princess, in accepting a beautiful necklace from the Clan Campbell, won the hearts of the fervid clansmen by declaring that she valued the gift as a token that she had the right to call herself their clanswoman. All kinds of festivities—including, of course, grand dinner-parties—took place, but the most successful of all was the ball given by the Duke of Argyll to the tenants, when Princess Louise danced with the Provost, and—descending in the social scale—with an old tenant-farmer, with whom she went through all the eccentricities that characterise the national dance of Scotland; and, to the intense delight of everybody, joined heartily in a country-dance, so that almost every person present had the opportunity of holding for one brief moment the tips of her fingers.

It was to Inverary Castle that, later on, when the Princess had been married over four years, the Queen paid a visit. A grand ball was given, and Princess Louise of Lorne danced a reel with John Brown, the Queen's favourite Highland attendant. The following day Her Majesty and Princess Louise went to call upon a Miss McGibbon. "A good old lady who was too ill to come out and see me," says Her Majesty in describing the incident. During the interview Miss McGibbon patted the Princess on the shoulder and, turning to the Queen, remarked, "We are so fond of the Princess; she is a great pet."

But Princess Louise had long been accustomed to the ingenuous sayings and doings of the simple-minded people in the Highlands. During the Queen's residence in the neighbourhood of Callender, the Princess had occasion to drive into the town to match some velvet. At the principal draper's she procured what she wanted, but discovered that she had left her purse at home. She explained this to the proprietor of the shop, adding that she would send the money the next day; but the imperturbable tradesman replied with the utmost gravity, "Dinna fash yersel', mem, yer mither has an account here!"

In this memorable year, 1897, taking one's stand at the top of Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, and watching the continuous arriving and departing of omnibuses to and from the City, the crowds of pedestrians, the palatial shops and residences, and the endless terraces and squares that stretch away westward for many a mile, guarded by an efficient force of policemen, it is hard to believe that in the Prince Regent's time the road to Kensington was rendered so unsafe by the presence of



William E. Gray, Photo.]

KENSINGTON PALACE.

From the private grounds

[92, *Queen's Road, Bayswater.*

(Showing the apartments of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne)

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footpads, that pedestrians had to go together in numbers in order to ensure mutual protection. Moreover, the state of the roads—upon whose wooden blocks carriages now roll so smoothly and rapidly—was execrable, King William III.'s coach being often "bogged" while attempting to drive to St. James's Palace.

With this monarch and his consort, Mary, the Palace at Kensington will always be associated, for His Majesty made it a Royal residence. In the reign of Queen Anne it stood in the midst of orchards and pleasure-gardens, between the Uxbridge and Kensington roads. After her time the grounds were gradually thrown open to the public; at first on Saturdays only; then in the spring and summer; and, finally, all the year round.

Ugly in winter when the trees are bare, the dingy red brick of which the building is built tones well with the abundant foliage of leafy June; and at a distance, looking from across the Serpentine in Kensington Gardens through the formal avenues, the Palace is quite picturesque. The southern wing—built by Christopher Wren—is where the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne reside, and is approached by a long corridor from the principal entrance on the "green" that faces the red brick house where Thackeray died. As in all great buildings of seventeenth-century date, the lower rooms are lofty and roomy. The library is a particularly comfortable apartment, looking out across a slip of lawn towards the Kensington road.

One very hot afternoon in April last year, I was standing in the marquee where Princess Louise was expected to announce the opening of the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Imperial Institute. Her Royal Highness was making a conscientious tour of inspec-

tion, looking at all the exhibits, and now and again asking shrewd questions about them. At length she approached a stand whose splendid specimens of fresh salmon I had been admiring, and also envying their cool environment of ice. I noticed that Her Royal Highness became equally interested in this display; and turning to the exhibitor, she said, "Are these from Scotland?" Then I recollected that the Princess was an accomplished salmon fisher, and that, when in Canada, she had enjoyed some of the best fly-fishing in the world, going through most exciting and novel experiences, duly recorded by her pencil and her husband's pen.

Presently Her Royal Highness declared the Exhibition open. Mr. Burdett-Coutts discoursed on the benefits wrought by Schools of Cookery, and the Marquis of Lorne, in a neat and effective speech, inferred that the *haute-cuisine* was in his case like "caviare to the general," inasmuch as his favourite dish was "a chop cooked on a silver gridiron."

At first sight it appears strange that we should look to Canada for an insight into the disposition and character of a Princess of the blood Royal, rather than to the land of her birth. But Princess Louise has led such a retired life, so absorbed has she been in artistic pursuits, that her appearance as a Governor-General's wife was in truth the first opportunity her Royal mother's subjects had of knowing much about her.

It was a novel experiment for the daughter of a reigning Sovereign to proceed to a distant colony as practically the head of its social life—but it was an eminently successful one.

As the *Sarmatian* steamed slowly up the beautiful

harbour of Halifax in the autumn of 1878 through the double line of men-of-war, the thunder of Royal salutes mingled with the cheering of the tens of thousands gathered near the pier; and as the splendid barge, leaving the *Sarmatian's* side, approached the landing-place, it was evident that a new epoch, so to speak, had begun in the history of the Queen's greatest colony, and that the popularity of the new Governor-General and his wife was assured almost before they had set foot upon the shore of the New World.

Next day Her Royal Highness and the Marquis left by train *en route* for their future home. At a little township called Newcastle, as the evening closed in, crowds had assembled by torchlight to get a peep at the distinguished travellers, and amongst them a group ready to present the inevitable address. The Princess was tired out with the long journey, but she smiled at the simple-hearted people, who seemed charmed with her, while the Marquis listened most patiently to the long-drawn-out expressions of loyalty and attachment to the Crown contained in the formidable document.

By way of the lovely valley of the Metapedia, the train sped through New Brunswick; and at St. Thomas the Princess, much touched by the delicate courtesy with which its French-descended inhabitants welcomed her, made her first Canadian speech to this effect:—

“An nom de la Reine, je vous remercie des delicates allusions que contient votre adresse, et je vous remercie en mon nom des bonnes choses que vous m'avez dites.”

Needless to say these few words are still treasured up by the simple community to whom they were addressed.

On their way to Ottawa, Montreal was visited, where, among other festivities, a grand ball was given in their honour by the St. Andrew's Society, when the Princess danced a reel with the most fascinating grace and old-time air both pleasing and delicate.

On all sides observations were made about her rapid recovery from the trials of the sea voyage; the "depth and expression" of her eyes; "the purity" of her complexion; and the "charming alternation of repose and vivacity" in her features.

At Montreal, in response to an address by the Ladies' Educational Association, the Princess read a reply so striking and so pertinent to the present day, that it is worthy of resuscitation. "I am," she said, "much flattered by your kind expressions, and also by your wish to number me among your patronesses. I have read your report with much interest and satisfaction. Education is one of the greatest objects of the age, and most important, not only because it is the noblest in itself, but because it is the means of the complete development of our common nature, and the due discharge of the duties of life in their bearing on the future destiny of the race. The fruits of education are so attractive that we are often tempted to force them prematurely without sufficient tillage, and thus lose sight of the true objects of education, which consist much more in the development of the intellect than in the mere putting in of superficial knowledge, and of 'cramming.' Hence our necessity of grounding in the rudiments of knowledge and thoroughness in all that is done. Knowledge thus got never dies; knowledge got otherwise never lives. Again, it has struck me whether there is not a fear of our making, through our very facilities of

teaching, the acquisition of knowledge too easy for pupils; for it is from the meeting and mastering of difficulties that intellectual strength grows and increases, just as physical exercise develops physical strength. May I likewise venture to suggest the importance of giving special attention to the subject of domestic economy, which properly lies at the root of the highest life of every true woman?"

The new Governor-General and his wife took up their official residence in Ottawa, at Rideau Hall, a bluish-grey limestone building set in the midst of a grove of evergreen trees, and standing on the banks of the river Ottawa.

During the winter the Government House skating and tobogganing parties were a great success; and the Princess, with the unerring instinct of an artist, was never at a loss to secure for her sketch-book the wonderful effects produced by the huge bonfires and rows of Chinese lanterns used when these gatherings took place at night.

Of sleighing the Princess necessarily had much experience, but probably she will always associate that delightful mode of locomotion with the serious accident that befell her, and which made a great sensation at the time. One evening she was proceeding in a covered sleigh to the Senate chamber at Ottawa, where a Drawing Room was to be held, when the horses bolted and the vehicle was overturned and dragged on its side along the rough road for a considerable distance. When the runaways were stopped, it was ascertained that the Princess was almost insensible, and that she had received some very nasty cuts and contusions. The shock to her system was great, and for many months afterwards

her condition was serious, much more so than was allowed to transpire at the time.

In the previous summer, while on a fishing expedition with the Duke of Argyll on the river Metapedia, Her Royal Highness had an adventure of another kind. They started one morning in a canoe manned by two Micmac Indians. While crossing a part of the stream where the current ran very strongly, the frail craft was thrown against some logs that had got jammed below the rapids. With marvellous dexterity the Indians with their paddles staved off a violent concussion ; but the stern of the canoe, swinging suddenly round, one of the Micmacs was in danger of being pinned by a log against the side of the canoe. Every soul on board would have been in the river in a moment, as the least disturbance in their equilibrium upsets these primitive crafts ; but the "redskin" was equal to the emergency, and instantly leapt head foremost into the stream, thus steadying the canoe and saving the Princess. She could not help laughing heartily at the queer figure cut by the Indian as he plunged in and came out dripping from head to foot, but quite unconcerned.

The Princess's fishing expeditions in Canada were numerous. As early summer advanced the Royal party were in the habit of repairing to the river Cascadia in New Brunswick, a Government preserve, and perhaps the best salmon stream in the world, where fish, averaging from twenty to thirty pounds weight, come up from the Bay of Chaleurs. In this sylvan paradise Lord Lorne had a small cottage put up at a spot ten miles from the sea ; and here, far from civilisation and out of sight of clearing or farmhouse, fishing went on day after day. Sometimes the Princess would indulge

in this noble sport and skilfully land her twenty-five pounder, or she would wander away, sketch-book and pencil in hand, among the hills that so strongly reminded her of Scotland.

For five years the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise represented Her Majesty throughout the vast dominion of Canada; and when the hour for their departure drew near, and they bade farewell to their hosts of friends, tears stood in the Governor-General's eyes, and his voice was tremulous. Their success had been thorough and lasting. The popular verdict upon the Princess was that "she was a true and noble woman, always desirous of doing well for her kind, eager in giving assistance to every project of art and education, and—not less than her husband—generally interested in the progress of the people."

A local poet fittingly expressed in verse the general sentiment towards the illustrious couple:—

"No wasted years were those you spent ;
We know your rule has made us glad,
No word you ever spoke, but had
Some kindly aim, some wise intent.

And you, our Princess, wise and good,
We hold you dear for all your worth,
And heart unspoiled by pride of birth,
And all your grace of womanhood."

The "kindly aim" is exemplified by the following fact:—

The wife of a certain official was invited by Her Royal Highness to pay a visit to Government House, and a suite of apartments was placed at her disposal. While there, she and her child were attacked by

scarlatina of the most virulent description, and the infant died. During the illness of mother and child, not a day passed without the Royal Princess paying two visits to the sick-chamber. Sad as was the mother's loss, her grief was softened and soothed by her Royal hostess's affection and sympathy.

Although, like all the Royal Family, Princess Louise is constantly engaged in presiding at meetings, thus helping charitable societies and institutions, and is much more *en évidence* than she used to be, she is regarded by the public generally as essentially the artist-Princess. Like most of this genus, she has her peculiarities, and with one of these—her marked dislike to be photographed—her mother's loyal subjects certainly fail to sympathise, for it necessitates their having to be content (or discontent) with portraits of the Princess taken a good many years ago.

One has no need to look farther than Kensington Gardens for a fine example of her taste and skill in sculpture; her statue of the Queen, A.D. 1837, speaks for itself. She has made innumerable sketches of the picturesque scenery of Canada, and many of her Quebec scenes reveal not only the eye, but the touch of a true artist; all her pictures evince a strength sometimes almost masculine, and a method of treatment, as a rule, quite original. Nowhere is culture lacking, but the Royal artist never becomes daring or strikingly bold.

With this artistic talent the Marquis of Lorne is also endowed, and his illustrations in his work on the Dominion of Canada are beautifully executed.

The Princess Louise's love of art shows itself in all the small details of her life, and when asked by any of her friends, she has a real pleasure in suggesting

the choice of a wall-paper or carpet, &c., that will "tone best" with its surroundings, her suggestion—as may be imagined—always being scrupulously acted upon. Sometimes, for the benefit of those who may desire to know her ideas of "home decorations," she sketches them on paper, and they are much appreciated.

Surely the cultivation of art must conduce to the retention of youthful looks, for the Princess's slight, graceful figure, her pensive and expressive face—recalling that of the late Princess Alice—and her particularly sweet smile, seem at variance with the fact that she has been married twenty-five years; and time seems to have dealt equally gently with her husband.

CHAPTER XIII

PRINCE ARTHUR, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

The 1st of May, 1851—Military career selected—At Woolwich Academy—In Ireland—Anecdote—His betrothal—Character of his *fiancée*—Buckingham Palace and Bagshot as residences—History of Bagshot district—Bagshot Mansion—Departure from India—Bagshot Church and bazaar—Life at Bagshot—At Alder shot—Active service in Egypt—Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.



SHORTLY after the Queen and Prince Albert returned to Buckingham Palace on the memorable 1st of May, 1851, excited and moved in an unusual manner by the imposing ceremony which had marked the opening of the Great Exhibition, and by the enthusiasm of the vast multitudes of people that lined the route, a particularly touching incident occurred, that probably did more than anything else to soothe their overwrought nerves. Arthur, Duke of Wellington—the truly “grand old man,” who that day had entered upon his eighty-third year—paid a visit of ceremony to his little godson and namesake, Prince Arthur, aged one year. As a birthday offering the “Hero of a hundred fights” brought with him some toys chosen by himself, and a plain cup of solid gold,

which gifts His Royal Highness graciously condescended to accept, signifying his approval by bestowing a nose-gay upon the donor with his own chubby little hands! This pretty scene has been perpetuated, as many of us are aware, in Winterhalter's picture, "The First of May," which hangs in the grand corridor at Windsor Castle, and is familiarised to the public by numerous engravings; but the artist has substituted for the cup, a rich casket of no apparent utility to the energetic little baby.

That Prince Arthur's career should be a military one seemed natural, and pre-determined from this early association with the greatest warrior of the day; and just as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was always spoken of as the Sailor-Prince, we have somehow always connected his brother Arthur—even in childhood—with the army. In the large drawing-room at Bagshot House, and also at Buckingham Palace, there is to be seen a charming picture of Prince Arthur at the age of six in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, the miniature bearskin almost concealing his bright, innocent little face. Adopting the military profession not as a mere form, but as the vocation of his life, the Prince, in 1866, entered the Academy at Woolwich, and added his name to the long roll in that Alma Mater of the art of war; and in cadet uniform made his appearance for the first time at the opening of Parliament the following year.

By this time he had quite settled down to his new life at Woolwich. There were certain privileges accorded him, for, although he went through the same course of studies as an ordinary cadet, and took part in all the drills and other exercises in the class-rooms, the gymnasium,

or on parade, and dined in the common hall with the others, he slept at his own residence at Blackheath, riding to and fro daily. One of the leading French papers of the day, with the usual accuracy of our volatile neighbours across the Channel, in commenting on the Prince's career at the Woolwich Royal Military Academy, astonished its English readers by the announcement that the Duke of Cambridge had solemnly admonished the cadets rigidly to abstain from complimenting, or in any way indulging, the Prince; more particularly as regards the partaking of liquid refreshment of a spirituous nature!

His Royal Highness made rapid progress at the Academy, and evinced a special aptitude for photography, an accomplishment which, in those days, the cadets were taught more for the purpose of pastime than as an important branch of military training.

In 1868 the Prince passed as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and in 1869 as lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He must have been well prepared for his Woolwich career, as the Queen presented his French and German tutors with miniatures of their Royal pupil, richly framed, bearing the name of the recipient and the inscription, "From the Queen," accompanied by letters from Her Majesty, wherein she expressed her approbation and esteem, and a hope that the gifts would always recall pleasant remembrances of their Royal pupil.

On attaining his majority in 1871, Prince Arthur was appointed a captain in excess of the establishment of the Rifle Brigade, of which distinguished regiment he had been lieutenant since the year 1869. On May 6, 1874, he was created Duke of Connaught

and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex, and took his seat in the House of Lords.

During his residence in Ireland, whither he went to join his regiment in 1876, he paid a visit to the Queen's County Rose Show, when a ludicrous incident occurred on his arrival at the Maryborough railway station. While his luggage was being placed upon a car, his Royal Highness remained on the platform, when, to his amazement, an old lady, in a very excited state, bore down upon him, and announced that she had lost her bandbox, her tone and manner inferring that *he* knew something about it. The Duke was too much amused to reply, which so confirmed the old lady's suspicion, that she went so far as to ransack his luggage. Failing to discover the missing article, she returned to His Royal Highness, and with deepening suspicion in her tone, called out, "Mind! it was a white one!" and with this Parthian shot, left the station.

Wherever the Duke went in the sister isle he made a host of friends, earning the admiration of the sporting community by the way he rode to hounds, and endearing himself to all classes by his affability and pleasing manners. As to the men under his command, he was unsparing in his pains to provide amusement for them as a relief to the monotony of barrack-life. In Dublin, as at Dover, Maidstone, and other garrison-towns, his name is associated with many pleasant memories of penny readings, musical entertainments, &c., where he often took the part of pianoforte accompanist. He was always in requisition, too, at local institutions and charities.

As the time drew nigh when his period of service in Ireland would expire, he became betrothed to Prin-

cess Louise Margaret, daughter of Prince Ferdinand Charles of Prussia, the future hero of Metz, known to fame as the "Red Prince." That a soldier should marry a soldier's daughter was eminently fitting, and the match was an excellent one in every respect. It was said at the time that in all Germany there was no one more generally beloved than the mother of the Duke's *fiancée*, and the daughter was credited with all the good qualities possessed by both her parents. From her mother she inherited invaluable domestic virtues and social graces; and from her father—whose constant companion and fellow-student she was—"pluck" and perseverance, and a love of acquiring knowledge. Not only was her father one of the most illustrious of generals, but he was a man of great learning and many acquirements, and a splendid naturalist.

They were married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 13, 1879, in the presence of the Queen and quite thirty Princes and Princesses. Their "home-coming" took place a few months later at Balmoral.

It was arranged that when in town their Royal Highnesses should have apartments at Buckingham Palace, and that their country home should be at Bagshot. For many reasons Bagshot was particularly suitable as a residence for the soldier-Prince. Within eighty minutes of Waterloo Station, Aldershot readily accessible by rail or road, and the Royal Staff College and Royal Military College close by, the Duke would also be within easy reach of Windsor.

Before the Duke and Duchess could take possession much had to be done on the estate, which, in anticipation of his marriage, had been leased to the Duke

for a long term by Her Majesty's Department of Woods and Forests. The old mansion was completely demolished, and on a plateau, some three hundred yards from its site, the present structure—designed by Mr. Benjamin Ferry in the Tudor-Gothic style—was embodied in brick, picked out with Portland-stone. At the same time the beautiful old gardens were artistically blended with modern flower-beds and groups of trees. Commodious stables displaced the old buildings, and a general modernising of the entire demesne was set on foot.

Originally some 120 miles in circumference, Windsor Great Forest was, in the times of Queen Elizabeth and James I., much larger than it is now, consisting of sixty parks adjoining each other, full of fallow-deer and game, and no doubt extended almost, if not quite, as far as Bagshot—twelve miles distant from the Castle.

Richard Jefferies, in one of his poetic essays on the beauties of nature, says: "Where there are beech-trees, the land is always beautiful; beech-trees at the foot of Wolstanbury Hill, Sussex; beech-trees at Arundel; beech-trees in Marlborough Forest. Beech and beautiful scenery go together." Jefferies might have added the county of Bucks to his list of beech-growing districts, and most certainly Bagshot—the old appellation of which, *Baggeshott*, probably means *beechwood*—for it would be hard to discover finer specimens of the noble tree than those in the Duke's park.

We are apt to associate the history of Bagshot only with the highwaymen who used to swarm on its lonely heath, as at Hounslow and Putney; and glad enough were travellers *en route* to London when the

coach drew up at the "King's Arms," Bagshot, and deposited them safe and sound while the horses were changed. In peace of mind they could dine on the far-famed Bagshot mutton, which very much resembled in delicacy of flavour and sweetness the mountain variety of Scotland and Wales, or upon the black game and grouse which formerly abounded on the heath.

No fewer than seventy coaches used daily to pass through the little town, stopping at one or other of the old-fashioned inns. In the garden of one of these—the "Red Lion"—Wilkes fought a duel with Lord Talbot, and after exchanging shots without any damage on either side, they shook hands and drank, it is said, *a bottle or two* of claret together.

The antiquarian history of Bagshot Park, interesting as it is, may be summed up in few words. From the days of William the Conqueror until the reign of Henry III. it remained a Royal demesne, when it was disafforested. Edward III. gave it to his uncle, the Earl of Kent; and, subsequently, Margaret of Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., owned it. Bagshot Mansion was a favourite hunting-lodge of James I., who, in spite of his constitutional inability to bear the sight of cold steel, was present at the pulling down and slaughter of many a buck.

Here, too, Charles I. used to come and ruralise, occupying his leisure, tradition says, by shooting squirrels with a cross-bow. Through the quiet hamlet the King passed—a prisoner—during the Civil War, and was received by Lord Newburgh, then the tenant of the Hall and Park, when a concerted scheme to enable the King to escape, fell through.

Charles II. used to hunt here occasionally, and in 1667 he remained for five days. He subsequently settled the estate upon the Duchess of Cleveland.

At the particular request of George II., it was appropriated to the use of the Prince of Wales by Lord Albemarle, who spent over £50,000 in rebuilding the old Lodge. Finally, King George III. gave it to the Duke of Gloucester, who lived here in perfect retirement. Thus it may lay claim to having been always, more or less, a Royal residence.

Bagshot Mansion is of modest proportions, pre-eminently well planned and comfortable, and in possession of some characteristics worth noticing. As at Sandringham, the carriage-drive to the main entrance terminates beneath a handsome stone porch, upon which are conspicuous the linked monograms of the Duke and Duchess. On entering the spacious inner hall one cannot fail to observe over the fireplace a painting by the Empress Frederick, representing a portion of the Palace at Potsdam. Red-deer antlers, oak brackets supporting china vases, a pretty dado and highly-polished parquet floor combine in producing a sense of great cosiness, especially in winter-time, when the large fireplace, flanked by life-sized wooden figures which support the overmantel, blazes with huge beech logs.

But the unique feature of Bagshot Mansion is the billiard-room, a small edition of the superb durbar hall at Osborne, and designed by the same artist. A corridor, whose walls and ceiling are composed of the most elaborately carved cedar-wood, leads to a perfect revelation of exquisitely wrought wood-carving, which is lavished upon every portion of the apartment, billiard-

table included. Dining-room, library, drawing-rooms, and conservatory are on the ground floor. The latter is filled with noble specimens of tree-ferns and other cryptogamia from all parts of the world, and forms a capital snuggerly for smoking.

There is nothing remarkable about the upper rooms. In the Duchess's dressing-room the furniture is principally ebony, and in the Duke's there are numerous interesting family portraits.

From the front window lovely views are to be had of the fair landscape below. In the servants' hall are some very curious old chairs from the Pavilion at Brighton, many of them bearing the initials of George IV. In the corridor leading to the house-steward's room is a kind of museum consisting of numerous specimens of weapons from India and some muskets and accoutrements hastily thrown away by the Fenians during their last mad attempt to make open warfare against the Queen's authority in Canada.

Amongst the many objects of peculiar interest in the Duke's collection of presents in the precious metal may be mentioned a small centrepiece—the first piece of plate he ever possessed—given to him by the Queen when he was confirmed; a salver and jug, presented by the late Earl Beaconsfield; and the gold cup that Arthur, Duke of Wellington, gave him on the first anniversary of his birthday, May 1, 1851. As an evidence of the Prince's great popularity in Ireland there is a magnificent centrepiece given by his many friends in that country on the occasion of his marriage. It is so massive that it requires four men to lift it. If presents and illuminated addresses be any indication of the recipient's popularity, the Duke's career in India must have been a great

success, for the offerings from the far East completely fill a large case made specially to receive them.

It was not a mere feeling of respect and appreciation that the Duke and Duchess evoked in the hearts of the people in India. It was genuine affection, and was shown in a remarkable manner at the expiration of the Duke's term of command in 1890. When he and the Duchess were leaving in the *Kaisar-i-Hind* for home, *viâ* Hong-Kong, all Bombay turned out to wish them God-speed. Flags were flying everywhere, each ship in the beautiful harbour was dressed for the occasion, and salutes boomed forth from the men-of-war and the forts; but amidst all this demonstration of loyalty it was observed that tears were in the eyes of many spectators—genuine tears of regret for the loss they were about to sustain, so entirely had the Duke and Duchess won the hearts of everybody with whom they came in contact.

There can be no question that the Duke and Duchess possess character qualifications of no common kind. In matters of morals and religion they have always set the best examples, and when they have happened to voyage on an ordinary mail steamer they have consistently done their utmost to discourage the spirit of gambling which seems to be the curse of a modern journey by sea, and they have invariably attended Divine worship and heartily helped in the musical portion of the service.

The Duke must be gifted with exceptional powers of application, as it is said that during the voyage home to England he used to work steadily seven hours daily—a feat many a man of stern determination has designed to do, but has utterly failed to perform when confronted by

the seductions of a floating palace and the delightfully lazy atmosphere of a sea voyage.

Princess Victoria Patricia, the youngest of their Royal Highness's three children, was christened at Bagshot Church, the Queen being one of the sponsors. This new church of St. Anne's, completed in 1884, has taken the place of an unsightly chapel that for sixty-four years ministered to the spiritual wants of the village. It is a pretty little structure standing just outside the Park, and the generous co-operation of the Duke has been the principal factor in enabling the Vicar, the Rev. Pendarves Lory, to obtain its erection.

To aid the building fund a grand bazaar was held in the Park, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were present, when, it is said, the prices at the refreshment stall went suddenly up, and a cup of tea served by the fair hands of Royalty cost half-a-crown.

Of course the Duke is constantly seen in the village strolling about, or on his way to Sandhurst or Aldershot. If the raggedest urchin touch his apology for a cap to His Royal Highness, he receives as gracious a salute in return as would any member of the aristocracy.

The Duchess, whose sympathy with the poor is well known, enters heartily into the small excitements and incidents of rural life, and takes much interest in the details of parish work. When first Her Royal Highness came to Bagshot she begged hard to be allowed to have a district, but the Vicar, acting under medical instruction, dissuaded her from it, pointing out that her charitable motives could be better utilised than by running the risk of possible infection. The Duchess speaks English faultlessly, but with a slight German accent ;

and if by chance she does not quite understand what is said to her, she desires the observation to be repeated until she has grasped its meaning. Her bright and witty sayings are proverbial, and her pluck is remarkable. It may be remembered that some years ago while driving a pair of Russian horses they overpowered her and ran away, overturning the carriage and slightly injuring her companion, but sparing Her Royal Highness. The first intimation they had of this at Bagshot Mansion was upon the arrival of the Duchess herself, who, having rendered all assistance in her power, quietly walked from the scene of the accident as though nothing had happened.

Aldershot, to which district the Duke succeeded as General in command after having occupied the same important post in the Southern District at Portsmouth, is necessarily the scene of his principal military duties. These he performs in the thoroughgoing spirit of an experienced and practical soldier. No *fainéant* is he in the profession he has chosen—not even the Commander-in-Chief is more indefatigable in attention to every detail, upon which so much depends in modern warfare. He is particularly solicitous for the physical as well as the technical training of the troops under his command, and only last autumn issued an order that in addition to the winter route marches there should be gymnastic training. Nothing could have been wiser than this order, for in an age devoted by civilians to athletics in every form, when a knowledge of cricket, football, golf, and tennis, not to mention the use of the “gloves,” is considered almost a necessary part of a man’s education, much more so must it be for a soldier, who may suddenly be called upon to perform the most

trying feats of agility and endurance ; while a knowledge of how to use one's fists properly is, in the opinion of the gallant Hobart Pasha, "an accomplishment of which no officer, either in the army or navy, ought to be ignorant."

"Inspection" during the army manœuvres at Aldershot is with the Duke no mere formality. In August last year, when His Royal Highness was inspecting the Grenadiers in Lord Falmouth's brigade, he passed in and out of the ranks, looking at the men back and front. He had their valises opened, and closely examined the quality of the clothing and various articles declared by the regulation to be indispensable.

After the Grand Review of the troops—some 27,000 strong—held last year in the Long Valley, under the Duke's command, Lord Wolseley formally congratulated him "on the success which had attended his unremitting efforts to make the manœuvres instructive to those under his command."

In addition to his ordinary military duties the Duke, generally accompanied by the Duchess, has a busy time at Aldershot in presiding at various functions, all more or less connected with the army, but varying in their interest and nature.

Last year His Royal Highness presented stars given by the Queen, to 114 officers and men who had served in the Ashanti expedition, prefacing the distribution by a neat little speech. Then the Duke and Duchess paid a visit to the Gordon Boys' Home at Chobham, when the Duke expressed his opinion—to which it is certain none of his hearers took exception—that the home was "a fitting memorial to the distinguished Christian soldier, for whom he had a great personal affection." Of course

their Royal Highnesses have to lay foundation-stones every year somewhere or other. In 1896 the Duchess laid that of the new hospital at Aldershot, receiving the purses with graceful *aplomb*, while the Duke was present in mufti, an unusual thing with him. Garden-parties, even in the apparently uncongenial atmosphere of the camps, manage to flourish; and as the old-fashioned huts in the officers' quarters are rapidly giving way to brick buildings and more luxurious surroundings, these entertainments become more attractive; and last year the Ducal couple honoured Colonel Talbot Coke—the Deputy-Adjutant General—and Mrs. Coke with their presence at a garden-party of exceptional importance.

At Government House the Duke and Duchess entertain their friends in a charming but most unpretentious manner. On one occasion an amusing conversation was overheard between Princess Margaret of Connaught and one of her youthful guests, to whom she addressed this query, "Do you know my grandmother? I am going to stay with her at Windsor to-morrow, and she is going to have company from London and some theatricals. I mean to get round Grannie to let me sit up to see them. I always have to go to bed." As she was present at the dramatic entertainment in question, it is evident that she succeeded in "getting round" her Royal Grandmother!

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is the only one of Her Majesty's children who has ever been "under fire" in action, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's experience in Australia being of a very different order. No wonder that the Queen was full of anxiety when the Duke of Connaught accompanied the expedition to Egypt in

1882, and news came that a battle in which he would take part was imminent. Africa! That fatal continent, where for so many generations past, precious lives have been apparently thrown away. Livingstone! who ought to have been saved from a lonely death; Gordon! whose blood, like that of righteous Abel, cries for retribution, until Khartoum be retaken and the accursed rule of Mahdism and slavery be extinguished; the young Prince Imperial! a sacrifice to chivalry; and Prince Henry of Battenberg! dying in the Queen's service, as a gallant soldier should. But, oh! the pity of it all!

On August 10, 1882, Sir John Adye, Chief of the Staff, arrived at Alexandria with the Duke of Connaught, followed within two days by the brigade of Guards under H.R.H.'s command.

Before daylight on the 24th the Household Cavalry came in contact with a body of the enemy near Tel-el-Mahuta, and quickly swept away their skirmishers. As they appeared to be strongly entrenched at this place it seemed probable that severe fighting would take place, but Arabi's soldiers evidently considered "discretion the better part of valour," and evacuated their position without striking a blow.

The Duke's brigade was at Tel-el-Mahuta on the 24th, and worked splendidly, and although from the nature of the case they could not be actually present during the cavalry action, they showed how well they could endure, by resolutely pressing to the front, in spite of the heat.

Afterwards they exhibited the greatest good temper and zeal in carrying out the heavy and monotonous duties of fatigue work. But their turn was soon to come.

The weird stillness of the Egyptian desert was rudely broken on the night of the 12th of September, 1882, by the forward movement of General Wolseley's heavy column of some twelve thousand infantry. Major-General Drury Lowe, with the cavalry, made a flanking movement to the right, while the Indian brigade executed a similar manœuvre to the left. The second brigade, under General Graham, and followed by the brigade of Guards, marched forward on the right hand, having on their left the Highland brigade, under Sir A. Alison, which was supported by the fourth brigade, under Colonel Ashburnham. General Wolseley had issued the most stringent orders that the British troops should march with unloaded rifles, and, if possible, storm the entrenchments without the expenditure of a single cartridge.

These instructions were carried out to the letter; the whole force moved forward in such perfect silence, besides being favoured by the absence of moonlight, that it approached to within a short distance of the enemy unobserved. Then, just as the indescribable rose-grey of an Eastern sunrise began faintly to show itself on the desert horizon, a single shot from the Egyptian lines was fired. The Highland brigade rushed forward, and in the midst of terrific cheering carried the first line of defence at the point of the bayonet. Following close upon their heels came the Guards, and the dashing style in which these two splendid brigades did their work contributed not a little to the successes of the day. Meanwhile the artillery, under Colonel Goodenough, had been pounding away at the foe with deadly effect. From rampart to rampart the British force rushed triumphantly, leaving behind

the unmistakable trace of their sanguinary work. By 7.30 the bridge over the sweet water canal was seized, and simultaneously General Drury Lowe's cavalry came swooping down upon the right flank of the enemy, whose demoralisation was thus completed. Dispirited and panic-stricken, the Egyptian force made no further attempt at resistance, but fled precipitately, scattering like sheep all over the face of the country.

While this was proceeding on the north side of the railway the Indian contingent had steadily advanced on the south, and with a mighty charge completed the rout. By eight o'clock all was over. The foe had melted away, leaving behind them artillery, ammunition, stores, camels, horses, and a large railway train full of provisions. The victory was complete. Tel-el-Kebir was in the possession of the British Army, and Arabi Pasha's power was finally broken.

The following communication from the Queen to her people after the news of the battle had reached Balmoral, fittingly sums up the official statement of the Duke's "baptism of fire":—

"The Queen was much gratified at receiving the announcement of the great victory of the troops at Tel-el-Kebir, as well as the special mention made by Sir G. Wolseley of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and the admirable manner in which His Royal Highness led his brigade to the attack."

At Tel-el-Kebir the Guards, being in the rear of the attacking line, suffered considerably from the long-range projectiles aimed at the brigade in front of them. The Duke's self-possession under these peculiarly trying circumstances was perfect, though the "pounding" had to be endured in silence and repose, without the relief of

being able to fire a shot in return. No wonder the Queen was proud of her son.

If Her Majesty have a partiality towards any of her children—and what parent has not?—it is safe to assume that the Duke of Connaught is the object of her special regard. There is something indescribably attractive in the Duke's manner and disposition. The following is the simple testimony from the lips of one who has served him since his childhood in all parts of the world, and under most trying circumstances. "I have," says he, "known the Duke for the last forty years, and all the time I have been in attendance on him I have never heard him utter one unkind word or exhibit the least trace of ill-temper. Would that the nation knew more of him than they do!"

CHAPTER XIV

PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY

A retrospect—Childhood—Education—At Oxford—At Boyton Manor House—His travels—His marriage—Esher and Claremont House—Domestic life at Claremont—First visit to Cannes—Second visit to Cannes—His death—Popularity of the Duchess—Her activity—The Duchess at an artists' "At Home"—Princess Alice of Albany—The Duchess at the East End of London—At the headquarters of the Fire Brigade—The Duchess and Princess Alice at Exhibition of Needlework at St. James's Palace—Personal sketch of the Duchess.



ALTHOUGH the state of the Duke of Albany's health in the opening months of 1884 had occasioned the Royal Family and the physicians more than usual anxiety, the news of his untimely death came upon the nation as a mournful surprise. The circumstances connected with his decease were peculiarly pathetic and somewhat exceptional.

His Royal Highness seems to have had an intuition that something was about to happen to him, and for two days before his death it is said that, influenced by the repetition of a remarkable dream, his thoughts and conversation turned incessantly upon the subject of mortality.

Such premonitions of coming evil are by no means uncommon; a case in point being that of President Lincoln, which Charles Dickens related to the Queen at Windsor Castle. During the Cabinet Council held at Washington on the afternoon of April 14, 1865, the President remarked to his colleagues, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon. I have had a dream, and I have now had the same dream three times; once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run." On being pressed to disclose its nature, he replied: "I am on a great broad, rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift!" That very night in a private box at Ford's Theatre an assassin's bullet closed the excellent President's earthly career.

Untimely was the Duke's death; and, judging by what he had already achieved as a scholar and orator, he would probably, had he lived, have attained to the highest intellectual position. To him might be applied Tennyson's lines on his friend Hallam:—

"I see myself an honour'd guest,
 My partner in the flowery walk
 Of letters, genial table-talk,
 Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;
 While now thy prosperous labour fills
 The lips of men with honest praise,
 And sun by sun the happy days
 Descend below the golden hills
 With promise of a morn as fair,
 And all the train of bounteous hours
 Conduct by paths of growing powers
 To reverence and the silver hair."

From his birth, the Duke of Albany was delicate

and needed continual care. In his early years he was seldom if ever absent from the Queen, to whom his health occasioned so much anxiety that at times she had a resident physician for him. This lack of robustness continued throughout his life, and sometimes depressed him greatly. Once, when chatting with a well-known nobleman, the question cropped up as to what thing was the most requisite to make life happy. It was suggested that the Duke's own position must be an enviable one. "You forget," said His Royal Highness, "I am worst off of all. I want the chief thing. It is health—health—health!"

The Prince's childhood was passed amidst the same homely surroundings and blessed by the same wise training as that of his brothers and sisters; there was an entire absence of artificiality. Once, when Professor Tyndall was at Osborne, he charmed that distinguished scientist by the unaffected manner with which he took him over his little garden, and showed him with great pride the instruments of husbandry—the wheelbarrow, spades, hoes, and rakes that his father had given him.

The Duke's education was carried on in a most comprehensive manner; and if his bodily powers were weak, his mental capacity made ample amends. From his governesses he received complete and thorough instruction in music, German, and French, and made good progress in Italian under one of the Professors of Eton College. Two other masters from this school helped in his general education, and at Osborne he profited greatly by the tuition of the genial rector, the Rev. George Prothero. In drawing, the Prince attained to considerable proficiency, his master for some time being Mr. Sam Evans, with whom he might often be

seen at Windsor under the shade of the traditional white umbrella sketching some favourite bit from the river bank.

His Royal Highness went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1872, residing at Wykeham House, in the neighbourhood of the parks. He laid out for himself an extensive course of studies, including physical science, chemistry, geology, and physiology, history, and political economy. To these he added German, French, Italian, and music, and the theory and practice of sanitation, at that time not quite so scientific a study as it is now. The Prince in his nobleman's gown and velvet cap soon became well known in the streets of Oxford; but as he had decided at the outset that it would be advisable to decline the numerous invitations certain to be showered upon him, his circle of intimate friends was somewhat limited, though he frequently entertained in his own house.

Having been unanimously elected a member of the Union, His Royal Highness was often to be seen listening to the debates—though he never took part in them—or reading, smoking, or playing chess in the coffee-room. He also joined several clubs, for his social instincts were strong, and he desired to see Oxford life in all its aspects.

Leaving the University with the honorary degree of D.C.L., the Prince took up his residence at Boyton Manor House, an old Elizabethan Hall in Wiltshire, situated between Salisbury and Warminster, the property of the Gifford family; and in this modest bachelor's establishment, his headquarters until he removed to Claremont in 1879, he exercised much quiet hospitality to the great advantage of his neighbours, many of whom

recall with pleasure the "delightful" evenings passed with H.R.H. in unrestrained intellectual recreation.

Prince Leopold now began to pay many visits, and to travel at home and abroad. A tour in Italy, a visit to the Black Forest, and to several places in Scotland, were followed by travels in France and the Tyrol. One of his pleasantest journeys was to Canada which he enjoyed immensely; especially the camping expedition to the famous salmon rivers, Cascapedia and Metapedia, with H.R.H. Princess Louise of Lorne. Then followed various visits to Germany; his meeting with the Princess Helena of Waldeck; his betrothal to that most amiable of Princesses at Frankfort; and his marriage on the 27th of April, 1882, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Claremont, which had been assigned by the Queen to the Duke as a permanent residence, now became the home of the happy young couple. There can be little doubt that it was a love-match; indeed, the Duke soon after his wedding, writing to an intimate friend to apologise for failing to keep an engagement, excused his own forgetfulness by declaring that "he was too much in love to think of anything else."

In selecting Claremont for her son, no doubt the Queen was influenced by its nearness to Windsor and London; and possibly by the coincidence of its having formerly belonged to her uncle Leopold, after whom the Duke of Albany was named.

Leaving the station at Esher, the scent of bracken borne across the common is a delightful preparation for the fragrance dispersed from the trim gardens along the ever-ascending road that leads to the village. Should there happen to be a race-meeting on at



F. W. Fricker, Photo.]

CLAREMONT.

(From the private grounds.)

[*Esler.*

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Sandown, a curious effect is produced as one passes the back of the Grand Stand—the course itself being invisible—by the shouting and uproar while the horses are running, and the dead silence that follows. Long lines of brakes, flies, and omnibuses are drawn up by the roadside waiting to convey the crowd back to the station; and every now and again strings of satin-coated “thoroughbreds” are met returning from their successful or unsuccessful attempt “to catch the judge’s eye” at the winning post.

Past the “Coburg Arms,” standing modestly back from the road behind a mighty elm, and past some houses with quaintly trimmed holly in front, the picturesque village of Esher is reached. At the “Bear Inn” a narrow road turns sharply to the left, and leads to Claremont. Behind the “Bear” is the old parish church—until recently used as a lumber-room—a dismal-looking edifice with a wooden tower and decaying flagstaff. Just inside the palings of its desolate “God’s acre” is a tomb

In Memory
of
MRS. ELIZABETH JUKES,
Many years Housekeeper
to
His Majesty
the
King of the Belgians
at
Claremont.
Died 28 June, 1847,
Aged 50 years.

Inside the church the remains of a Royal pew, once used by Her Majesty, occupies a colonnaded recess in the south wall.

Quite bright in comparison with this gloomy building is the Friends' Meeting-house just beyond, separated from the lane by a high wall. It is a box-like place of worship, whose plainness is turned into positive beauty by the masses of luxuriant ivy that lovingly clings to roof, chimney, and wall. Noble beech trees line the road that leads to an unpretending lodge gate, whose crown-surmounted posts indicate that it gives entrance to a Royal residence. Within is a fine undulating park, broken up by groups of lordly oak and beech. A straight, well-kept road leads over the hill. Hampshire down and Southdown sheep graze comfortably on either side; pheasants nervously race across; beautiful black and white goats with long, silky hair stand about doing nothing; beyond are graceful Alderney cows and shaggy Highland cattle; while here and there a slab-sided Berkshire pig, eloquent of coming bacon, idly lounges in the shade.

Passing a large, walled-in kitchen garden, and some extensive stabling, the road turns to the right; the ground rises sharply, and Claremont comes into sight, imposing-looking, and with a handsome flight of broad stone steps leading to the front entrance.

This mansion—originally built by the Earl of Clare, and reconstructed by “Capability Brown” for Lord Clive of Plassy—stands upon a slope, and commands an extensive and splendid sylvan view, terminating in the Surrey Hills and Epsom Downs.

It was at Claremont that the Queen resided when a child, and where she spent her birthdays in her early married years, and loved to retire for brief intervals of rest and quiet with Prince Albert and the children.

On the first floor, over the main entrance, there is



[Esler.

F. W. S. Fricker, Photo.] THE SCHOOLROOM AT CLAREMONT.

(In this apartment Princess Charlotte of Wales expired November 6, 1817.)

still a suite of rooms, simply furnished, known as the Queen's, kept ready for Her Majesty's occupation at the shortest notice. But the most interesting apartment is one on the ground floor at the back, where the Princess Charlotte breathed her last. It is now used as a school-room, and with the happy sunshine streaming through the windows and lighting up the pretty modern furniture, it is rather difficult to think back eighty years and imagine the national tragedy that took place at midnight on this very spot. The days of suspense; the disappointment; the hope that at least the young mother might be spared; the sudden awakening of the worn-out husband fitfully slumbering in an adjoining chamber; his hasty summons to the death-bed; and the agonising last farewell. The hurrying to and fro of scared domestics; the messenger dispatched in hot haste to the stables for a carriage to convey the bearer of the sad intelligence to the Home Secretary in London; the swift journey along the dark roads; the frantic haste as the horses were changed on the way; the lamentation and mourning as stage after stage was reached; and the outburst of universal grief when England heard that the heiress to the Crown was lying dead at Claremont, and that her infant had never lived!

Claremont had been settled upon Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte by Act of Parliament for their joint lives, the survivor to possess the property during his or her lifetime, with reversion to the Crown. When the Prince became King of the Belgians and left this country, he placed it at the disposal of the Queen. At his death in 1865 the entire estate became, as arranged, part of the Land Revenues of the Crown.

Brief was the married life of Prince Leopold and

Princess Charlotte of Wales ; deeply pathetic were the circumstances that parted them. Almost as short-lived has been the wedded happiness of the Duchess of Albany, and peculiarly touching the facts connected with the Duke's decease. His Royal Highness was a thoroughly domesticated and most affectionate husband and father. A familiar sight at Esher was that of the Duke in his dogcart accompanied only by his firstborn and her nurse, bound for the studio of Mr. Williamson, who was modelling a bust of the little Princess. Immensely proud were the young couple of their daughter ; and the Duchess was always having some fresh photograph taken of her with which to surprise the father. On one occasion a photographer was instructed to go to Claremont, and on his arrival was smuggled into the nursery in order to avoid coming in contact with the Duke. Considerable difficulty arose from the inability of the young mother to induce the infant in her lap to assume the desired position ; but the experience of the artist quickly solved the difficulty. "If your Royal Highness will lift up the Princess's frock I shall be able to obtain a good effect." This was done, and the little bare feet, feeling the cold, were drawn up into the sweetest of attitudes. When the portrait was completed and delivered at Claremont the Duchess was delighted with it, and could be heard impulsively calling out for "Leo" to come and look at "the *latest* of baby."

The Duke's life at Claremont was a thoroughly natural one, devoid of state and unnecessary social restraint. In all the small excitements of the village community at Esher the Prince shared with unaffected enthusiasm. One of the last, if not *the* last, of the local



James Catford, Photo.]

[*Copyright, Arthur H. Beavan*

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

(From the original painting by G. Dawe, Grand Staircase, Buckingham Palace.)

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entertainments in which he participated was an amateur concert given in aid of the funds of the National Schools, just prior to His Royal Highness's departure for Cannes, when he sang "The Sands o' Dee" with the deepest feeling, and, being enthusiastically encored, acknowledged the compliment with another song.

Remarkable was the winter of 1883-1884 in London. Glorious were the sunsets day after day throughout the month that is proverbially foggy and dull; seldom were the shortening days so little felt; and, until March, the weather was as fine and clear as that of an ordinary autumn. But with March came in cold easterly winds, and it was considered advisable that the Duke should pass the early spring at Cannes.

It was not his first visit, for at the tender age of eight he had wintered there, his visit being terribly saddened, not only by the illness and death on the fatal 14th of December of Sir Edward Bowater, who had had partial charge of him, but by the infinitely desolating intelligence which reached him there from Windsor. The news of his father's death came to him under circumstances that seemed to enhance the tragedy. Prince Leopold had gone out to try and divert himself by some sea-fishing. On returning to his villa there appeared at the end of the hall a telegraph messenger bringing a dispatch. It was addressed to Sir Edward Bowater, who was then lying dead in the room adjoining the Prince's. That message contained the news of Prince Albert's death. His Royal Highness was at once taken to his own room, and it is impossible to give any idea of the child's agonising grief. "My mother! I must go to my mother!" he cried in sobs; "my mother will bring him back whom you say has

been taken from me; I want my mother!" Some seconds afterwards they took him away from the mournful and desolate-looking house to the nearest hotel, and shortly afterwards an English officer arrived from England, charged with the duty of taking His Royal Highness back to England.

The second journey to Cannes, undertaken by the Duke in search of health, alas! availed not to ward off the fatal stroke that was impending. To the inexpressible grief of wife, relations, and friends, the summons came to His Royal Highness, Prince Leopold. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Tenderly consoled by the Royal mother—herself broken-hearted—the widowed Duchess passed through the cloud and darkness of her great sorrow. Time has softened her grief, and strangers looking at her bright, genial face, would probably imagine that she had experienced but few sorrows. She is essentially a favourite with the public, and this was curiously exemplified on the Jubilee Day, ten years ago, when her face was less known in London than it is now. At Trafalgar Square there was a tremendous crowd, and an uproar of cheering as carriage after carriage went by and their occupants were recognised. The Duchess in her mourning was especially singled out by the working men for an ovation, and one energetic individual, evidently from the North, being asked by an inquisitive American visitor for whom the particular demonstration was intended, promptly replied, "Who for? Why, for th' Duchess o' Albany, of coorse. *She's* a rare 'un, if you like, and no mistake about it!"

He was right. Wherever she goes the Duchess receives a hearty and genuine welcome from all classes.



James Calford, Photo.]

[*Copyright, Arthur H. Beavan.*

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG.

(From the original painting after G. Dawe, Grand Staircase, Buckingham Palace.)

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Like all the Royal Princesses, she is constantly being requested to take part in public functions, which in the season are often followed by gatherings of a purely social nature.

As a rule, the neighbourhood of Westbourne Park sees but little of Royalty, and when the Duchess visited the locality not very long ago to lay the foundation-stone of some new Church schools, even the "coalies" turned out *en masse* from the Great Western Railway depôt to obtain a glimpse of Her Royal Highness; and when she drove up about 3 p.m. a perfect wall of black faces surrounded her carriage. Then she had to go through the tedious formalities considered necessary on such occasions—to be received by the Committee at the entrance of the marquee; to accept a bouquet; to listen to a long address and to appear immensely interested therein; to join in the dedication service; to "well and truly" lay the foundation-stone; to bestow a gracious smile of acknowledgment upon each one of the long list of presenters of purses who filed in front of her; to listen to the speeches, and bow appreciation of the vote of thanks rendered to her for honouring the occasion with her presence; to partake of some light refreshment; and, finally, to drive away.

Suppose we follow her carriage on that particular afternoon. At Mrs. E. M. Ward's studios in Gerald Road, Chester Square, some eighty ladies and gentlemen had assembled to view the pupils' work and "to meet" the Duchess of Albany. It was a peculiarly warm, fatiguing day, and with the thoughtfulness that never fails her, the Duchess, perceiving that she would be delayed at Westbourne Park, sent in advance her daughter, Princess Alice, with Miss Potts,

her governess, to Gerald Road to desire Mrs. Ward on no account to let her guests wait tea for her; which consideration was much appreciated. Presently the Duchess, wearing a handsome black silk dress trimmed richly with jet, arrived, and entered the palm-decorated room, smiling very pleasantly, and unconsciously swinging her beautiful bouquet to and fro. Then in a low-pitched voice, and with a look of intense gravity that only partly concealed the natural "jolliness" of her expression, she began to discuss the merits of the various pictures around her. Everybody stepped back, abstaining from any attempt at crowding or staring at the Royal visitor as she made the tour of the room. But it was impossible to avoid noticing the pretty manner with which Her Royal Highness, after receiving the formal salutation of a certain lady, raised her with her hand and kissed her on both cheeks.

Princess Alice, in cream-coloured frock and white hat with ostrich plumes, who had been enjoying herself like any ordinary girl of thirteen in the tea-room, now accompanied her mother in her tour of inspection, and made an effort to look befittingly serious. But when her own work—some drawings in outline from the antique—were subjected to her mother's criticism, her self-possession slightly forsook her. The Duchess, after having most conscientiously looked at everything, had tea in some nook reserved for her, and then drove home—her two carriages being literally full of flowers and bouquets, the spoil of the two afternoon functions.

Princess Alice goes to a private school at Kensington, and the Duchess is particularly firm about her attending the classes regularly, often declining invitations for her that would interfere with her studies.

She is also a pupil of Mrs. Ward (as was her mother before her), and on the days that she attends the studios generally remains to luncheon. On one occasion, although the gong had been sounded, no Princess was forthcoming, so inquiries were made as to her whereabouts. After a little searching, her host discovered her in the back drawing-room lying at full length upon the carpet, Mrs. Ward's daughter being opposite to her in a similar attitude, their heads close together, in absorbed contemplation of a small tortoise slowly consuming his midday meal of lettuce. It made a charmingly pretty picture, and was suggestive of one of Mr. Alma Tadema's well-known works.

I have remarked that the Duchess is in great request to preside at meetings, and to visit institutions and charities in every part of the metropolis. Once she had to go all the way from Buckingham Palace to the Commercial Road, and was conducted over some church premises specially designed for the education and recreation of children, where, space being valuable, the playground had been constructed on the flat roof—like that of the choir-school attached to St. Paul's Cathedral in Carter Lane—probably a novelty to Her Royal Highness. Two mites of children were entrusted with the responsibility of presenting the Royal party with some gift of home manufacture. The Duchess was immensely amused, as well as touched, when she was gravely told by one of these little girls that they had made a pair of shoes and a Tam-o'-Shanter cap for Princess Alice and the Duke of Albany, and "hoped that they would fit, because they had only a photograph to go by." Her amusement was increased when a fine plume was bestowed upon her as a gift from the feather-

curlers of the East of London, and the presenter added, "when it gets out of curl, please send it back to us, and we will curl it up again as good as new." Other presents were an umbrella for Princess Alice, a walking-stick and tie for her brother, and a doormat, which it was hoped that "the Duchess might live long enough to wear out!"

Her Royal Highness seems to delight in "doing" London thoroughly. One day, it is to the headquarters of the Fire Brigade that she goes; another, perhaps to the docks to inspect the latest addition to our mercantile marine. At the former she once minutely examined everything connected with the working of the establishment. There was an imaginary "call," and the manual left the fire station in seven seconds; the "steamer" a few seconds later. She then witnessed an exposition of the actual work of the Brigade at a conflagration. Captain Simonds' water-tower was brought into use, and steamer after steamer galloped into the big quadrangle, and commenced to pour tons of water over the lofty building into Southwark Bridge Road. The rescue of persons from an imaginary burning building greatly amused the Duchess, especially when a burly sailor dressed in female attire was brought down the escape from the top of a four-storied building. And, as a *grand finale* to this exciting visit, the Duchess had the gratification of witnessing her sister, Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck Pymont, mount the manual engine, which was galloped up and down the road at a terrific pace.

In works of charity the Duchess is always to the front, never grudging either fatigue or trouble in doing practical work for the poor. She is President of the



F. W. Fricker, Photo.]

CLAREMONT.

View near the lake. A favourite Royal walk.

[Esler.

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Middlesex Needlework Guild, which everybody knows collects and distributes warm clothing to the ill-clad of the most necessitous parishes in outer London. Once a year, by special favour of the Queen, the thousands of garments sent in for distribution are for three days exhibited at St. James's Palace, in the Banqueting Room, which presents a remarkable appearance, long tables being arranged up and down its entire length, whereon are placed countless bundles of every imaginable kind of wearing apparel for the visitors' inspection. This involves a considerable amount of work, and the Duchess energetically helps to tie up the bundles. In fact, Her Royal Highness is the life and soul of the thing.

It was quite charming last year to watch the little Princess Alice in charge of the Hygienic Baby's Clothing stall at St. James's Palace. She held in her arms a large doll dressed in hygienic fashion, and for some hours kept bravely at her post, explaining to the ladies who flocked round her the advantages of the woollen clothing. Her dignified little figure, her pretty face, and the simplicity of her dress and manner were captivating. With her small, white-gloved hands, she tenderly displayed the baby's garments, and in a clear, childish treble assured the bystanders that the clothes were all "pure wool." "And there are no pins," she continued; "the band is not fastened with pins, and the frock is *so* long, so that the baby can grow to the frock, which can be shortened until *quite* short. Its clothes were made by our gardener's mother, an old lady of eighty, under my mother's superintendence." Then she showed a tiny pink woollen hood, that occupied a prominent position on one of the stands,

explaining that it was done "in one piece of plain knitting, was all pure wool, and *so* warm."

This lucid and ingenuous exposition must have been repeated by the young Princess scores of times throughout the long afternoon. She never once sat down, and must have been very tired when her mother appeared from the committee-room in the Armoury and took the place of "her child," as she called her. The Duchess, with an amused twinkle in her eye which she could not repress, "took up the running," and explained for the hundredth time that the clothing was "all pure wool." "I believe in babies being dressed in the exact material worn by this doll if possible," she said; "but, unfortunately, it is somewhat expensive. However, I hope to "hunt up" something at the stores that will come cheaper for poor people to use."

The Duchess of Albany is often called "little," presumably as a term of endearment; for she is quite five feet three in height, and is not slim in figure. She has a charming smile, which reveals her pearly white teeth; her features are clearly cut; her hair a glossy brown; her eyes very dark and bright; and her expression a particularly happy one. Her demeanour is perfectly natural, and she dearly loves a refined joke. So lively and unaffected is she, that at St. James's Palace, in the interval of arranging matters for the exhibition of needlework—no person of consequence happening to be present—nor chairs either!—she was seen to perch herself upon one of the tables, where, as she rested, she gaily hummed a tune like any other light-hearted mortal!

CHAPTER XV

PRINCESS BEATRICE, PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

Her birth and christening—Inseparable companion of the Queen—Betrothal—Marriage—Her association with the Isle of Wight—Whippingham Church—Prince Henry joins African expedition—He contracts fever—His death—His funeral—Prince Henry as a yachtsman—His geniality and popularity—Princess Henry and the Queen—Special attributes of the Princess.



UIS separabit might well be the joint motto of the Queen and her youngest child, Princess Beatrice. Never have they been long apart; and in English minds the Princess has been identified with almost every act of her Royal mother for many years past.

Princess Beatrice was born at Buckingham Palace, and the month that witnessed her entry into the world, saw the death, at the age of eighty-one, of the last of King George III.'s children, the Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester.

The Princess Royal's engagement to Prince Frederick William of Prussia being *un fait accompli*, they were both included in the list of sponsors at the little Princess's christening.

Princess Beatrice shared in but few of the happy gatherings and simple festivities that the Queen and the Prince Consort used to delight in arranging for their family; for before Her Royal Highness was five years old, death had snatched away the life and soul of those glad surprises—her noble father, of whose love and goodness she was thenceforth to know only by tradition.

One after another her sisters married and left the home—one for distant Berlin, another for Darmstadt, a third for Frogmore House, and lastly, her sister Louise for Kensington Palace. All her brothers had taken to themselves wives, and had gone out into the world. She alone remained to be the comfort, guide, and support of her Royal mother.

In spite of her exalted position, Princess Beatrice lived a most retired life; only occasionally was she brought into contact with the men of note who periodically came to Windsor, Balmoral, or Osborne; and of society generally she saw but little. Entirely devoted to her remaining parent, in whose existence her own personality became almost absorbed, she nobly occupied her time in the routine of innumerable duties of home life, petty in themselves, but exalted by the spirit of filial love that pervaded them. To read to the Queen, to journey with her, to walk and talk with her, to be ever near her, became the Princess's second nature. No one could have more faithfully echoed the Moabitess's pathetic words, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge." Even marriage was not destined to cause a break in their close companionship. Princess Beatrice became betrothed to Prince Henry of Battenberg, but there was attached

to the Royal consent the stipulation that when she married, she and her husband must reside in England *permanently*, and in close proximity to the Queen, so that there should be none of the usual separation between mother and daughter. So at Windsor a special suite of apartments, close to those in the occupation of Her Majesty, was assigned the Royal couple on the south side of the Castle, overlooking the Long Walk and Frogmore, and it is said that these rooms are almost the most beautiful in the Castle, and full of the most exquisite works of art.

The wedding took place at Whippingham—probably the only instance of a Sovereign's daughter being married in a parish church. It was beautifully decorated by the ladies of the district, who were afterwards thanked by the Queen in a manner that must have sufficiently rewarded them. Amongst the guests none was more welcome to Princess Beatrice than the Empress Eugenie, the costliness and beauty of whose wedding-gift—a tea and coffee service of pure gold—was indicative of her feelings towards the young bride.

Just as Princess Christian is inseparably associated with Windsor, so is Princess Beatrice connected with Osborne and the Isle of Wight—now, alas! by the saddest of ties. Here was her home as an infant. Here is still the Swiss cottage where she played with her brothers and sisters, and the miniature garden whence early vegetables and fruits were wont to be eagerly picked by the youthful growers and presented to their mother for her luncheon.

At Kent House—one of the small residences within the grounds set apart for guests who cannot be accom-

modated at Osborne House—she sometimes resided with Prince Henry of Battenberg.

In Whippingham Church Her Royal Highness was confirmed, and here she has laid her beloved husband to rest.

Lastly, Princess Beatrice is Governor of the Isle of Wight, in place of her late husband.

If mere beauty of scene could assuage a great sorrow, Osborne House would be well calculated to console the widowed Princess. From Cowes nothing of the mansion can be seen, the wooded slopes shutting out all view of it as the estuary of the little river Medina is crossed. As at Tennyson's Clevedon, "Here twice a day the salt sea-water passes by . . . and makes a silence in the hills." At high tide the back doors of the picturesque houses are within a foot of the water, and boating is an easy delight. Once across the river, the summit of the slope gained, and the grounds entered, the beauty of the place is discerned; hill and dale, woodland and meadow, sloping lawns and the Solent combining to produce a perfect scenic effect. Whippingham Church is close by. It stands, with its rectory buried in trees, on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Medina. For seven centuries its bells have summoned generations of simple-minded country folk from far and near to worship the God of their forefathers; but now the sweet sounds peal forth from another and more modern belfry, as the entire structure was rebuilt under the direction of the late Prince Consort, to whose memory it may be said to be dedicated.

For some time before his death Prince Henry of Battenberg had been desirous of actively identifying himself with his adopted country's fortunes in war;



G. Woodford.]

OSBORNE HOUSE.

(The Sovereign's entrance.)

[Osborne.

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and the Queen, yielding to a certain degree of persuasion, somewhat reluctantly consented to his accompanying the Ashanti expedition under Sir Francis Scott. The Prince started simply as an auxiliary, and it was only after the march to the Ashanti capital had begun, that he received the position of military secretary to the Commander-in-chief of the expedition.

Fatal Africa was destined, alas! to claim one more noble victim.

In the morasses of Ekusirem, whither the Prince was attracted by that love of sport common to all nations of Teutonic origin, the dreaded fever-germs insidiously entered His Royal Highness's system, and commenced their deadly attack, reducing him to the lowest stage of prostration. From this, however, he rallied, only to suffer a relapse from which he again recovered sufficiently to be taken on board ship at Cape Coast Castle *en route* for Madeira.

A marked feature of African fever—particularly in first cases—on young and healthy subjects, is the excess of nervous depression that follows. Of this the Prince was a notable example. At the commencement of the voyage his spirits fell as he thought of the possibility of another seizure. It came; and to meet its terrible onslaught he had, alas! no reserve strength—and without a struggle he quietly and peacefully passed away to a better world, having done his duty as a brave soldier, and having died as surely in the Queen's service as though he had been struck down by the enemy's bullets. From the beauteous Isle of Madeira, o'er "placid ocean plains," "through prosperous floods his holy urn" was brought by H.M.S. *Blenheim* to a still fairer island in the north.

Throughout his illness, His Royal Highness bore his pain without a murmur, and was ever grateful for any attention paid him and considerate to those who were attending him. From the first he vividly realised the fever danger that those engaged in the expedition were liable to. One night at Prahsu when the camp commissariat had managed to provide something better than the ordinary rations, the Prince remarked at the officers' mess, "As a Prince I may occasionally fare better than the rest, but we are all now before one common foe, the fever."

Who can forget the scene in Whippingham Church on February 5th of last year? The floral tributes blotted out the externals of death. Above the altar tenderly hung the lovely emblems of a life to come. The air was overpoweringly heavy with the scent of flowers, which encircled the pillars, entwined the candelabra, concealed the window-sills and banded the very walls, while banks of green moss threw up into strong relief delicate lilies-of-the-valley and resplendent dahlias.

Nowhere was the Prince more popular or better known than in the Isle of Wight. To begin with, he was a born yachtsman, and in the *Sheila* had thoroughly explored the Mediterranean; and with the *Asphodel*—a twenty rater—had energetically competed in many a racing struggle in home waters. He was an all-round sportsman, a very popular member of the Isle of Wight Hunt, and a daring rider. Needless almost to say, he was a skilful cyclist. It was his manner, however, that contributed most towards his immense local popularity. "He talked to you, sir, just like one of ourselves," remarked an old Cowes boatman; and this spirit he

carried with him everywhere. At many a farmhouse and in all kinds of out-of-the-way places in the interior of the island, his was a well-known figure. He possessed, too, the happy faculty of remembering every face he had ever seen, and the genial disposition of inviting recognition even from those he knew but slightly.

Eminently a lovable man was the Prince, and a devoted husband and father. Often would he look in at a certain shop in Regent Street and spend quite a long time there selecting toys for his little ones, carefully studying their individual tastes. No family has been better trained or more carefully looked after than that of the Prince and Princess Henry. Whenever their parents went to Germany to pay a succession of visits, the children remained in charge of the Queen, whose constant companions they were, and with whom they generally had their midday dinner. At Windsor they had the run of the noble corridor, and once—the day before the children were expected to arrive with the Queen from Osborne—I recollect noticing that their favourite playthings—wooden horses and the like—were placed there all ready for them. They are obedient and well-disciplined children, and I was much struck by this when paying a visit to one of Her Majesty's secretaries at Windsor. While we were talking, a Royal footman announced Prince Alexander, and a fine little boy of about eight years entered the room, walking-cane in hand and dressed for outdoor exercise. He came by appointment, punctual to the moment; but without evincing the least impatience or restlessness as most children would have done at being kept waiting, he sat down in a most gentlemanly and self-possessed manner

and remained perfectly quiet until the secretary had ended his conversation with me and was ready to take him for his promised walk.

Of all the Queen's daughters, Princess Henry of Battenberg is perhaps the least known, owing to her individuality being, as it were, absorbed in that of the Queen. Nevertheless, in the Royal circle she is a great power. Her judgment is at all times cool and clear, and her advice is much sought by members of the Royal Family, and—what is proverbially unusual—generally *followed*. Her favourite relaxations are riding, painting, and trying over new music, particularly duets; and it is *de rigueur* that her lady-in-waiting should be adept in the latter art. By the way, it is perhaps not generally known that every maid-of-honour to the Queen has to be a good horsewoman and an accomplished reader of music.

There can be little doubt that Princess Beatrice inherits much of the Queen's force and decision of character, accentuated by constant contact with the most experienced monarch of modern times. Like her mother, she has always evinced the greatest interest in charitable enterprises, and, in the true spirit of Christianity, works with her own hands for the destitute.

The *method* only, not the inspiration, has altered since high-born dames centuries ago sat in their "bower" working diligently at garments literally for "the poor in the gate." In the nineteenth century we simply systematise charity and distribute the year's work through the agency of the prosaic parcel-post or a formal meeting of workers. Thus, last year, Princess Henry, as President of the "Berks and Bucks Needlework Guild," held an exhibition of clothing, the gar-

ments being subsequently forwarded to all the refuges, homes, hospitals, and poor parishes throughout the two counties. The Queen contributed a light blue woollen hood and a pink and cream-coloured cot-quilt, marked with the Royal initials V.R.I., the work of her own hands, while the Princess Henry, equally diligent, made and sent a jersey, a petticoat, a jacket, and a scarf.

In the realm of art, Her Royal Highness has shown herself proficient in both music—of which she is a composer—and drawing. Her exhibits at the Isle of Wight Artisans' Exhibition at Cowes last year, included several excellent portraits of her own family, and one of the late Prince Henry.

To conclude. Faithfulness is a marked attribute of Princess Henry's character, and is shown forth in the beautiful inscription upon one of the wreaths she placed on her beloved husband's tomb:—

“Till death us do part—till death do us unite.”

CHAPTER XVI

NATIONAL ADVANCE AND CHANGES

The original Jubilee—Jubilee of George III.—Some suggestions for celebrating Jubilee of 1897—Mechanical appliances—Adumbration of modern inventions—Submarine cables—The nation's commerce—Our mercantile marine—Atlantic passages—Dimensions of ships and steamers—Steamers of the future—Royal Navy—Speed of ironclads and torpedo-boats—National love of the sea—The modern sailor—Nelson.



BOOK on Royalty, written in the year of the Great Jubilee, would hardly be complete without some reference to the changes which have taken place during the sixty years that have elapsed since the Queen ascended the throne.

I propose, however, to extend the period under consideration, as many of the changes in the life of our country had already commenced when the Queen was born.

This review, therefore, practically begins with the opening years of the nineteenth century. But, as a preliminary to this, the Jubilee itself must be tackled—a thing familiar as “household words” to the present British world, as to their forefathers in George III.’s time.

What a splendid institution the Jubilee must have been in ancient Palestine, when lands and houses, alienated from necessity, periodically reverted to their original owners, restoring to competency those whom misfortune had sunk into a state of poverty! If only this Divinely appointed law could be applied in the nineteenth century to the victims of bank failures and Jabez Balfour schemes, what thousands of desolate and heart-broken persons would rise up and bless the beneficent originator of such a measure!

All England went nearly crazy at the first Jubilee of the century—that of George III.—and all kinds of suggestions were made as to celebrating it. One of these was that a special costume, wherein garter blue predominated, should be worn by ladies and gentlemen. The most popular idea—and one successfully carried out—was the release of all prisoners for debts, and the liquidation of their liabilities. All deserters from the army were pardoned; oxen and sheep were roasted whole; there were *fêtes* and fireworks, illuminations, preachings of Jubilee sermons all over the country, and no end of Jubilee literature and poems circulated. One of these latter became very popular. It was set to the tune of “God Save the Queen,” and commenced:—

“Britons! your voices raise,
Join cheerful songs of praise
With grateful lay;
May all our island ring,
Her sons orisons sing
For their beloved King
On this bright day.”

Of course we are all much more sensible and wise

than our predecessors in 1809! Nevertheless, some of the suggestions made for celebrating Queen Victoria's Great Jubilee this year were, to say the least of it, fantastic, and of most extraordinary diversity. One individual thought that the construction of gigantic waterworks for the use of the toiling millions of London would be appropriate—at whose expense he did not say. Another idea was that there should be published daily in the morning papers a portion of the Scriptures in plain everyday language. The gilding of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, or, as an alternative, the covering of its vast cupola with glazed porcelain, was quite seriously mooted. A sanguine ratepayer—a lady—proposed the total abolition of the income-tax. One modest proposal was that a sum of £50,000 should be handed over to Dr. Barnardo for the benefit of his homes. A proposition to celebrate the Jubilee by bestowing a warm suit of clothing upon every poor man and woman in the United Kingdom born in the year of the Queen's Accession seemed more practical than many others. A very sensible suggestion was that every householder along the line of procession should clean the exterior of his house, so that the Sovereign might behold what no mortal eye has yet seen—a clean London!

Naturally, at the beginning of this year Her Majesty was approached upon the subject of the Celebration, when, through the Prince of Wales, she intimated that, although declining to express any opinion, she “would readily appreciate any undertaking to celebrate the event of the year which might be the outcome of the wish of the people, whether generally or locally expressed.” At the same time Her Majesty permitted

it to be known that "especial pleasure would be caused to her by works of mercy among the sick and suffering, and by anything which would tend to brighten the lives and to ameliorate the condition of Her Majesty's poorer subjects."

Thus the Sovereign to a certain extent indicated what would best please her, and the Queen's Commemoration Fund, on behalf of her Jubilee nurses, together with the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund, constitute the nation's response.

A review of the period commencing with the birthday of the Queen, shows that there is not one single thing, material or moral, that has not greatly changed—whether for better or worse is not always easy to decide.

In mechanical appliances, and in the substitution of iron for wood, the change is enormous. A thoughtful writer in *Scribner's Magazine* has thus described this revolution:—

"It is doubtful if any other science has made such rapid progress within the last century, and has produced such profound and far-reaching results, as has the science of machine construction. One needs only to make some little study of the state of the art in the days when my grandfathers made wooden-framed machinery for use in Rhode Island print works, comparing it with the wonderfully ingenious and efficient machinery of to-day—noting how few things are done without the aid of machinery, and how many are entirely dependent upon it—to be convinced that Archimedes' dream is almost realised, and that this world is moved, not by a lever alone, it is true, but by other mechanical elements combined with the lever and called Machines."

Ours is an age of iron as a substitute for wood in almost every utensil we use, in our ships, in the construction of our houses, our bridges, and even our toys. It is also an indiarubber age, and a pneumatic age; an age, too, of wheeling and machinery—a dreadful Ezekiel vision of wheels in the midst of wheels, instinct with life, such as the prophet saw 600 years B.C. by the river of Chebar, in the land of the Chaldeans—culminating in the ubiquitous cycle, an absolute necessity in most households, and the output of whose trade last year amounted in value to the immense sum of £12,000,000.

Yet steam as applied to machinery is perhaps destined to pass away and become as obsolete as the hand-power of last century. Electricity is the force that shall propel our trains and our vehicles, and turn the driving-wheels in our factories; while water, continually running to waste in this country, may yet be restored to its mighty position of the world's greatest motive power.

It is when we come to consider the advance made in science as applied to the everyday objects of existence, that the wonders of the Victorian era seem so great; for although the mechanical inventions of the period are enormous, they were to a certain extent adumbrated years before; that is to say, our forefathers—the most enlightened of them—could at least conceive of a vehicle or a ship travelling at a very high rate of speed; or of bridges and buildings of gigantic proportions; but they could not have even *imagined* the practicability of such discoveries and inventions as the Röntgen rays, the girdling of the earth with submarine cables and telegraph wires, the telephone, the phonograph, the

sewing machine, the typewriter, the Linotype composing machine—not to mention the development of photography into the vitascope and the biograph.

Though we are so accustomed to it, perhaps the most marvellous of all these wonders is the universality of submarine cables, when one considers the great difficulties that at one time attended the laying and maintenance of them. What would our forefathers have thought of receiving in thirty-one minutes a reply to a message sent to Australia? Yet this was easily accomplished at the magnificent *fête* given at the Imperial Institute the year before last by Sir John Pender and his co-directors of the Eastern and Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies. It was attended by five thousand people, and was to celebrate the establishment of submarine telegraphy with the far East. The Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were present; and telegrams were despatched by his Royal Highness to the Tsar of Russia, the King of Greece, the King of Denmark, the Governor-General of Canada, the Governors of Cape Colony, Hong-Kong, Natal, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, Singapore, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia. Messages were also sent to the British ministers at Santiago, Chili, Lima, and Peru—the reply from Chili being received in $2\frac{3}{4}$ minutes!

To-day there are between Europe and North America twelve cables, nine of which have their shore-ends in the British Isles, three others spanning the Atlantic by way of the islands lying off the north-west coast of Africa. Other lines lie in the bed of the Mediterranean; the Red Sea is full of them; their ramifications extend all round Africa to India, and

thence to the Chinese and Japanese stations on the north, and on the south as far as the uttermost boundaries of Australasia.

One of the most homely and perhaps most important outcomes of science is the production of the lucifer match. Invented by John Walker, a Stockton chemist, in 1827, and two years later in remote parts of Scotland costing as much as twopence apiece, this instantly available source of light and heat has been the most priceless boon to humanity all over the world.

I think no one will dispute the fact that political principles—at any rate in Great Britain—are almost entirely ruled by commercial and financial interests. As a leading daily paper recently said: “There is a strong connecting link between politics and prices, and the course taken by the one, acts in an unmistakable manner upon the other.”

Therefore Commerce and its progenitor, Shipping, are in effect the two most important factors in the nation’s life, and have been for generations our national watchwords, but at no period have they come to the front so much as during Queen Victoria’s reign.

How do we stand at present? The nation trades on an enormous scale. Imagine a “turnover”—to use a trade expression—of something like £60,000,000 per month! Imagine gold in bullion and coin to the value of £49,000,000—wealth “beyond the dreams of avarice”—being held by the Bank of England in June last! Picture our Royal Mint turning out last year different coins to the value of six millions sterling; and—pondering over the increase in values—realise that the sum of £1,280, or £102,400 per entire share, was recently obtained at public auction for one-

eighteenth part of a King's share in the New River Company—an undertaking that went a-begging in the days of “the most high and mighty Prince James,” but is now well described as “the choicest home investment of this or any other age!”

The Limited Liability Companies Act has revolutionised commerce in one direction; the Co-operative Society movement has been equally effective in another; whilst the alteration in the law relating to patents and trade marks has vastly stimulated the business connected with them. England's imports and exports are enormous. Coal is annually produced in Great Britain to the extent of nearly 195,000,000 tons—more than double that of Germany, its closest competitor. In wood, the quantities dealt with are most remarkable, indicating the solid expansion of the consuming power of our woodless nation, a total of nearly 9,000,000 loads being imported from every timber-producing country on earth. In the item of furs the business done in London is immense. Ivory totals up to about 660 tons per annum—an ample supply for billiard-tables and ivory-backed hairbrushes; and, according to one of the largest brokers in the trade, there is no likelihood of any immediate diminution in the supply, as there are yet enormous stores of tusks existing in the interior of Africa. Then as to feathers, plumes, &c.—so dear to womankind, and so dear, alas! to the man who finds the money to pay for them—the modern development of this business is incredible. Last December nearly 58,000 pounds weight of ostrich were sold in Mincing Lane; and as there are from about 150 to 200 feathers to a pound avoirdupois, the number of plumes that annually pass through London is about 60,000,000. Most precious of all the different kinds

sold in the metropolis are the osprey, the heron, and, *par excellence*, the egret; all of which are disposed by the ounce weight—the present quotation for the egret being at the rate of £4 10s.

Those who have no liking for facts and figures will, I fear, be compelled to skip this and the following chapters, as it is impossible to avoid quoting them, especially in a comparison of the naval and mercantile marine of to-day with that of the opening years of the century.

Steam has completely altered the conditions under which our merchant princes conduct their vast business. The total of British tonnage is prodigious; and the size and carrying capacity of the ships and steamers that make up that total have proportionately increased. Lloyd's Register of shipping in 1834 was comprised in one small octavo volume, representing a tonnage of about two and one-third millions. Now it is contained in two portly quartos, giving full particulars (which the old one did not) of the 11,000 and odd steamers and sailing vessels, representing over thirteen and one-third million tons, which form the business fleet of Great Britain and her colonies!

In point of size the development is most remarkable, particularly during the last few years, when the tendency has been towards immense cargo-carrying steamers. In 1834 a ship of 1,000 tons was considered quite a big craft; the largest on the register not exceeding 1,500 tons. The famous *Royal George* that sunk off Spithead, was only about 2,000 tons; the still more famous *Victory*, a little larger; while as to steamers in the "twenties," "thirties," "forties," and "fifties" of this century, we have the *William Fawcett*,

200 tons; the *Royal William*, 817; the *Sirius*, 703 tons; the *Great Western*, 1,340 tons; and the *Great Britain* (an immense advance in point of size), 3,270 tons. All these, except the *William Fawcett*, had been built for the Transatlantic trade, and had made very fair voyages.

It was high time that the service between England and America should be accelerated, for the journey was sometimes fearfully protracted, entailing at times much suffering from want of food. In the year of the Queen's accession, the British ship *Diamond* arrived at New York from Plymouth after having been a hundred days out. Seventeen of the hundred and eighty passengers had died from starvation; and so reduced had become the stock of provisions, that before the poor things sighted land, a sovereign had been offered and refused for a potato roasting before the fire. Even in the regular steamers like the Cunarder *Britannia*, a paddle-boat of 1,154 tons, in which Charles Dickens voyaged to Boston in 1842, the physical discomforts in bad weather were intense. This is his own description of it: "To say that she was flung down on her sides in the waves with her masts dipping in them, and that springing up again, she rolls over on the other side until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of an hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then with a violent throbbing at her heart darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail and rain, and wind are all in fierce contention for the mastery, that every plank has its groan, and every

nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice, is nothing."

Now, the comforts and luxuries on board ship between Great Britain and the States are so great, that a lady who had spent nearly all the latter half of her life travelling between England and New York, chiefly on board the Cunard boat, *Lucania*, was so pleased with her experience that before she died the other day, she bequeathed most of her fortune to the lucky captain and officers of the noble vessel, the former's share being no less than £10,000.

Dimensions nowadays increase so rapidly, that no sooner is one steamer announced as the biggest in the world, than another is reported still larger. Where will it all end?

We hear of the North German Lloyd steamer, *Frederick the Great*, 10,500 tons gross register, starting on her maiden voyage to the antipodes, hitherto the largest vessel to pass through the Suez Canal or to cross the line. Simultaneously with this piece of intelligence, comes the news that Harland and Wolff are completing a monster vessel, the *Pennsylvania*, for the White Star Line that will quite eclipse the *Frederick the Great*, and even the Cunard Company's big twins. Its dimensions are almost as great as those of the poor old *Great Eastern*, that after all was merely some years before her time.

But the *Pennsylvania* herself is presently to be placed in the shade by the new *Oceanic* (for the same line and by the same builders), and in her we *think* we have reached finality. She is 704 feet long—the *Great Eastern* was 680—will maintain a sea speed of twenty knots per hour, and will, in case of need, be able to

sail round the world at twelve knots hourly, without coaling.

But what are mere figures? They egregiously fail to convey any definite idea of a ship's size. If the new *Oceanic* were rolled into St. Paul's Cathedral through the great west door she would fill nave and choir, and project some fifty yards beyond. Or, as a better comparison, if a foot or two were cut off her, she would exactly fit into the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, with half of her width projecting over the river.

Sailing ships, too, have shared in the general preference for size, and large cargo-carrying capacity. The Germans recently built a gigantic clipper, the *Potosi*; and the French the splendid *La France*, of 3,784 tons. Great Britain, a few years ago, possessed the *Royal Forth*, 3,150 tons; and this year she has one of 3,537 tonnage.

In the matter of speed, these mammoth "sailers" are not to be despised, but are hardly up to the mark of the old China tea-ships, or Australian clippers, which reeled off their thirteen knots an hour easily when the wind was "on the quarter," and every inch of canvas set, and drawing well.

But there is no such thing as finality, and evidently the great ship-building firms are of this belief; for when Li Hung Chang inspected Sir William Armstrong's famous Elswick works, Sir A. Noble told the inquisitive Viceroy that his firm was prepared to make ships of any size from 10,000 to 50,000 tons, and of any draught.

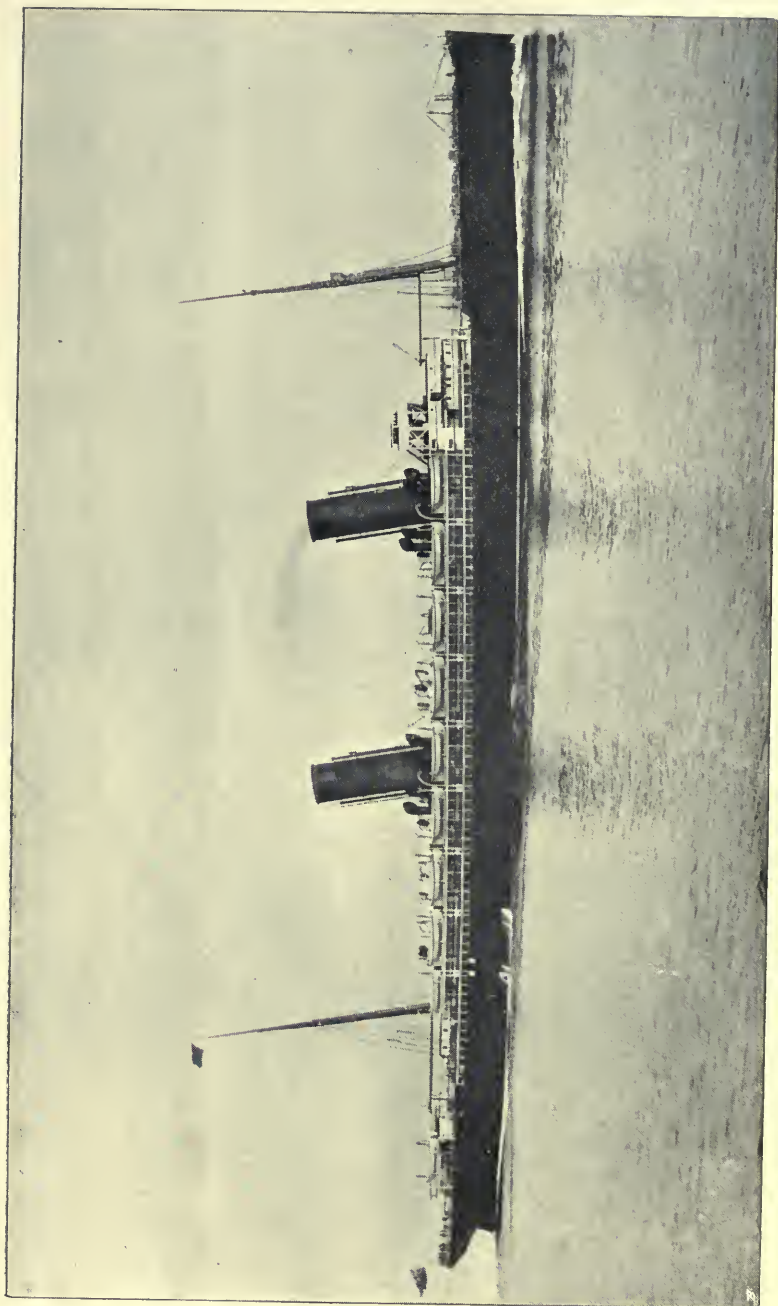
As steamers have so greatly increased in dimensions since their inception, so they may continue to develop in

the future, and the next sixty years may produce huge leviathans of 50,000 tons driven by electricity, mastless—save for some slender poles doing duty for signalling—and fitted up with billiard-rooms, concert-rooms, theatres, cycle tracks and swimming-baths, and everything conducive to comfort and recreation. Sea-sickness will then be banished, and those who “go down to the sea in ships” and do business in great waters will see these gigantic steamers riding in resistless majesty over the conquered waves of the once intractable ocean.

Speed has, of course, increased proportionately with size, the fastest runs on record being those of the magnificent 13,000 tonners, *Lucania* and *Campania*, across the Atlantic, done in about five days and a third each way.

The Royal Navy has not lagged behind in the race for improvement since the Queen began to reign. From the date of the reconstruction of the British fleet, when the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*—the first war-vessels built entirely of iron—were launched from the Thames Iron Company’s building yards at Blackwall, and considered at the time to be the largest and most powerful men-of-war in the world—the size, armament, and speed of our line-of-battle ships has gone on steadily increasing.

Only the other day Sir William Henry White, K.C.B., Director of the Naval Construction, stated, after the launch of the *Niobe*, 11,000 tons displacement, that “though there had been a good deal of criticism and a good many hard words used about monster cruisers, it happened that our vessels had always been imitated in size, and we always took the lead in building large vessels of this type. He remembered when he proposed to build vessels of the *Blenheim* type, 9,000



F. Adamson & Son, Photo.]

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.
The R.M.S. *Campania*, 13,000 tons.

[Rothsay, N.B.
[To face page 202

tons, some years ago, that a great outcry was raised in some quarters about the construction of vessels of such large dimensions for cruisers, but now there were vessels building for the French and German navies as great as the *Niobe*. The Russians had cruisers of 12,000 tons, and were proposing to build vessels of 14,000 tons. General experience showed that if they wanted vessels capable of steaming at high speed, and maintaining that speed at sea for any long period, they must be of large dimensions."

The *Terrible*, and her sister the *Powerful*, are the results of this idea, each 14,200 tons; also the *Illustrious*, 15,000 tons, length, 420 feet—breadth, 75 feet. The most vital parts of this majestic warship, the *Illustrious*, are protected by 14 inches of "Harveyed" steel armour, and the rest of the ship by steel plates of varying thickness. For attack and defence, she carries four 12-inch wire guns, mounted in pairs in the redoubt, weighing 46 tons each; a great reduction in weight from the unwieldy 110-ton guns, with their 1800-lb. projectiles, and almost, if not quite, as serviceable in their destructive powers.

In addition, the *Illustrious* has twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns capable of discharging six well-aimed shots per minute, and piercing 18-inch armour plating with their hail of shell. Also she has sixteen 12-pounder quick-firers; and upon the four "fighting-tops," the boat deck and bridges, are placed Hotchkiss and Maxim guns that can fire 600 rounds per minute from one rifle barrel; and besides all these awful weapons of destruction, seventeen torpedoes are carried. With which compare the *Warrior*, launched December 30, 1860, her length over all being 450 feet; width, 58 feet; depth, 41·6 feet;

tonnage, 6,177 ; plating, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick ; largest gun, 100 lb. pivot Armstrong's ; speed, about 14 knots.

The month that sees the Queen a Ruler of sixty years, will witness the completion of the *Illustrious*, this quite "up-to-date" ship—in the matter of cost up-to-date also ; for nearly £1,000,000 will by that time have been expended upon her.

In speed, the change in the Royal Navy is immense. The monster ironclad *Terrible* has beaten the record of any war-vessel afloat, having achieved $22\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour off the Cornish coast ; a rate at one time thought prodigious even for a torpedo-boat. Yet these, or rather their "destroyers," are now designed to achieve 33 knots, or 38 land miles an hour—a speed many a traveller by rail on certain of our branch lines might envy. As a matter of fact, even this has been surpassed by the American torpedo-boat *Farragut*, which "spurred" two miles on the river Potomac at the terrific rate of 34 knots, or about 40 statute miles an hour.

Her Majesty's new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, to be laid down at Pembroke, will participate in all these improvements. She will probably be quite 400 feet in length, built of steel, with twin screws ; and her speed 20 knots.

One thing remains unchanged since 1837 ; and this is the unconquerable love of the sea and all pertaining to it, that distinguishes our fellow-countrymen from all others ; and the heroism that is constantly being called forth by contact with the treacherous element. What would our national life be in the absence of such men as Jarvis Arnold, the coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat, near Deal, who died last year, and who for twenty years had played an active part in the saving of over one

hundred lives from shipwreck on the Goodwin Sands, and who belonged to a family that for three generations had been prominent in lifeboat work—a right glorious heritage—on that part of the coast? Where, also, would England be if there were not numbers of boys like Charles Brown, a poor shoeblack of Plymouth, who, burning with an ardent wish to join the Queen's navy, accidentally met a youth connected with H.M.S. *Vivid*, who had an equally strong desire to *leave* the Service, with whom he exchanged clothes; and, thus, passing as the youth's second self, got away to sea! Technically, it was an offence under the Naval Discipline Act; but the magistrate before whom the boy had to appear, observed that, "judging by his looks, he would turn out a credit to himself and to the Sovereign he was so anxious to serve."


The new type of old "salt," too, though he wears no pigtail, does not fry gold watches, or make sandwiches of £5 notes, is as brave as of old. Educated he now is; frequently a teetotaler; but enduring, hardy, and kind-hearted as ever, and upholds the best traditions of the service.

Just as closely as the massive laurel wreath entwined the Nelson column in loving embrace last Trafalgar Day, October 21st, so has the memory of Nelson wound itself about the hearts of every subject of the Queen, and crystallised in that memory, the glorious history of the navy for centuries back.

CHAPTER XVII

NATIONAL ADVANCE AND CHANGES (*continued*)

Coach travelling—Railways in 1838—Discomfort of early railway trains—Modern railway carriages—Railway fares—Long-distance railway runs—Growth of railway lines—Booking-clerks' and guards' reminiscences—Modern excursions and holiday trips—Public conveyances—Postal service—Mail-coaches—Post-Office statistics—Agriculture—Pedigree cattle—The dairy—Farmhouse life—Adulteration of food—The nation's food supplies—Refrigerated meat—Eating and drinking—Restaurants—Ordinaries—Turtle—Chinese cuisine—Our national dish—Anecdote.

“ ANY shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.”

If there be one thing more than another that characterises the Victorian era, it is certainly the first of the above predictions. We all travel nowadays—from the millionaire to the crossing-sweeper. It is, therefore, a restless age. No one seems content to live on, as did our grandfathers, year after year in the same spot, without any change of scene, except when on business bent. Then, travelling was a grave undertaking; solemn farewells were said; wills, long postponed, were duly executed. Altogether, an early nineteenth-century coach-journey was an affair to be dreaded; though not

quite so bad as in 1663, when a certain gentleman, named Edward Parker, of Lancashire, complained to his father in a letter—still extant—that he had suffered severe indisposition from having been compelled to travel in the “boot” of the stage-coach. Even Charles Dickens, in his vivid description of Mr. Pickwick’s jolly drive with his friends in the Muggleton coach to the Manor Farm, at Christmas-time, fails to induce the present generation to regret that antiquated method of getting over long distances; while those who recollect the period when coaching flourished, are regarded as old fossils; and, as Thackeray said, “We who lived before railways are antediluvians.”

In those days people did not pay visits except on rare occasions, and then in a very leisurely manner. Throughout Great Britain and Ireland, those who travelled might have been counted by thousands—now they are numbered by millions.

Writing from Richmond, Surrey, in 1833, to an old friend at Wrotham, in Kent, a lady of title, whose intelligent, well-written letters I have before me, says: “As I am not residing in London, I think you cannot excuse yourself from coming to see me. It cannot be a distance of more than forty miles, a drive of four hours for quiet people as we are. When steam carriages, railways, and the locomotive differential pulley are brought to perfection, it will be a little morning call, to eat your luncheon, and then return to dinner.”

Five years later, the same lady, writing from Esher, says: “The ugly railroad progresses, and is to be opened on June 1st. The lawyers and other wise persons say that it will raise the value of property in the country very much by enabling the rich merchant,

banker, statesman—as it may be—to reside fifteen miles from the metropolis, and to go there in three-quarters of an hour, *at a moderate pace.*”

How far the anticipations of the lawyers and other wise persons were to be fulfilled, any traveller can see for himself as he speeds along the South-Western line from Waterloo, and notices the larger London that has spread out to the suburbs and beyond, almost as far as Esher ; and along every line that starts from the metropolis, notably on the Brighton and South-Coast Railway—incorporated half a century ago—which has developed Croydon from a small, sleepy town, into a big London suburb, with a population of 120,000, of whom three-quarters of its business men either possess a season-ticket or daily visit the booking-office ; though, on the suburban lines, in the matter of speed, there is not, according to some grumblers, so very much difference between 1838 and 1897.

In a curious coloured drawing by J. Shaw, of Liverpool, there is depicted a train of the first class, conveying the mail between Manchester and London, drawn by the “Jupiter” engine, the passengers being boxed up in replicas of the old stage-coaches, constructed, according to our notions, in a very rude and heavy fashion. Below it, is another train, of what was called the second class—for outside passengers only—with all the carriages open and exposed to the weather, and in some of which—innocent of seats—the travellers are standing up, huddled together like cattle. It is noticeable that, although the train is quite full, only two men are smoking. The water for the engine is carried in a large wooden butt or barrel. But we do not require to be so very old in order to recollect on the London,

Brighton, and the South-Eastern lines, the dreadful open trucks, with a door at each end, that did duty as third-class carriages, some of which may still be seen in honourable retirement in nurserymen's gardens adjoining the line, or in gentlemen's grounds as a playhouse for children ; for old railway coaches are seldom broken up.

The first and second-class compartments were but little better than the third—at any rate on the South-Eastern line—the best being fearfully cramped, without “elbows,” hardly large enough to hold six people, and lighted with a six-inch oil lamp ; while the second class were without either cushions or windows, a wooden shelter being inserted into the aperture in the door. What a change from the present day, when the third class on most lines are infinitely superior to the first that were running upon them even ten years ago ! Now we have luxurious corridor or vestibule trains for all classes ; warmed throughout with hot-water pipes ; lighted with electricity ; and containing lavatories, and dining saloons, or buffets, where light refreshments can be obtained ; and, on very long journeys, sleeping-cars. Even for short journeys in ordinary trains, the Midland Railway, for instance, during the cold months warm their carriages by means of hot-water pipes, and supply rugs of woven lambs'-wool for the comfort of the passengers on payment of the modest fee of sixpence.

In the matter of fares, at the outset of the railway era, the one idea of directors and managers seems to have been to discourage with the utmost ingenuity the third-class passenger traffic, even then considerable (about 28 per cent. of the whole), but now its very backbone (90 per cent.). It was not taken into account

that the poor man's time is generally of more consequence than that of the wealthier classes, and that cheap fares would be an attraction to some 30,000,000 of customers as compared to about 1,000,000 who could afford the luxury of better accommodation. Enlightenment on this point has been slow in coming; it is only now beginning to be recognised as a vital principle, the ultimate development of which we have yet to see. The late Sir James Allport considered that the utmost capabilities of railway income derivable from the masses had not yet been reached, and he looked forward to the establishment of a tariff of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile for third-class and 1d. for first-class passengers.

Long-distance runs and a high rate of speed are the features of modern trains; and the Great Western Railway Company may claim to be unsurpassed in this respect, as it *daily* makes the journey from Paddington to Exeter of 194 miles without a stop, representing an average speed from start to finish of 51.7 miles an hour; not so tremendous as that obtained on some of the northern lines during the historic races of 1888 and 1895, but as a day by day performance the longest run yet accomplished, the nearest approach to it being that of the London and North-Western Railway Company from Euston to Crewe, 158 miles.

The growth of our various railway companies and their combined annual traffic is marvellous. In the first particular, none have shown such remarkable progress as the Great Eastern; and this in spite of many obstacles, not the least of them being the great agricultural depression that has thrown thousands of acres of land in Essex out of cultivation.

In our earlier days when any of us went down to

Newmarket or into Norfolk or Suffolk, we had to traverse all London (or so it seemed to us) and start from Shoreditch, the most miserable apology for a railway terminus that ever existed, barring the old Fenchurch Street Station. But now we can join the outgoing P. & O. or Orient boats down the river, or the Continental boats at Harwich, or journey pleasantly to Cambridge, Cromer, Yarmouth, "Poppy Land," or Doncaster, by trains departing from under the roof of one of the finest terminal stations in the kingdom. This palatial terminus at Bishopsgate, covering sixteen acres of ground, is the starting and arrival point for trains running during last year 20,000,000 miles, as compared with 11½ millions credited to the Great Eastern seventeen years ago. The latest idea of this enterprising line, is to run a half-hour service throughout the night between London and Walthamstow.

Vast beyond comprehension are the figures connected with the railway system of the United Kingdom. Last year 930,000,000 passengers—not including season-ticket holders—were conveyed by train; the revenue from both combined being nearly £38,000,000. But the goods traffic was equally wonderful, bringing in a revenue of £44,000,000; the total receipts in 1843 being a little less than 1½ millions sterling.

Prosaic as a railway terminus seems to be, a most interesting volume might be written thereon, particularly by the officials who see behind the scenes. For instance, a well-known clerk in a certain first-class booking-office in London recollects issuing the first ticket from his office in 1853. "Since then," he says, "I have supplied thousands upon thousands, and have been responsible for millions of money. Tickets are still of the same

shape, in pasteboard, and are numbered as I first knew them; but they now bear the price upon them, which is not, I may say, of any assistance to the clerk. They are stored in boxes, which are now arranged alphabetically; but otherwise the method of handling them is the same as it was forty years ago. It must have been in '53 that the Prince Consort came to Paddington. I well remember the incident. Prince Albert walked up and down the platform, minutely examining the coaches, and paying especial attention to the engine. He must have delayed the train, and he apologised to the then secretary and general manager, Mr. Saunders. After that I saw him constantly. In the following year the Queen paid *her first visit* after this office had been opened. Her Majesty alighted on the 'down' side, because the arrival platform was not then completed, and as she passed across she looked up at the transept—which is a feature of our roof—hesitated for a few moments, and then came through this booking-office to her carriage. Ah! how many times has the Queen used this station since!

“At Paddington, I believe, I have seen every crowned head and potentate who has visited Windsor during the last forty years, including the late Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, and the Tsar of Russia. And with every change of Government I have heard the outgoing and incoming ministers cheered by one and the same crowd with perfect impartiality.

“I once issued a ticket to the ill-fated Prince Imperial, and had then two or three minutes' conversation with him. I recollect, too, I once supplied the late Duke of Clarence and his brother, the Duke of



OUR RAILWAYS.

(The Royal Train in which the Queen travels between Paddington and Windsor.)

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York, with tickets when they were stationed at Dartmouth. I remember a long and pleasant conversation I was privileged to have with the Empress Frederick and her husband, the German Emperor, when, one Sunday—a cold, bleak, wintry day—they arrived unexpectedly. They were both very gracious in their manner, and solicitous that I should put on my hat, lest I should take cold.”

Railway guards especially could recall many curious incidents. Only the other day there died Mr. W. Craig, who entered the service of the Great Western Railway in 1842, and in 1850 became chief passenger superintendent, a post which he occupied until his retirement three or four years ago. Mr. Craig had a considerable share in all the railway arrangements connected with the Court ceremonials at Windsor during nearly half a century, and his portrait appears in the picture of “The Railway Station” by Frith.

In the same month, at Cleckheaton in Yorkshire, expired Richard Allison, who had been in the service of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company as guard ever since its incorporation. If only these veterans could have committed their daily experiences to writing, what an interesting book they could have given us!

Mr. Benjamin Jeans—who had acted as guard for fifty-four years on the London and Birkenhead express—stated at a meeting held to present him with an address and cheque for a hundred guineas, that, as guard, he had travelled on the railway over 4,000,000 miles, and that during all that time nothing had gone wrong with his train, no luggage had been lost, and no children had gone astray!

Her Majesty is always interested in these valuable railway servants. When Mr. George Lasham—who had been in the service of the London and South-Western Company as engine driver for fifty years, and had often driven the Royal train during Her Majesty's journeys to and from Osborne—retired from his position, Her Majesty presented him with a beautiful silver salver bearing the inscription, "From Victoria, Queen and Empress, in recognition of his faithful duty for so long a period."

The subject of railways suggests the facilities for travelling now offered to every class of person. In the year 1837, to have been on the Continent, and to have seen Paris—to say nothing of other Continental centres—was a great distinction; and to have sailed round the world, a marvel. But in 1897 the globe-trotter is ubiquitous, and, thanks to Cook and Son, the modern excursionist thinks nothing of going to every part of Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. No place is safe from the incursions of this large army of travellers in search of recreation and novelty. Even Spitzbergen has been suggested as a holiday resort, and one day—who knows!—trips may be arranged to the North Pole and back. Day-trippers are amply catered for, a Bank Holiday bringing them out in enormous numbers. To such seaside places as Clacton-on-Sea, on one of St. Lubbock's festivals last year, no fewer than 100,000 excursionists were conveyed by the Great Eastern line; another company on a similar occasion breaking the record, with "takings" amounting to no less than £312,000. Finally, there are the wealthy classes, who voyage to the States, the Cape, Australia, and India, and think as little of it as

their ancestors thought of going a-hunting. *Trains de luxe* carry them to Waterloo, Euston, or Liverpool Street, setting them down without the least trouble as to baggage, &c., almost alongside the mighty floating hotels waiting to take them to their destination.

Have our public conveyances improved? The general verdict seems to be in the affirmative, with one exception in respect of the metropolis, where one would expect to find that something like perfection had been attained. We have no longer with us the old hackney-coach—generally the cast-off carriage of some gentleman, whose arms were allowed to remain on the panels—nor the stuffy, incommodious omnibus, reeking of wet straw in rainy weather, and “conducted” by a veritable “cad,” as he was, in fact, called. Our hansom certainly is a thing to be proud of—a true London production—than which vehicle, when well appointed and with rubber tyres, nothing can be more luxurious to drive in. Then we have excellent omnibuses, running at extraordinary cheap fares, and with popular garden-seats outside. But there is not much to be said in praise of the four-wheeled cab, though even *it* is improving, and may yet develop into a comfortable conveyance such as one meets with in provincial towns and abroad. In the immediate future, perhaps, serviceable motor-cars, vans, and carriages will transform the streets of our metropolis, rendering them much cleaner, and reducing the overcrowding of our thoroughfares.

One of the most striking results of the opening of railways throughout the country was, naturally, the rapid development of the postal service, for which the introduction of the penny postage in 1840 had paved the way. Not that the penny post was in itself an absolute novelty,

because as far back as 1683 it had been established in London and the district within the "bills of mortality"; but it never extended to the provinces, was but short-lived, and was quickly replaced by a twopenny rate. The germ of Sir Rowland Hill's great idea was possibly contained in an anonymous folio sheet published in London, 1680, and entitled "A penny well bestowed."

When Mr. John Palmer inaugurated and organised the system of mail-coaches for the conveyance of passengers and letters, the experiment—for such it was considered by the Post-Office officials—was first made on the Bristol road. Success was assured from the outset; the contract speed of six miles an hour being subsequently increased to a little over ten and a half miles.

At the opening of the year 1836, there were in all England fifty four-horse mail-coaches, which gives a good idea of the limited amount of correspondence that went on in those days; yet by 1844, so great had been the opposition of the "iron horse," that there was not one mail-coach leaving the General Post Office.

Mr. Palmer's scheme brought a fine revenue to the Post Office, and was a splendid success. But what would that enterprising individual think of the present department, with a profit revenue of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling per annum, and a grand total of "mail matter" of over three thousand millions!

Although a great deal has of late years been said respecting the depression in agriculture, there is much for the nation to congratulate itself upon, especially in the improved condition of the agricultural labourer; and the industry itself cannot be so very bad in every one of its departments. An eminent preacher recently remarked

that "The older ones among us must be glad to know how in the past fifty years the peasants in our country villages have advanced to higher and juster wages, healthier clothing, better houses, and, alongside of these reforms, good education." To which he might have added *temperance*; for it was quite a notable feature of last year's harvest that on many of the farms, more than half the men employed drank nothing of an intoxicating character, attributable probably to the practice which has arisen in recent years of providing them with a bountiful supply of tea and coffee. Water was almost unanimously eschewed, even when strengthened with oatmeal, and tea was the prime favourite.

Wages, that at the commencement of the Queen's reign were ridiculously inadequate for the support of a man and his family, are now everywhere much higher. Indeed, not long ago, there was quite a scarcity of agricultural labourers in the Spalding district, and it was said that children twelve years of age were being paid two shillings per day for potato-picking, and that some labourers' families were earning as much as £3 per week.

No stranger visiting the Cattle Show at Islington at Christmas-time would imagine that the farming industry was a subject for depressing thought, although the weather at the time might be so. What could be finer than the splendid Sussex and Scottish classes, the superb sheep and pigs, and the poultry at last year's show, to say nothing of the roots, the implements, and the endless contrivances for making farming an easy occupation.

In the Shorthorn department, what country in the world could show such a collection of pedigree cattle as that disposed of by Mr. Thornton last autumn, when the late Lord Fitzhardinge's fine herd came to the hammer?

A more magnificent lot of cattle than that which the experienced auctioneer sold at Berkeley Castle was never seen in any sale ring ; nor has the price—4,500 guineas—originally given for that mighty bull, “The Duke of Connaught,” the progenitor of those noble beasts, ever been equalled in this or any other country in the world.

The dairy department of farming is now quite a scientific affair ; the modern dairymaid being a trained and highly intelligent young person, probably certificated by the British Dairy Institute, or the County Council Technical Schools, and with a profession before her ; for if qualified, she may obtain a post as lecturer and give a course of instruction in village rooms and parish halls, and become altogether an interesting exponent of the manner in which modern farming has developed itself on the *feminine* side—one of the utmost importance to farms generally, as without the practical assistance of women, where would they be?

In many a farmhouse—in spite of what has been said to the contrary—there are to be found industrious families where every member cheerfully takes his or her part in the day’s work. As Sir Walter Besant found in Cleveland—and in many other places—every member of the family with whom he stayed worked hard. They had cows to milk and butter to make, and these things the wife and daughters did, and did well ; for no better butter could be wished for than that which they sent to market. They had poultry to feed, and eggs and chickens to sell. They reared and fattened pigs, and killed and cured their own bacon ; and although it meant much work for the women, they were not strangers to the refinements and elegances of social life.

By a natural gradation we come to the important subject of food. To begin with, food—according to the latest Blue Book on the question—is no longer adulterated as it used to be with deleterious substances. To quote the words of a witness before the Select Committee, “people were poisoned constantly, whereas now if they are cheated, they are not poisoned.” In milk, for instance, says the Blue Book, “the abstraction of cream or addition of water” are the forms which adulteration takes; while it is quite cheering to learn that tea is “practically free,” and that for the last twenty years no noxious substance has been found in beer; and that the admixture of alum with flour “appears to have been almost discontinued.”

The supply of food to all the great centres throughout the kingdom, especially to London, seems well-nigh inexhaustible; and the prices, compared with what they formerly were, are marvellously low, thanks to the facilities for quick transport by rail from the remotest part of Great Britain and from almost every country on the face of the globe, also to the great improvements in the manner of conveying perishable substances by sea and land.

Corn is now literally poured into this country from the ends of the earth, and, so long as England is Mistress of the Seas, the price of the loaf will be kept low. This applies to all kinds of food stuffs—meat, bacon, cheese, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, and vegetables.

The reign of Queen Victoria has witnessed an immense development of the tinned provision trade, but this does not suffice to meet the ever-growing demand for fresh meat. Some other method of importing produce from far distant lands where cattle and sheep,

for instance, are superabundant, had to be invented; otherwise butcher's meat, and many other things now accounted necessities, might still be as unattainable to the masses as they were in 1837 and for a long time afterwards.

What is the magician's wand that has achieved this? *The dry-air refrigerator*—the practical development of a thing talked about for the last 150 years, and only brought to perfection—after many difficulties and numerous experiments—by Sir A. Seale Haslam, with whose name it will always be connected.

The natural law upon which he based his experiments, was, that air which has been compressed, dried, and cooled, will, if suddenly allowed to expand, fall in temperature to a degree below freezing-point, corresponding to the density of the compression.

It is the application of this scientific fact, in the shape of suitable machinery, to ships and steam-ships, and to vast store-rooms and depôts, that enables every kind of perishable food to be preserved indefinitely until required for use, thus revolutionising the provision trade to an incredible extent, and often staving off, if not actual famine, at least great scarcity in many articles of daily use.

This is a feat that the unscientific farmers in 1837, and the consumers of their produce, would have laughed at as the dream of a madman, their successors, until recently, being but little better enlightened.

Sir A. Haslam tells me that in 1880, when he proposed to fit up ships with his refrigerators, he was supposed to be attempting an impossibility. In 1881 the first cargo—about 150 tons of meat—was landed from the antipodes. Now quite a number of steamers

carry 2,000 tons, and one even 3,000 tons. Many thousands of tons of butter, cheese, and fruit, he says, are brought from all parts of the world, and to receive this prodigious quantity of eatables, stores of proportionate size are provided, one alone holding 4,000 tons of meat, or the carcasses of about 160,000 sheep.

Truly, the nation's, or rather London's, larders afloat and ashore are on a gigantic scale, as becomes its Gargantuan capacity; and those afloat are rapidly becoming as vital to the well-being of our nation as were to ancient Rome the galleys from Alexandria, whose arrival was awaited with the utmost anxiety by a deputation of senators at Puteoli in Campania. Can we conceive such a thing being done by a Select Committee of our Houses of Parliament, A.D. 1897? Yet it may come to pass if once we lose what Captain Mahan calls, our "sea power."

Modern eating and drinking belongs more properly to that part of my review which deals with the manners and customs of the present day; but here I propose to give one view of the subject.

In the city, a great feature of the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign is the enormous extension of the institution of lunching and dining, and also of partaking of five-o'clock tea. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the eating that goes on there by the fact that within its comparatively limited boundaries, no fewer than 614 establishments exist for the purpose of cooking chops, steaks, luncheons and dinners, for those employed in the famous "square mile." Out of the city, instead of the one or two places where a decent dinner could be obtained when Queen Victoria was a girl, restaurants—from the humble establishment of some enterprising

Italian, to such gorgeous temples of luxury as the Cecil or the Trocadero—swarm on every side.

Another feature of the change brought about by facilities for travelling and the establishment of large and luxuriously appointed hotels at seaside places and elsewhere, is the growing tendency to spend the joyous season of Christmas-time away from home. In Dickens' day the unfortunate people who were "stranded" at hostleries at Christmas-time were the subject of pity. Nowadays it is quite different, and last year every popular caravansary within one hundred miles of London was crowded with guests who had deliberately chosen to spend their holiday in what used to go by the good old-fashioned name of *Inns*.

Ordinaries have passed away in the City, with the exception of one or two. Gone is the famous Billingsgate fish dinner, served at the "Three Tuns," which any Londoner with a quarter of a century's experience remembers well. At a set dinner, held twice in the day, all the fish in season, followed by the best joints, were provided at a moderate inclusive price, with an accompaniment (for those who paid extra) of mighty jorums of the potent Billingsgate rum punch. In the matter of beverages, the national taste has certainly changed; whisky seems to be almost universally substituted for brandy. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer has recently told us, that rum more than holds its own in the revenue returns. Tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa, are now consumed in enormous quantities, and it is particularly satisfactory to note, that in the case of the two latter articles—both as drinks and in the form of confectionery—British enterprise and British skill have completely succeeded in beating even the French in a

field which one time was pre-eminently their own. As a notable instance of this, there is the good old Bristol firm of Fry and Sons, a household word throughout the British empire, in connection with the product of the graceful *Theobroma cacao* tree.

Turtle, of course, still remains, and in strict accordance with the fitness of things and the tradition of centuries, has its *fête-day* on the ninth of each returning November.

Within the boundary of the City of London, as a symbol of dining, turtle stands pre-eminent. It is supremely English, and amongst the multitude of French dishes its nationality is unchallenged. But like most other really good things, it is an expensive luxury. "Who is this Birch's?" asks Mrs. Kensington Midas, "that you City men are always making appointments at? Is it a club or some kind of subscription-room?" She was taken there the next day by her husband, who "stood" her a turtle-lunch. She returned home an enlightened woman, thenceforth an authority on soups in general, and turtle in particular. But Mr. Midas never revealed the total of the "little bill" he had to pay ere he descended from the ladies' dining-room on the third floor.

In the year A.D. 2000, when hordes of industrious Chinese may rule the labour market of Great Britain, and Chinese customs may be the fashion, we may follow the example set us last year by Li Hung Chang, who disappointed all the great *chefs* in Berlin and Paris by eating nothing at the grand feasts given to him, but invariably falling back upon his own cuisine (wherein birds'-nest soup did *not* seem to be an actual necessity!). His bill of fare consisted principally of pork, which in

one form or another appeared in ten out of the sixteen courses which he allowed himself. Roast duck was almost always the *pièce de résistance*; shrimps done in leeks, gherkins and mushrooms—a tasty dish—provided consolation for any little culinary error in the pork; tender chickens, aspic of pigeons, jam and cucumber, were also delicacies much affected by the Viceroy.

Everything in this rather circumscribed menu was well cooked and tender. But our national dish is still an unreliable and varying element—it may be possible to masticate it, or it may not. Too often does it confirm the young Frenchman's experience related in a daily paper last season. In company with an English cyclist he was making a tour throughout the southern counties, and at the close of a day's run found himself at dinner at one of the small rural hotels which enjoy the patronage of the Touring Club. That he might thoroughly recuperate his exhausted energies after traversing an unusually trying bit of country, he ordered a large steak and a pint of stout. In the course of the meal, his friend, noticing that he was not making much progress, inquired how he was getting on. "Vell," replied the Frenchman, still struggling with a piece of meat that possessed phenomenal resiliency, "I like ze English bifteak varyy mooch, but I like not ze bifteak pneumatique!"

CHAPTER XVIII

NATIONAL ADVANCE AND CHANGES (*continued*)

Ladies' and gentlemen's dress—Weather in the British Isles—Bird-life in London—The medical profession—Sanitation—Ventilation of mines—Nursing—Geography—Painting—Reading and cheap books—Literature—The Press—Education—Religion—Philanthropy—The Bar—Solicitors.



RESS is a perilous subject for a man to write about, but it must be faced, though briefly.

Endless are the changes that have taken place in the fashion of ladies' costume since Queen Victoria's accession to the throne.

The day of crinoline and no crinoline, of the muffin hat, the spoon-shaped bonnet, and the Balmoral boot—all these were eras immortalised by *Punch*, and known to the present generation by hearsay only. No lady in the "sixties," "seventies" or "eighties" was ever represented without a muff. Nowadays, neither out of doors nor in pictures do we often see it. The up-to-date girl likes her hands free, and affects to despise what to her mother was essential to comfort, and considers thick gloves sufficient wherewith to defy the coldest weather.

Ten years ago she had need of many hands in order to manipulate her skirts, her purse, her parcels, and her muff—and a pitiable object was she on a rainy day. But now the skirts are cut short, the purse is kept in a pocket, and all parcels are sent home by the tradesmen. The thick glove has dispossessed the muff, which will soon become as much a relic of the past as are hoops, powder and patches. Earrings, too, once considered indispensable, are seldom, or never, worn. The use of pomade for the hair is also a thing of the past.

In male attire the change is striking. Take the frock-coat for instance. It is an invention of the Victorian era, for although the square-skirted coat of the early eighteenth century had some affinity to it, it lacked the essential characteristic of the modern coat—the duplicity of its breast. The single-breasted surtout was an untrustworthy vestment. Security and stability are writ large across the expansive bosom of the double-breasted frock. Yet what an abomination is this sartorial product on a really hot summer's day! Nothing more torturing can be imagined than the conventional costume of black silk hat, starched shirt collar, black broadcloth coat, and patent leather boots, with the thermometer marking a steady 80° in the shade. No one in London seems to have the courage to adopt a more rational dress for the torrid season (we do have tropical weather sometimes!) Only five white hats were worn at the Queen's garden-party last year; and a man who dares to walk down Piccadilly in a sensible West Indian suit of white, is still a subject of bewonderment, though perspiration be pouring in uncontrollable streams from the brows of the less comfortably clad pedestrians.

In England, dress is so dependent upon weather,

that the two words are almost synonymous. But the former has considerably changed during the last sixty or seventy years, while the climate of Great Britain has not, and *malgré* the assertion of certain amateur meteorologists, can never be accurately foretold much in advance, as the official Meteorological Society admit. "We do not profess," says Lieutenant Baillie, the marine superintendent, "and never have claimed, to make forecasts relating to any period long ahead. Our province does not lie beyond a forecast for the ensuing twenty-four hours, and, even as it is, there are in some conditions of weather such complex distribution of pressure that it is next to impossible to say with any certainty what may happen in the next six hours."

The British Isles have experienced some remarkable winters since the Queen was born. The winter of 1837-38 was one of great severity—at any rate around London—and was stated at the time to have been without parallel since the frost of 1794-95. Bitter was the winter of 1854-55, as the soldiers in the Crimea knew to their cost; and also that of 1880-81. But in neither case was the thermometer so low as during the memorable year 1895, when on two occasions it fell to 10°, and the Thames was blocked by miniature ice-floes. Only twice, in fact, during the last 110 years had the long continuance of frost been exceeded.

During the cold snap of 1895, flocks of frozen-out and destitute seagulls took up their quarters in London, particularly singling out Westminster Bridge, eager to receive the doles willingly bestowed upon them by sympathising Londoners. Last year they again made their appearance upon and about the Metropolitan waters. Unmistakably maritime as London is—a great

seaport as well as the centre of the world's commerce—there is something very appropriate in the white-winged gulls—the bold rovers of the sea—taking up their winter abode in our midst. They returned last year, not so much as harbingers of a coming severe winter, as out of gratitude for the kindly reception they had met with on all sides ; for birds have excellent memories. One most satisfactory evidence of the improved humanity of the masses is the tendency to pet and encourage, rather than to slay, the numberless birds of all kinds that haunt this great city. At such places as the Custom House, Finsbury Circus, St. Paul's, the Guildhall, the Law Courts, the British Museum, the Temple, and Palace Yard, Westminster, large flocks of pigeons, as at St. Mark's, Venice, are to be seen any day, unmolested even by the street urchin. As to sparrows, there must be millions, whose capture, even if it were possible, is seldom attempted—except by the vagrant cat ; while starlings, blackbirds, thrushes, and warblers are amongst us all the year round, in numbers that none but a close observer of nature would credit.

No one ever seriously believes in the continuance of heat in our land. Even the splendid June and July weather of last year failed to eradicate the popular conviction that three hot days followed by a thunderstorm constitute an English summer. Therefore, when it does come to stay, we suffer the more because of our scepticism, and our agriculturists never dream of storing up water against an *unrainy* day.

Going back to the past, the summer of 1846 was one of the hottest ever known, the thermometer frequently exceeding 90° in the shade ; but the last few years have

signalised themselves in almost as remarkable a manner. During June, 1896, bright sunshine lasting nine hours was often reported in London; and a telegram from Eastbourne at 7 p.m. once announced that the sun was "left shining" after a spell of $14\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Deaths from heat were frequent all over the country; but the most trying feature was the absence of rain, whereby the crops suffered almost irreparable damage. The use of garden-hose sprinklers was sternly prohibited by some of the London Water Companies, to the despair of lawn-loving suburban dwellers, while in Paris the laundries had to close, because of the necessary fluid being cut off, and the public fountains ceased to play.

What is the medical retrospect? Change and improvement—as in every other profession. Yet not so much change, perhaps, as development and enlargement of the crude ideas of ages past. The old school, such as Dr. Conan Doyle depicts, the country doctor who pooh-poohed the stethoscope and had lived so long that in the revolution of time he suddenly found that his old-fashioned ideas as to dietetics were up-to-date and fashionable—he and his kind have passed away. So, too, has the easy method by which entry was made into the medical profession. Examinations used to be much less severe, and it was by no means unusual for an industrious man grubbing along as an assistant to a doctor, or even to a chemist, to work his way up at small expense. It was *possible* by industry alone, to find a way into the profession. So great is the competition nowadays, that any new means of making himself known, is eagerly welcomed by the struggling practitioner, provided it be within the bounds of strict professional etiquette. An ingenious Scottish doctor has

recently started a decided novelty by the employment of carrier pigeons. When called upon to visit patients far distant from his home, he takes with him some of these birds. On reaching an urgent case, and having prescribed, he forwards the prescription to his dispenser by means of these little winged messengers, and thus saves much valuable time.

Our Victorian era can show in the medical and surgical department, a long record of victories over disease and death. Every year new discoveries, more or less practical, are announced. The treatment of snake-bites, for instance, which annually kill some 22,000 people in India, has, from being a mere theory, become a practical means of saving human life.

Sanitation, unheard of in 1837, is now a science practically applied in the most enlightened manner to every building, domestic or otherwise.

Ventilation in coal-mines, at one time hardly thought of, has been brought to a high state of efficiency, and the resources of science are being taxed to provide some kind of explosive that can be used in mining without the risk of igniting firedamp.

Nursing has been brought to the point of perfection. What would the Sarah Gamps of Dickens' time think of a club for nurses!—for such the year 1897 will see in full working order—a central, well-appointed establishment off the Strand, with a valuable medical library, and everything conducive to comfort and to study.

Large blank spaces conspicuous in the world's atlas in 1837, have now been filled up; and there are few regions left for our active travellers to explore. Only the Poles still defy us to unravel their mysteries—if mysteries there be. Yet Dr. Nansen has all but accom-

plished in the North, the task which the gallant Franklin and a long list of heroic men of many nations failed to achieve; and there now alone remain to be searched out, the frozen oceans and continents of the antipodes.

As regards the art of painting, there must always be much difference of opinion. But I venture to suggest that, ranging over the period since our Sovereign first saw the light, down to the present day, the late Sir John Millais, and Mr. Holman Hunt—whom we still have with us—are, with the exception of Constable and Turner, the greatest British artists of the century. On the other hand, it has produced a multitude of eccentric exponents of painting—would-be founders of schools of their own. It has produced a Whistler and an Aubrey Beardsley! Now, as ever, good pictures seldom fail to find purchasers, except in time of financial depression, although an artist may be more in fashion one year than another; and when some good collection is dispersed at Christie's it is generally found that better prices are given than formerly.

In the sister art of poetry, it is sufficient for the fame of the Victorian era that in it there have lived and sung such poets as Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson.

In literature, the present reign can scarcely compare with that of Elizabeth, our other great Queen. We have no Shakespeares, no Bacons, neither have we any Miltons, save those who remain "mute and inglorious." But we have an army of makers of books, good, bad, and indifferent, unparalleled in history. Fiction forms the bulk of the reading matter of the British public. Half the books taken out of our large libraries are under

this heading, and—provided the fiction be pure—it is hardly to be regretted.

The reign has been signalised by the works of such literary giants as Macaulay, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens, the tendency of whose writing has always been in the right direction ; and to these may be added a multitude of books by other writers, quite consistent with true faith and morality. But there is a reverse side of the picture. In order to satisfy the increasing morbid desire for sensation, books that our forefathers would probably have caused to be burnt by the common hangman, have been lavishly produced. Our age has witnessed the phenomenal success of a work by the well-known illustrator of a popular comic paper, whose merits in the eyes of its admirers seem to consist in the fact that it outrages many of the conventionalities of life.

Our age has also been treated to a style of literature that may be termed the “shrieking” ; which deals with certain social topics upon which St. Paul, with a wise appreciation of the fitness of things—though he preached to some of the most vicious people that the world has ever seen—deemed it best to maintain a discreet silence.

Ours is an age of *cheap* books, witness the unabridged edition of some of Dickens' novels, published at the astounding price of one penny ; and, as Mr. W. E. Gladstone has ably said on this subject, “The enormous development of the secondhand book trade, and the public spirit of many publishers, have also been greatly in favour of book-buyers. In one respect only they have lost ground, and that is in regard to book-binding. It is, as a general rule (I am not complaining in my own case), much dearer than it was seventy and

eighty years back, and, notwithstanding abolitions of duty and enlarged use of machinery, it is generally worse in that vitally important particular, the easy opening of a book."

As of old, authors as a body are prone to be at loggerheads with their publishers, and apt to consider themselves an aggrieved race, which has brought about in recent times the formation of societies for their special protection. As to the *littérateur's* remuneration, what with the excessive competition and the incursion of women into this domain who are willing to accept a "return" out of all proportion to the time expended in the production of their work, many writers must exist upon air, or oatmeal and water. It is said that a man recently contributed to an illustrated ladies' weekly a story of 1,500 words, and received in return a cheque for twelve shillings and sixpence! So indignant was he, that he went to remonstrate with the manager, "a well-groomed young man smelling of musk, dignity, and importance." That gentleman took a piece of string, measured the length of the story in the columns of his journal, and coolly informed the author that it had been paid for "at their usual rate."

The Press has, of course, benefited immensely during Queen Victoria's reign by the abolition of the newspaper stamp duty and the tax on paper.

The method, too, of producing a daily paper has undergone material change, and its circulation has enormously increased. Mr. C. A. Cooper tells us that fifty years ago, "weekly papers represented the great bulk of the journalism of the day. They could be compiled leisurely, and no haste was necessary in getting them to press. So to speak, there was to them no 'latest

news.' It had all come to hand hours before the post closed. When restless spirits began to look after later news, the race commenced that has landed us where we are. Australia is as near to us as London then was to Birmingham. The Houses of Parliament are at our doors in Edinburgh. A whisper in a European Court is heard in every town of the United Kingdom."

As an evidence of how a journal may develop, there is the *Scotsman*, established eighty years ago. It is ten times as large as it was in 1817, is sold for a tenth the price, and its circulation has increased from 1,700 weekly to 60,000 daily.

So, too, has increased the use of superlatives in newspaper writing. Every trifle is reported in language so grandiloquent that when a really sensational event occurs, there are no superlatives left wherewith to describe it. Every eloquent public speaker, every statesman of tolerable eminence is a Pitt, a Sheridan, a Fox, and every South African raider a Warren Hastings.

Advertising has developed into a fine art upon which enormous sums are spent.

The subject of education follows upon that of literature. How do we stand with regard to this? The ratepayer groans at the very mention of it. Comparing the schools of to-day with those of sixty years ago; what a boy learnt then, he to a certain extent *taught himself and remembered*. Now are turned out by Board Schools and others, thousands of children who have passed all the standards, and yet, when put to the test of practically applying their knowledge, break down hopelessly, and are utterly useless in business.

No doubt, universal schooling is, on the whole, a gain,

and, according to Mr. Justice Grantham, the general decrease of crime is due, to some extent, to the spread of education, though, as he admitted, to make men *clever* was not to make them *good*; the chief advantage of the modern system being that it takes children who are badly brought up, from their evil associations, and brings them into a healthy environment.

These closing years of the nineteenth century are, unfortunately, characterised by much pessimism and blank despair in matters of religious belief. Science, though it has made rapid strides, seems to find a greater difficulty than ever in crediting the fact that any natural object could have been created perfect and immediate. Why should this be? For surely it is as difficult to imagine matter conveyed into existence by itself from no pre-existing material, as it is to conceive of its production by the simple fiat of the Almighty.

Religion has had much to combat and much work to do during the last sixty years. No longer does the Church of Christ sleep. Gone are the days of "three-deckers," with their drowsy occupants, and slumbering congregations in their high, square pews. Departed are the deaf and ignorant parish clerks, and with them, many funny incidents. An official of this type once announced to an amazed country congregation that "the sermon would be preached in Mrs. Jones's back parlour!" a perversion of the new curate's frantic whisper that he had left his sermon in that lady's back room, whence it was to be immediately fetched. This misconception was even surpassed by that of another clerk, who, when the upper and lower schoolrooms had to be used *alternately* for Divine worship (the church being under repair) appalled the parishioners by pro-

claiming that the services would be held there *to all eternity!* But the deaf old clerk is now a mere tradition. All is activity and militant advocacy of the gospel. Take that grand old institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, that since the year 1804 has distributed throughout the world 147,000,000 copies; and the London City Mission that has now close upon 500 missionaries at work, and whose record of a year's labour shows the stupendous number of three and a half million calls made in the way of house-to-house visitations.

Clerical poverty, however, in the Church of England is almost as pronounced as it was in Oliver Goldsmith's time. There are very few livings that can support their ministers; and many even of the higher positions of the Church are inadequate to suitably maintain the holders of them. As a matter of fact, the bishops are much less affluent than many persons with smaller incomes, their expenses being so heavy. Taking the bishopric of London as a typical case, at least two-thirds of the yearly revenue (£10,000) are swallowed up by disbursements in support of ecclesiastical and other charities; and as a large establishment is absolutely essential at Fulham Palace for the purpose of dispensing hospitality, the household expenses are very considerable.

Novelties of all kinds—not in every case advantageous—have been introduced into the exercise of religion, since the Queen was born. On the one side is a tendency to make the worship of the Almighty a kind of business affair, with a dash of the military and emotional element, as expressed in that wonderful creation of modern times, the Salvation Army. On the other hand, although England is a Protestant country,



OUR RELIGIOUS PROGRESS—WILLIAM TYNDALE.

"If God spare my life, 'ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest."—A prediction reaching its highest fulfilment in Queen Victoria's reign.

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there is a very large section of her Church who, not satisfied with the glorious, simple fact that the Almighty revealed Himself to mankind in the person of Christ, who died for the sins of every human being, not satisfied with this impregnable rock of Scriptural truth, have raised upon this foundation a flimsy edifice of æsthetic and ornate ritual, which they seem to consider all but essential to actual salvation.

Then we have cyclists' church parades—a novelty which would have made our ancestors stare; and—hitting the Puritan ideal very hard—there is a church at North Kensington wherein the vicar has organised a club; the basement being fitted up as a skittle alley, with ample cellarage for the storing of the beer, which members may drink in moderation. Not only skittles, but boxing, billiards, smoking concerts, and possibly dramatic entertainments will be permitted, nay, encouraged, by the broad-minded clerics under whose direction the whole thing is run.

In one particular there is a *vast* change, viz., in the length of the sermons. A discourse an hour long, and more, used to be a frequent affliction, and a forty minutes' homily was habitual. Now it has dwindled down to half an hour, twenty minutes, and often less. Probably we shall have the sermon as a separate function altogether, to which only those who are really desirous of listening, need attend. Sunday is no longer strictly observed. There is a growing tendency to make it solely a day of recreation and sociability.

Funerals are greatly reformed. Gone are the mutes that used to stand outside the house of mourning. Hatchments are rarely, if ever, put up, even on the houses of the great. Everything is simplified, and as

far as possible beautified, and the sensible method of cremation is slowly, but surely, being adopted.

Departed are the days of bumbledom. Paupers of the present day have rather a pleasant time of it. They often have an allowance of beer, tobacco and snuff. Summer trips in the country are arranged for them, and the long winter evenings are enlivened by concerts and entertainments. They are comfortably housed; humanely treated; and fed plainly but well.

Pre-eminent has been the Queen's reign for the establishment and development of all kinds of charities. During the last ten years the average amount bequeathed annually, under reported wills, has been about £1,000,000. But this is nothing to the never-failing stream of donations and yearly contributions that has flowed into the treasuries of hospitals, infirmaries, institutions, societies, and organisations for every conceivable good purpose founded since 1837.

Philanthropy—expressed in doing as well as giving—is very much to the front. What can be more noble than the work of the devoted bands of men and women who live amongst the poor, and strive by so doing to raise the character of entire districts, as at Oxford House, Toynbee Hall, Mansfield House, and others in the East of London?

The poor little ones in our midst are always well thought of; especially at the festive season. The success of the *Daily Telegraph's* Xmas Hamper Fund (in 1895) for crippled children, and the immense popularity of the *Truth* toy show, are evidences of the readiness of all classes in this country to help their poorer brethren, if only the way be pointed out to them.

As to the legal profession, what changes have there not been since Dickens wrote "Bleak House," and levelled his lance against the abuses of the Court of Chancery and solicitors in general. Heaven knows there was need of law reform and of less barbarity in the penal code. Her Majesty was fourteen years of age when the iniquitous slave trade was abolished. In the same year (1833) it ceased to be a capital offence to break into a house. In 1834, to return from transportation without leave was not punishable by death; in 1835, the purloining of a letter and the committing of sacrilege no longer entailed execution; and prolonged imprisonment for debt was abolished. Yet the statutes still present some absurd features, particularly those relating to dog-bites. As Judge Emden recently remarked in a certain interesting case brought before him: "This is one of the many illustrations of the unfortunate state of the present law, which I must say has more respect for animals than for human beings. In the present state of the law, the onus lies upon the plaintiff of proving, not only that the dog is vicious, but that the animal had displayed its vicious propensities. In the early part of Her Majesty's reign some alteration of the law was made with regard to sheep and other animals, but the Legislature apparently did not consider it of sufficient importance to alter the law with regard to human beings."

The process of law has been vastly accelerated in every department, and the Judicature Act has completely altered the state of things that existed when *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* came before the Lord Chancellor for the last time, and poor Miss Flite, in exultation of the termination of the dismal suit, let out all her caged birds.

As a profession, the Bar has suffered in recent years. The public are more averse to litigation, and settle their disputes by arbitration out of court ; while for ordinary purposes, a rough-and-ready knowledge of the rudiments of law can, by intelligent persons, be picked up out of popular handbooks. Examinations, too, are no longer mere forms, but stern and searching, as many aspirants to the glory of wig and gown find to their sorrow ; the percentage of failures to " pass " being higher and higher every year.

So also has the solicitor his grievance. To become one is a costly process, and he has to submit to a most severe examination. Yet fathers still push their sons into this already overcrowded profession, by no means so remunerative as formerly.

CHAPTER XIX

NATIONAL ADVANCE AND CHANGES (*continued*)

Architectural changes in London—Its extension—Increased rateable value—Its hygiene—London's beauty—Theatres and the Drama—Music — Sport and recreation — The servant question — The greatest boons of the century—A household in 1819—Prices of provisions in 1819—Departed customs—Changes in modes of expression—The *per contra*—Conclusion of retrospect.



UNDER the Third Empire the city of Paris was, architecturally speaking, entirely transformed in a few years, its principal quarters being rebuilt. But it has taken the whole of Queen Victoria's long reign to effect the vast changes that we Londoners see around us.

An octogenarian, returning from some foreign land to the London of to-day, which he had left in the "early forties," would be completely bewildered as he traversed the old localities. He would vainly look for Snow Hill and Hungerford Market; whole districts—well remembered by reason of their unsavory, squalid habitations—he would find swept away and replaced by gigantic railway termini, linked together by a network of underground railways—some of them electric—extending for miles.

He would recognise the great centres chiefly by such historic buildings as the Monument, the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey and Hall, and by some of Wren's churches. In the city, the grand structures that replace the old offices and counting-houses on each side of the streets he had trodden as a youth, would astound him. He would find the Thames spanned at the Tower by a splendid "bascule" bridge, and from that point to Kew by many other bridges new to him. Along the noble river itself he would see an embankment beautified by trees and embellished on one side by lofty buildings, from whose midst he would be able to pick out the Somerset House of his youth—not much changed—and Adelphi Terrace, no longer with a foreshore of perpetual mud.

Where Hungerford suspension bridge once stood, the veteran would gaze in astonishment at a broad iron structure leading over the water to a spacious railway station. He would look up at hotels, palatial in size and confusing in height; and at Westminster he would be utterly amazed when confronted with the Gothic Palace that has replaced the old legislative buildings which he remembered being destroyed by fire.

On every side he would find new streets, new buildings, and old ones rebuilt in materials unfamiliar to him. Paraphrasing Augustus Cæsar's boast, he would be inclined to remark that he "left a city of brick and found one of stone and granite, terra-cotta and iron." He would also note that tobacconists and sweet-stuff shops had greatly increased, and would be struck by the number of florists' establishments, whose *raison d'être* he would ascribe to the universality of flowers and plants in the windows of private houses.

Prodigious has been the extension of London during the Victorian era, and correspondingly large the figures representing it. Perhaps the size of Kelly's London Directory, and the multitude of supplementary ones for the suburbs, help one more readily than anything else, to realise the extent of the world's capital. Towns and villages—at one time quite distinct from London proper—have been absorbed into its mighty area, and the intervening ground built over. Fulham, for instance, not long ago a mere hamlet, famous for its market-gardens, is now an integral part of London, with a population of 113,000.

Prodigious also has been the growth of the metropolitan rateable value. According to the new valuation list, it has reached the enormous total of $43\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. This is hardly to be wondered at when we consider that last June some land in Cornhill was sold at the rate of nearly half a million sterling (£452,023) per acre; while recently Lord Portman received from the Manchester Railway Company, by way of compensation for fourteen acres of his Marylebone estate, miles away from the Royal Exchange, a sum equal to a per acre rate of £18,500.

Whatever London may have been in the past, it is now one of the healthiest cities in the world, thanks to better dwelling-houses, vastly improved drainage, and a pure water supply. For instance, West Ham—a not particularly inviting locality—beat the record last January, with a death-rate of only 9·1 in the thousand, the lowest of the large towns of Great Britain.

Our great metropolis, according to the late Mr. G. A. Sala, "for at least three parts of its entirety is the ugliest city in all Europe. And Charles Dickens, in

“Little Dorrit,” writes of “its melancholy streets in a penitential gale of soot,” . . . “nothing to see but streets, streets, streets, nothing to breathe but streets, streets, streets.”

No doubt this used to be the case, and there are still some parts of London positively hideous, too many streets that are “bald” and unlovely.” But there are places almost in its midst, that—when lilac and laburnum are out, the chesnut and hawthorn in full bloom, and the trees clothed in garb of tender green, when the sun is shining brightly, and the gentle breeze sends fleecy cloudlets lazily sailing across the blue sky—are quite lovely and unequalled.

Great advance has been made in the drama since the days when theatres were dimly lighted with oil lamps and candles, and comfort was unknown. In point of numbers they have fairly kept pace with the increase of population, and there is a tendency now towards building them in the principal suburbs. Stage appointments and effects are utterly different from what they used to be. Little is left to the imagination; everything is realistic. The performances are of quite another kind from those that delighted our forefathers. We have the “problem” play, the “realistic” play, and the “romantic” play, &c. As to the acting, in the old days there was mediocrity in abundance, and occasionally transcendent genius. Modern training seems to have reversed this, producing a much higher standard all round, but failing to develop an Edmund Kean or a Sarah Siddons.

Bartholomew, Greenwich, and Camberwell fairs have vanished, and so have the old shows. Towards the end of the “fifties” they began to lose popular favour.

The country was opening up, the antiquated methods of travel dying out. People moved with ease from one town to another, and the shows began to languish. The last human link in the chain connecting the present with the Richardson shows of the past, departed this life last April at the age of eighty. His name was Peter Harrison, and he was one of the "outsiders" who paraded before the public and invited them to "walk up."

Music-halls, with their variety entertainments, are decidedly a feature of the *fin de siècle*. In the metropolis their luxurious appointments would astound an *habitué* of the "cyder cellars," and other more questionable ancient places of amusement, could he return to town life.

Has the divine art of music improved since 1819? The Queen in her early days sung before Mendelssohn, and when she was in the habit of attending the opera, Pasta Sontag, Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache, Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Mario delighted their hearers with the works of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Bellini, Weber, and Auber. But now mere melody is voted unorthodox, and hard-to-be-understood scientific compositions too often usurp the place of old favourites. Music and singing are everywhere taught. Schools of music and choral societies abound. Concerts and "recitals" are countless, and pianos are "strummed" upon all over the land. The mechanical construction of musical instruments has doubtless reached the highest pitch of perfection; but is their purity and sweetness of tone so very much superior to that of three generations back?

Regular holidays for all classes are now part and

parcel of our national life. Early closing is the rule and not the exception, while employés have more leisure than would have been thought consistent with reason sixty years ago.

Recreation and sport of one kind or another are now brought within the reach of everybody. Aquatics, billiards, cricket, football, golfing, yachting, cycling, tennis, racing, shooting, and fishing—besides hosts of indoor amusements—are all done in an absolutely perfect and systematic manner.

How is the everlasting servant question to be solved? Will the day come when our manifold wants shall be ministered to by clean and civilised natives of Central Africa, or educated Japs and Chinamen, swift, intelligent, and not despising work? Our ancestors—judging by the books of their day—were quite as much harassed by this great domestic question. Wages, of course, were much lower, and there was a much larger class of people whose daughters habitually went into service; but the maids seemed to have caused as much dissatisfaction to their mistresses as they do now. There is this difference, however: the supply of domestic servants is no longer equal to the demand. Young women prefer to adopt any line of life rather than that of domestic service—"slavery" or "servitude," they call it—and as there are so many avocations open to them, they choose hard fare and liberty rather than comfort and restriction.

If the intelligent population of Great Britain could be polled upon the subject, would they not probably record their opinion that the invention of the humble lucifer-match and the glorious perfecting of anæsthetics have been productive of more actual benefit to the

subjects of Queen Victoria than almost any other of the material improvements her reign has witnessed? The one has brought light, heat, and comfort to everybody; and the other is an unspeakable boon to all mankind.

We, who live in an age of electricity and gas, when the working man, by putting a "penny in the slot," can supply himself with the intensest light, when streets and houses are brilliantly illuminated, can hardly picture a time when to obtain the elementary principle of lighting and warmth was as difficult to the householder as to some poor mariner cast destitute on a desert island. And upon what kind of home did that laboriously produced light dimly shine from its clumsy oil lamp or evil-smelling tallow candle?

I am instancing an ordinary middle-class country household in, or about, the year 1820-30. The best bedroom in the house, where the births and deaths for generations past had taken place, was almost *reverenced*; and the beds throughout—chiefly four-posters—together with their linen, were regarded with great pride. The sheets were religiously kept in lavender, one being specially reserved for the funeral purpose of "laying-out." Feathers and flock, of course, were extensively used in the bedding; but chaff was almost universal amongst the poorer classes. Brass warming-pans filled with hot cinders, and worked up and down between the sheets, were always used from November to March. Towels, large in size, were chiefly of Scotch brown linen. Common yellow soap—always used—was much dearer than it is now, being 6d. a pound; and, it may be added, the luxury of washing in hot water was seldom indulged in. All the bedroom

appointments—dressing-tables, looking-glasses, &c.—were smaller. There were few ornaments about, and no attempt made at decoration; everything was strictly utilitarian. Oak chests held the bed linen, and the furniture was, as a rule, of oak, probably because it was cheap. Staircases were by no means always carpeted; often as not the uncovered stairs were to be seen, cheap oilcloth and linoleum being unknown. There were no hall lamps, so that when any one called after dark, the servant opened the door, tallow candle in hand, thrusting the light into the face of the visitor to ascertain who he was.

Mistresses of households helped in the domestic work to a much greater extent than now. Indeed, it was requisite for them to possess practical knowledge on all kinds of subjects, nearly everything having to be made at home. Even if “well-to-do” they had to be adepts at baking, brewing, pickling, and preserving, &c. How different from the present day, when every conceivable thing can be purchased in shops, even plum-puddings and mincemeat (the final lapse from old-fashioned ways)! It need hardly be said that all kitchen ranges were open—the days of stoves and baked meats not having arrived—and joints were admirably roasted before the open fire by means of the *jack*. Wood was used wherever practicable, as coal, except near the pits, was very dear. Washing was seldom or never “sent out,” the washerwoman, shod in pattens, doing her work by the aid of what was called a “dolly-tub.” That highly important article of male attire, the shirt-front, was, however, sent out to be frilled and clear-starched.

It was a common practice—still lingering here and there—for even wealthy farmers to have their meals in

the delightful old kitchen, instead of in the state dining-room with its ugly furniture, its wax flowers under glass shades, its oil paintings of departed relatives staring from the walls, and its crochet-covered table in front of the window supporting the seldom opened, massive family Bible. In the oak-panelled kitchen, with dressers, cupboards, and tables, all scrupulously clean, with windows looking out upon orchard or garden, the good folk used to sit down to an early dinner, sometimes commencing with pudding—or rather with the dumplings that had been boiled in the broth—followed by a plain joint, and using two-pronged, black-handled forks and large round-ended knives, the latter employed as a sort of spoon for the conveyance of gravy, peas, &c., to their destination. Beer was the staple drink, but wine (sherry and port) were always offered, with cake, to afternoon callers; though it was etiquette for visitors to consume only about half of whatever was given to them.

Some kind of provisions were much cheaper than they are now. Tea, coffee, and sugar were, however, considered luxuries, and were out of the reach of the masses.

Let the frugal housekeeper of to-day imagine tea at from 5s. to 8s. a lb., brown sugar from 6d. to 8d., and lump sugar from 8d. to 10d.! Eggs, butter, poultry, and butcher's meat were all moderate in price. Game was not much used, nor fish, though the latter was cheap in districts near the sea, and was hawked about the country in carts, there being no regular fish shops.

The dearth of cheap literature was evidenced by the custom that obtained amongst little children, of reading through the shop windows the ill-printed and coarsely illustrated periodicals and story-books exposed for sale

with the pages open, the good-natured proprietress turning over the leaves day by day for the readers' benefit.

Nous avons changé tout cela, and many other things as well. We have abolished the Wackford Squeers style of private school, with its infamous food. The Christmas waits are, if not dead, at least decedent. Seldom is the muffin-bell heard in fashionable quarters. No longer is the cloth ceremoniously removed from our dining-tables, revealing the mirror-like mahogany beneath; nor are decanters in their baize-shod stands passed round with due solemnity. The custom of "wine and walnuts" has died out, and so has the practice of drinking port and claret until the guests mysteriously disappeared beneath the table, as did the poor relations in Mr. Pickwick's presence at the Dingley Dell wedding.

Quite out of date, too, is the substantial jovial wedding-breakfast and its attendant gaieties, supplanted by sandwiches, biscuits, and cake, with tea and coffee as beverages, and a choice of cheap champagne, cheaper claret, and B. or W. and S.

Departed is the period when the mere act of walking down St. James's Street or Piccadilly in broad daylight with a cigar in the mouth would have cancelled the best reputation in London. An age of universal smoking is ours; when even Princesses of the blood Royal, it is whispered, indulge in a cigarette, and the wife of at least one leading prelate resists not the alluring "weed." Revered shades of Archbishops Sumner, Howley, and Sutton, what think ye of this?

Gone is the practice of birching or caning refractory children, especially in schools; but, as compensation, we have a splendid system of free education; a School

Board that teaches so many special and up-to-date subjects—the use of the piano, sewing-machine, with gymnastics and so forth—that the “three Rs” seem in danger of being discarded as old-fashioned.

Everything is now done on a colossal scale. Our flats—the product of the Victorian age—are huge; our hotels still more so.

Our very modes of expression have altered. Old things are called by new names. Morning performances are “*matinées*”; druggists’ shops are “pharmacies”; grocers are “tea and provision merchants”; shop attendants are “young gentlemen” and “young ladies”; a speciality is a “*specialité*”; coffins are “caskets” or “*cercueils*”; beer-shops are “inns” or “public-houses”; their proprietors are “wine and spirit merchants”; their dining-room is a “grand saloon restaurant”; an “hostelry” becomes the “Hôtel Bristol,” the “Hôtel Métropole,” and the like.

To sum up: nearly everything has improved, or is supposed to have done so. Naturally, in the midst of these pæans of self-congratulation, there must be a few discordant notes. There must be a *per contra* in the great national ledger. There must be *some* things which they did better sixty or eighty years ago. But the *laudator temporis acti* is not liked. He is tiresome; a kind of *advocatus diaboli* for the poor effete past; yet, if he were listened to, he might possibly convince us that the nineteenth century is not one of absolute gain.

Our declining agriculture and utter dependence upon foreign food importations is one of the gravest facts of the day. Concentration of population in our town centres, is another. The faculty of steady, conscientious work seems to be departing; and trade disputes and

strikes threaten at times the extinction, or diversion, of certain branches of our manufactures. England is flooded with cheap goods manufactured on the Continent; her sugar industry is almost annihilated by the foreign bounty system; and a fact pregnant with warning to a nation of mechanics is that, in spite of our ingenuity and inventiveness, an American-made typewriter, the Remington—doubtless the best in the market—is used in our Government offices, by Her Majesty's household, and by the Heir Apparent himself, in preference to any other machine.

Politeness in both sexes is not so general as it once was; familiarities have taken the place of pleasant formalities; and the insubordination of the modern child—in view of the fact, as stated in the latest Prison Commissioner's Report, that the proportion of indictable offences committed by children and youths is enormously great—is fraught with serious consequences for the future.

Bank holidays are *not* an unmitigated benefit. Intemperance, though banished from decent society and no longer merely laughed at, has simply assumed new forms, and is admittedly on the increase amongst women; while opiates are used to an incredible extent amongst all classes.

A spirit of unrest is one of the signs of the times, and the friction arising from contact with large numbers gathered together in cities has increased so much that those who fill positions of responsibility, especially in London, often feel that they are secure from interruption only when travelling. Hence the paradox that he only is sure of rest when he is moving fastest.

There is a continuous struggle for existence amongst

the million; and the incomes of the middle classes, which a few years ago were sufficient to provide them with the solid necessities of life, are now quite inadequate, unless they abandon the social position that they justly consider their right.

On the other hand, there are hosts of *les nouveaux riches*, drawers of prizes in the great financial lottery, who often waste their money in ostentatious extravagance. Human nature is much the same as when Defoe, two hundred years ago, described the society of his day:—

“I saw the world busy around me; one part labouring for bread, another part squandering in vile excesses or empty pleasures, equally miserable; because the end they purposed still fled from them; for the men of pleasure every day surfeited of their vice, and heaped up work for sorrow and repentance; and the men of labour spent their strength in daily struggling for bread to maintain the daily strength they laboured with; so living in a daily circulation of sorrow, living but to work, and working but to live, as if daily bread were the only end of a wearisome life, and a wearisome life the only occasion for daily bread.”

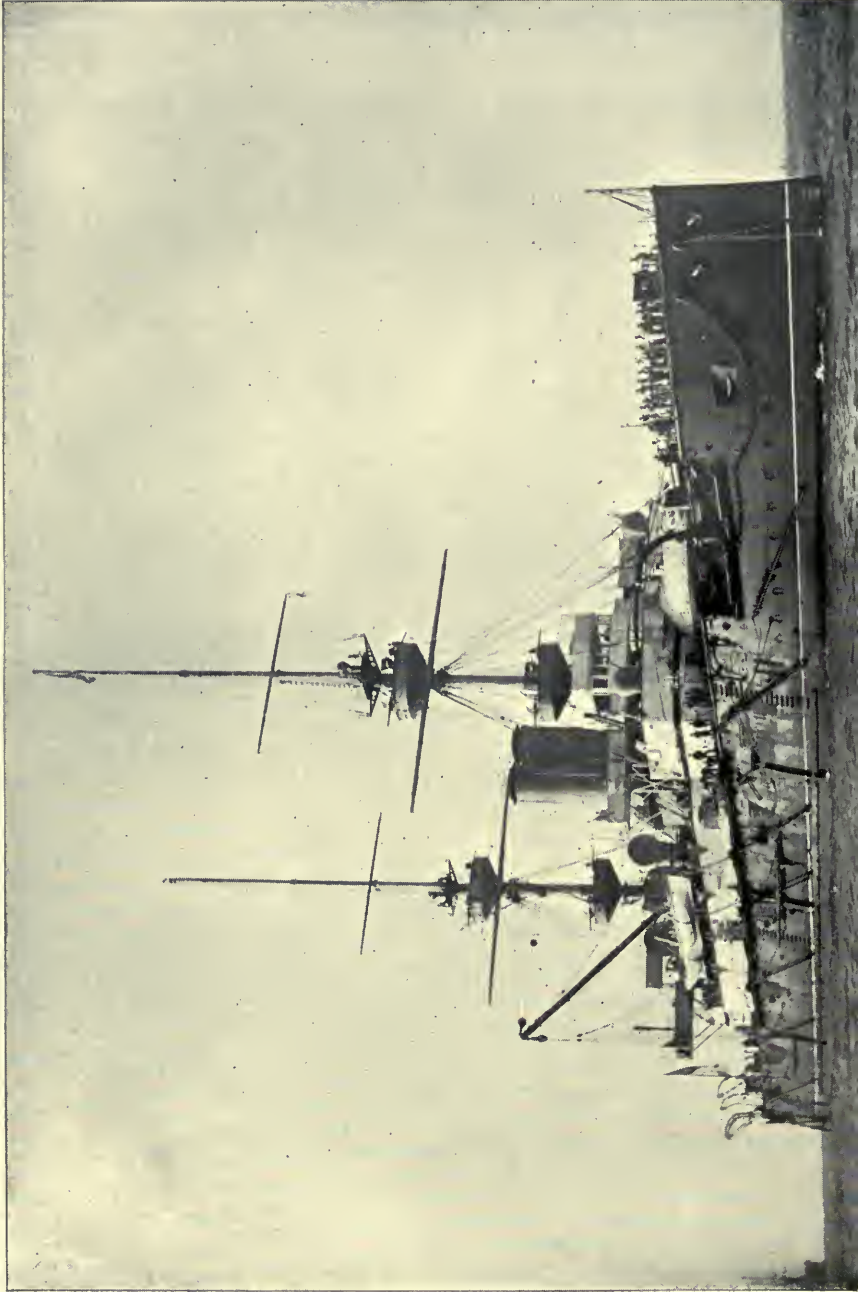
In our social life, it is doubtful whether the assertiveness, or, to put it frankly, the aggressiveness, of the weaker sex—a feature of the Victorian age—is any advantage to the nation at large. Of one thing our *advocatus diaboli* seems quite sure, viz., that if women persist in attempting the substitution of a masculine tone and habit for the feminine, Dame Nature, who permits no revolt, will eventually chastise and humble them. No cycles of ages have transferred, or can transfer, by Darwinian or any other process, the

lion's shaggy mane to the neck of the lioness ; nor will the New Woman, though she live to be *old* as Methuselah, ever witness the pea-hen adorned with the envied appendage of her lord and master.

In the world of politics, Queen Victoria has seen the rise and fall of many Prime Ministers, and has come into direct contact with a long procession of public men of every shade of ability and opinion. There have been politicians in plenty since Her Majesty came to the throne ; but has there been, since the days of the great Pitt, one such statesman as he ? Modern statesmanship—skilled enough in opportunism—is, after all, but a makeshift ; a rather invertebrate profession, dependent more upon the *vox populi* of the moment than upon any fixed principle of statecraft.

When the great war cyclone finally bursts upon Europe, presaged by the continual falling of the barometer, and the darkening of clouds in the East, who will there be, capable as the "Great Commoner" of taking command and steering the British ship of State safely away from the breakers into the open sea ? Vast changes are, doubtless, pending throughout Europe, and armed millions and mighty fleets are waiting but the signal for a conflict of Titanic extent and corresponding horror. In the clear brain of our august and revered Sovereign there rests stored up a fund of experience and political knowledge unequalled. May Divine Providence ordain that this wisdom be at the disposal of our nation, should it ever have to face such fearful odds as did Sir Richard Grenville off the Azores, when—

"The sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three."





CHAPTER XX

AN IMPERIAL VISION

Windsor Castle—The English Channel—Gibraltar—Malta—The Mediterranean—Cyprus—Port Said—Aden—Socotra—Bombay—India—Calcutta—Madras—Ceylon—Laccadives—Maldives—Burmah—Andamans—Penang—Singapore—Borneo—Hong-Kong—Christmas Island—New Guinea—Queensland—New South Wales—Victoria—South Australia—Western Australia—Tasmania—New Zealand—Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands—Polynesia—Antipodes—Crozet—Kerguelen and New Amsterdam Islands—Cocos and Chagos Groups—The Seychelles—Mauritius—Natal—Africa—Ascension—St. Helena—Tristan d'Acunha and Gough Islands—South Georgia—South Orkney—South Shetland and Falkland Islands—British Guiana—Trinidad—West India Islands—British Honduras—Bahamas—Bermuda—British Columbia—Manitoba—North-West Territory—Ontario—New Brunswick—Quebec—Newfoundland—Prince Edward Island—Nova Scotia—The End.



HE sun, in full retreat behind the town of Windsor, was hurling Parthian shafts of light through the serried masses of noble trees in the Great Park, and filling the Long Walk with quaint shadows, as Her Majesty, from one of the windows in the Victoria Tower, looked down upon the familiar scene beneath her.

A sense of peace and perfect security pervaded the noble old Castle. Deep silence had settled down upon

its Norman keep ; the chattering of the jackdaws around its battlements had ceased for the day ; and the Royal Standard, that since sunrise had stood strongly out against the sky, gradually drooped as the breeze died away, and now hung limp and exhausted, trailing its graceful folds at full length towards the base of its stout flagstaff.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the Royal apartment. The Sovereign Ruler of the world's greatest Empire sat alone. Throughout that long and busy day no hour could have been more favourable to contemplation.

Not many days had elapsed since Her Majesty had graciously received the Premiers of the leading Colonies, and had viewed with pride the fine troops that from far-off lands had journeyed to take part in the coming Jubilee celebration. And as she thought of all this, and of the beautiful gifts she had received from her loyal subjects in the West Indies, the Cape, Australia, India, and Canada, Her Majesty fell into a deep reverie. Her mind dwelt on the various countries these costly offerings had come from, and she realised more vividly than ever the extent of those dominions whose appearance was familiarised to her by many a painting, but which she could hardly hope to visit.

As the Queen thus pondered, there flashed upon her recollection a scene of old where, upon a high mountain, the tempter of mankind boasted of his power to show "all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time." As she thought of Him who thus was tempted, Her Majesty unconsciously touched the cross of rubies that adorned the coronation-ring she wore.

Instantaneously there fell upon the Queen's senses a

mysterious enlargement of power and discernment ; she felt, rather than perceived, that she was looking down upon a wide estuary, whence a fresh and briny sea-breeze was blowing. Leaning forward, it seemed to her that the view of Windsor Park vanished, and that she was no longer in her own room, but seated on a throne that stood upon a stately dais raised above the earth's surface, and before which a marvellous panorama was passing.

Her Majesty quickly recognised the famous Galloper Light at the mouth of the Thames, and saw, outward bound from the great metropolis, steamers big and little, incessantly passing to every quarter of the globe, nearly all flying the British flag ; some steering for the North Sea, but the greater number making their way towards the North Foreland.

Well off the land, and almost half-way down channel, the lofty cliffs of Freshwater faintly visible to the north, a sea of opalescent green, with surface broken by the gentlest of wavelets, reflected the patches of snow-white clouds in the pale blue sky above. Graceful yachts idly drifted, their sharp bows pointing in every direction, their rudders and huge sails all but useless. Out of the east a cloud rose imperceptibly from the horizon ; and, revealing itself as a full-rigged ship, every inch of canvas set—sky-sails, studding-sails and all—forged slowly ahead, and finally disappeared in the west. Kittiwake gulls, too lazy to fly far, or even to scold one another, folded their wings and settled down upon the water for a long rest.

“ Britannia's realm ”—the sea—in her best and kindest mood, upon whose gentle bosom, to float in the smallest of boats beneath a summer sky is bliss indeed !

Such was the scene that unrolled itself before Her Majesty's fascinated vision.

A mist, woolly and opaque, blotted out the fair picture, and anon, clearing away, disclosed the Rock of Gibraltar—most famous and impregnable of fortresses, the first of that chain of outposts that links the mother country to her far-off children. There it stood, in all its glory of sharp-edged cliffs that look grey in the early hours of morning, and rosy pink at sundown. There, too, was the town at the water's edge, with the slopes at its back thickly covered with houses, tier upon tier ; and, just outside it, the beautiful Alameda. Thickets of giant daphnes, heliotrope, and geraniums seemed to turn the base of the Rock into a perfect garden. Mole and harbour, dry-docks and coaling-station were there ; barracks swarming with British soldiers ; and mighty weapons of destruction hidden away in endless galleries hewn out of the living rock ; while, towering above all, El Hacho, the signal-station, looked far and wide over two continents and on the straits below, where even steamers had to struggle hard against the iron power of the current that for ages had baffled the ancient mariners as they essayed to pass the water-gate of the historic Mediterranean.

Gibraltar faded away ; and the island of Malta, bathed in brightest moonlight, rose before the Queen. Valetta ! surrounded by its fortifications ; forts on this side and on that—forts everywhere. Inside the grand harbour, mighty ironclads, slim torpedo-boats, and rakish "destroyers." Graceful mail steamers within the quarantine harbour. Coal depôts, capacious dry-docks, an arsenal, and barracks for thousands of troops—all standing out distinct in the flood of silver moonlight that

exposed in softened outline every house and street in the picturesque town. No sign of life about the place. No sound but the faint song of the Maltese gondoliers, the hoarse challenge of the vigilant sentries, and the periodic striking of the ships' bells. Fascinating Valetta! the Strada Reale silent as the grave. No evidence of unromantic buying and selling in its fast-closed shops; nothing to destroy cherished illusions about past history, as its noble palaces and ancient churches are dimly seen in the mysterious light.

Then succeeded a wondrous glimpse of Mediterranean beauty, which the Queen would fain have bidden stay. The sky without a cloud; the sea unruffled by the slightest suspicion of a breeze, and of the colour beloved by painters—a deep ultramarine. Shoals of fish, rising to the surface, breaking it up into a million silver points; flocks of little land birds with feeble cries encouraging one another now and again to continue their perilous voyage across the great waste of waters.

Far away, due east, lay British-ruled Cyprus—Cinderella of the Empire, though of the greatest importance as a naval base—with vast, yet hitherto neglected, facilities for harbours and docks.

At sight of Port Said, and the multitude of British steamers—from the stately P. & O. or Orient liner of 8,000 tons to the unsightly and deeply-laden screw collier from Newcastle or Cardiff—passing in and out of the Suez Canal, which looked like a thin line ruled across the yellow desert, Her Majesty realised how mighty is the volume of British trade with India, China, and Australasia, and recognised afresh the statesmanlike wisdom that in 1875 prompted the purchase of the canal shares.

Heralded by those desolate spots known as Perim and Mosha Islands—both flying the Union Jack—the jagged and peaked peninsula of Aden, rising abruptly from the sea, reminded the Queen that here her Eastern Empire commenced. Glimpses of Indian life were plainly visible: camels, almost concealed by the huge bundles of fodder they carried; miniature bullocks; natives squatting over charcoal fires and doing their primitive cooking in the open air; a sun of tremendous power radiating from the shadeless surface of the ground, making small account of the white umbrellas that every human being had to carry. High up, amidst the precipitous cliffs, honeycombed with holes, where rock-doves innumerable dwelt, Her Majesty saw the ancient reservoirs, and noted that round about these wonderful rock-tanks were patches of precious soil wherein trees and plants of Indian origin were tenderly cared for, and irrigated by little channels of water, after the fashion of ancient Egypt. Here, again, the Queen noticed that, as in the Mediterranean, this Gibraltar of the Red Sea was strongly fortified; and that stores of precious coal—the life of modern fleets—were ready to hand, but that of docks there was as yet no trace.

At this stage of the vision it seemed to the Queen-Empress that the succession of pictures was momentarily arrested. Her throne appeared now to rest on the deck of a magnificent state yacht, whereon, beneath the shade of a sumptuous canopy, she was borne across the Arabian Sea towards Bombay. Past the protectorate Socotra, the *Kaisar-i-Hind* glided with incredible swiftness; and the voyage of 1,700 miles seemed to end almost immediately.

Bombay—"the isle of happy life," and virtual

metropolis of India—was a most impressive sight. The island-studded harbour; the Syadri hills forming a picturesque background to the Indian Ocean; Malabar hill, covered with bungaloes, set in the midst of gardens; and the splendid foreshore from Colaba to Sewree with its broad roads, green maidans and groves of graceful trees, combined to make one of the loveliest marine pictures in the world.

At the Queen-Empress's feet, like a vast map, lay Hindustan, a continent where 250,000,000 human beings own her sway, and where every kind of climate may be found.

By the side of Her Majesty—now returned to the daïs—stood the Spirit of India, a graceful, flower-bedecked maiden in flowing robes of white, who ever and anon in softest Hindustani explained to the attentive Sovereign the details of the marvellous scene below.

“That line of snow-clad peaks,” said she, “glittering in the sunlight, is the rampart that guards the Empire from northern foes; and upon one of the lower spurs of that vast mountain range lies Simla, the Government Sanatorium, whose hills are covered with sturdy oak and graceful deodar, and rhododendrons of size unknown in England, and where the grass, in its cool and health-restoring climate, is gay with violets, anemones, and saxifrage, recalling the garden favourites of your far-off land.

“The flat campaign at the foot of the Himalayas, stretching as it were across the peninsula from sea to sea, includes the famous alluvial plains of Northern India, watered by great rivers with tributaries fed from the never-failing waters of the everlasting hills; and

in the basins of those river systems is to be found the richest and most prosperous portion of India.

“That pleasant-looking country, with its bright-coloured hills and smiling fields, where cranes and peacocks abound, and sombre jungles that hide the bloodthirsty tiger, is Rajpootana, whose city of Jaipur, with its lovely gardens and fairy-like palaces, is one of the most beautiful in Hindustan.

“Oudh will bring back to your Imperial Majesty many sad memories of Lucknow, Delhi, and Cawnpore. There, on the river Jumna, lies Agra, most interesting, architecturally, of all the cities in the district. Within its fort is the incomparable Moti Musjid, or Mosque of Pearl. But the chief of Agra's glories is the Taj—the tomb of the lovely wife of the Emperor Shah Jahan—without a rival in the world for beauty, a dream in milk-white marble; unique record of the undying devotion of an inconsolable husband.

“Behold Benares! the holy city! and beyond to the west, Patna in Bengal, whence along the Ganges a fertile valley runs, where the population swarms as in an ant-hill; where the harvest of grain is reaped three times a year; and where barley, millet, Indian corn, and rice, indigo, tobacco, spices and jute, luxuriate.

“Here is Calcutta, the capital of India, with its unequalled Garden Reach, its maidan, and its noble river with line upon line of shipping, backed by some of the finest buildings in the world.

“Now we are looking at the presidency of Madras, and its capital of the same name extending for miles along the open coast, off which, in olden times, ere harbour or pier existed, many a tall ship had to slip her anchor and run for her life before the terror of



James Catford, Photo.]

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IVORY CHAIR OF STATE.

Throne Room, Windsor Castle.

(Jewelled with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies set in gold. Presented to the Queen in 1851 by the Maharajah of Travancore.)

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a sudden gale. And here, in Southern India, are Seringapatam, Mysore, Tanjore, and the charming Nilgiri hills.

“At last Ceylon!—the tropical garden, where tea and coffee plants cover the mountain slopes, and pearls and precious stones abound—which marks the limit of your Imperial Majesty’s Indian Empire. And from Colombo, God speed you to other climes!”

And thus, with a salutation of deepest respect, the graceful Spirit disappeared from sight.

Much though the Queen had by this time seen of her possessions, it was as nothing compared with what yet remained; and again Her Majesty was conveyed in her magic yacht.

Leaving Colombo, she paused for an instant at the Laccadive Islands in the Arabian Sea; then at the Maldivé Islands in the Indian Ocean; and, on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, at the rice and teak-producing province of Burmah; passing *en route* for the Straits Settlements, the Andamans—where, at Port Blair, Lord Mayo was assassinated in 1872—and the Nicobar group, beautiful with tropical vegetation.

At the entrance to the Straits, the island of Penang, sweltering in heat, tempered only by fierce squalls and terrific thunderstorms, and bewilderingly lovely in its profuse growth of trees, fruits, and flowers, fittingly heralded enchanting Singapore—most important of all the British ports in the Eastern seas as a rendezvous and coal depôt.

Not far off, North Borneo, rich in all the products of an equatorial position, and recently placed in telegraphic communication with the world at large, recalled to the Queen’s mind the Dyak police, who had arrived

in England to take part in the Royal Jubilee procession. Sarawak, a splendid territory—thanks to the late Rajah Sir James Brooke—and the tiny islets, Spratley and Amboyna, were viewed with deepest interest. At Hong-Kong Her Majesty saw the dock-provided and fortified harbour—one of the finest in the world—crowded with ships of every type and variety, Portuguese lorchas, and quaint-looking Chinese junks and sampans, the rugged mountain ridge in the background—up whose steep slope the city climbs—setting everything off to perfection.

But there was not time to look more closely into all this loveliness. Through the Straits of Sunda, past little Christmas Island, leaving on the left New Guinea—second largest island in the world—by way of Torres Straits, where sleeping turtles floated by on the calm surface beneath a cloudless sky, and past multitudinous islets studding the sea like so many emeralds, the Queen approached her Australian colonies.

Behind the great Barrier Reef, lay Queensland, comprising within its boundaries the whole north-eastern portion of the Australian continent, estimated to be five and a half times larger than the United Kingdom; its plains teeming with sheep and cattle, and its rich tropical lands capable of supplying the whole world with sugar, if cheap labour could only be procured. Yet the population of this noble territory is hardly so great as that of either Birmingham or Liverpool.

Second in order down the coast-line from the north—but first in right of age—came New South Wales, where, as in Queensland, Her Majesty noticed that agriculture was one of the principal industries, and that

“up country,” millions of heads of “stock” covered the land. She saw with much interest the splendid harbour of Sydney, where a great dock can accommodate the largest warship afloat, limitless supplies of fuel can be obtained, and where safe anchorage for all Her Majesty’s fleet can be had.

Then Victoria—honoured in its name—the smallest, but perhaps the most important, colony on the continent, a land of flocks and herds, cereals and fruits; and, like her sister colonies, of gold and other precious metals, with immense possibilities of future prosperity.

Next, strangely misnamed, *South* Australia; largest but one of all these territories, stretching right across the continent to the far north: its capital—brightest, cleanest, and most picturesque of cities—named after good Queen Adelaide. Here thrive the olive and the vine, and almost every known fruit, while inexhaustible stores of copper have made the Wallaroo mine famous throughout the metal-using world.

Fifth in the Australian group—latest to obtain independent political life, though colossal in point of area—came Western Australia, how rich in gold, no one yet can predict, but in tangible wealth of valuable timber, unequalled; where giant jarrah and karri-trees cover immense tracts of land, and other eucalypti habitually tower to heights whence they could easily look down upon London’s old Monument on Fish Street Hill.

Back from King George’s Sound, *viâ* Bass’ Straits, to Tasmania—health resort and garden of Australia—in whose prolific soil and temperate climate the fruits and vegetables of Europe attain to immense proportions and excellence, whose resources of timber are as yet but

sampled, where an Englishman may live amidst surroundings that remind him of his own country—hedges of sweet-briar, hop-gardens and orchards, and gardens gay with old-fashioned flowers—and whose capital, Hobart, stands upon the shores of the most romantic and beautiful of all Australian harbours, surrounded by range upon range of lofty hills that look down upon its placid waters.

Lastly—separated from the mainland by 1,200 miles of ocean—New Zealand; possessing in its hot springs district the one volcanic region in the whole British Empire. A Switzerland in the sublimity of its mountain scenery, an ideal colony for sturdy men and women, and adapted to perfection for the successful rearing of every domestic animal, and for the cultivation of every agricultural product.

After a visit to Lord Howe's Islet, and lovely pine-covered Norfolk Island—dependencies of New South Wales—a cruise of unspeakable beauty was taken through Polynesia. Past Fiji, an archipelago of some 250 islands—each one of which is perfect in its way—and the Western Pacific groups—numberless scattered islands all under the British flag—luxuriant in vegetation beyond description; where the bread-fruit tree, the plantain, banana, and the coco-nut are as weeds; where waters and coral-reefs abound with fish and pearl-shells; and in whose delicious clime—divine for nine months of the year—Nature has made it so easy to live, that to be idle seems excusable, and to work hard almost a crime.

Southward and westward sped the great yacht, glancing at Antipodes Island, and the other lonely isles of New Zealand, and even at dreaded Crozet,

desolate Kerguelan, and the rocks of New Amsterdam ; then, across the Indian Ocean, towards Africa.

Nearing the equator, the *Queen* was charmed by the exquisite beauty of the Cocos and Chagos groups, —fairy rings of the ocean—edged with graceful coco-palms rising just above the surface, upon whose outer side the surf broke furiously, but whose inner beach of snow-white coral was gently kissed by water, in whose depths strange fish of brilliant colours flashed hither and thither, whilst overhead flocks of graceful terns wheeled about incessantly.

Other British islands were passed ; the Seychelles —thirty in number—Port Victoria, the capital, possessing a fine harbour, useful as a coaling-station. Further south, the Amirante Islands ; far to the south and east, hurricane-afflicted Rodriguez ; and, lastly, lovely Mauritius, where sugar is king, and many of the necessaries of life have to be imported.

Anything but dark looked the continent of Africa as the yacht arrested her marvellous progress at Port Natal for the sea-bordered city of Durban, and the country beyond had a green and pleasant aspect ; the houses half hidden in foliage, each in its well-kept garden, giving an English look to the place.

Besides the African Colonies proper, Her Majesty saw the large, but sparsely populated, portions of territory under a British protectorate ; and others that were being developed—not always wisely or well—under Royal Charters.

On the dreaded, fever-haunted West Coast, she noted the trading settlements—hardly colonies—where the products of the interior are collected and exchanged for English goods ; while on the East Coast, was

Zanzibar, the explorer's gateway into the dim and often fatal interior; and the British Central African Protectorate, so successfully ruled by the Imperial Commissioner, Consul-General H. H. Johnston, C.B., whose lake regions are destined, perchance, to become the headquarters of a great trading-route, having its termini at Suakim and Alexandria.

Up to this point in her mysterious voyage, the Queen had everywhere seen peace and concord predominant. But here she witnessed not only a conflict of interests amongst the different European nations in their endeavour to parcel out the Continent between them, but also a lack of unity in the British Colonies themselves, remarkably in contrast with the coherence of the Australian dominion she had just left.

Her Majesty now quitted the Continent of Africa, which,

“ With thousand shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings and with cries,
And undulations to and fro,”

is struggling towards the light of order.

Leaving beautiful Cape Town, one of the most important maritime stations in the world, and noting its fine Robinson dry dock and extensive harbour works, Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan d'Acunha, and Gough Islands—sentinels in the awful solitude of the Atlantic Ocean, outlying possessions of the Mistress of the Seas, for whom lonely spots in mid-ocean seem to have a peculiar fascination—were all visited; and the yacht flew southward and neared the great Antarctic barrier of frozen circumpolar land.

All around were detached fields of floating ice,

bearing in their midst solitary icebergs, battlemented and turreted like fairy castles, majestically glittering in the sunlight. Penguins innumerable sported on the water, and graceful albatrosses, without beat or motion of their mighty outstretched wings, circled around—a truly regal escort—as South Georgia came in sight, its lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, its bays and harbours fringed with perpendicular cliffs of ice that now and again toppled over with loud explosions, and floated oceanward; its interior a savage and horrible waste. Yet this utterly inhospitable region was a British possession.

But not even here was reached the limit of Britannia's Realm! Still further to the south through fog and chilling mist, lay South Orkney—terrific in appearance and almost unapproachable—its craggy towering peaks resembling the mountain-top of some sunken Alp.

Nearer, still nearer to the Pole, until there hove in sight the islands of South Shetland, the Ultima Thule of Antarctic lands, formally taken possession of for Great Britain; uninhabited, save by seals and myriads of wild-fowl; destitute of all vegetation; everlasting snow upon the mountains; Nature in her most sterile and forbidding aspect. Yet one of these outlying islands—whereon a beautiful and lofty peak shoots up into the clouds above a field of dazzling snow and ice that slopes in graceful curves to the water's edge—perpetuates the name and memory of Queen Adelaide!

The almost treeless Falkland Islands looked quite luxuriant after the desolateness of the South Polar regions. In this remote colony, energetic Englishmen were following pastoral pursuits, and producing wool,

tallow, and meat for the Mother Country's use. There, at Port Stanley, the Royal Yacht cast anchor; and, leaving it, Her Majesty was suddenly transported to British Guiana, a great forest-clad peninsula watered by splendid rivers, a land full of gold, where the real El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh's dreams may yet be found, a colony associated with Charles Waterton and his "Wanderings," and owning in its Kaieteur Falls on the Potaro River, the most magnificent cascade in the whole world.

Cocoa and sugar-producing Trinidad—whose exquisite *flora* has been so beautifully described by Charles Kingsley—introduced the Queen to the West Indies and its countless islands in the Caribbean Sea, of which not a tithe could be even glanced at! Barbados—headquarters of Her Majesty's forces—cultivated with the completeness of a garden, and swarming with a negro population; fertile Grenada, picturesque and mountainous, glorying in a wonderful lake, the Grand Etang, in its hill-ranges high up above the sea-level; the once volcanic St. Vincent, formerly the headquarters of the savage Caribs; St. Lucia, an important naval station and coaling-depôt, taken from the French by Admiral Rodney; Dominica, scene of Rodney's great fight for the West Indies with Count de Grasse; little Montserrat, famous for its limes and lime-juice; Antigua, that has always been the most distinctively English of the West India Islands; and Jamaica, "land of wood and water" and beautiful mountains, the largest and most valuable of the Queen's possessions in these seas, manfully striving in face of a dying sugar trade to become a great fruit-exporting country, not only to the United States, but to England. On the mainland, British

Honduras, anciently the home of buccaneers, and afterwards synonymous with mahogany and logwood; now, like Jamaica, building up a splendid fruit-trade. These, together with the Bahamas—a western Capri—where the clear depths of the sea around its “cays” reveal beauties unspeakable, where, throughout the year, life in the open air is bliss—are the gems that compose the Queen’s West Indian crown.

There remained to be honoured by a visit, Bermuda, a thousand miles away from the West Indies, one of Britain’s strongest and most impregnable of fortresses, yet peacefully appropriated every year by hundreds of Americans, flying from the rigours of a New York winter. No noise of railway or reek of factory smoke mars the perfect peace and purity of this delightful spot. Its seaboard is all green fields dotted with white houses, and amidst its cedar groves blue birds flit from tree to tree. Here the Queen saw the famous floating dock that in 1869 was towed across the Atlantic, and which can hold all but the largest of ironclads.

Her Majesty now found herself at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, within the limits of which immense province are packed the grandest mountains of Western America, valley after valley, peak after peak, and range after range succeeding one another for six hundred miles without a break; a province rich with agricultural and mineral wealth—in this respect and in its climate, the Great Britain and California of the Canadian Dominion—and with timber-lands immeasurable, and trees gigantic.

In rapid succession the Queen was shown the other provinces of Canada. Manitoba and the north-west territory in the centre of the Continent, reaching north-

ward to the Arctic Ocean ; one of the world's greatest granaries, a land of coal and iron, of trackless forests, great lakes and greater rivers, where sables, beavers, black and silver foxes, and royal ermine are to be found. The lake-fringed province of Ontario, wealthy, prosperous, and most populous division of Canada, fertile beyond measure ; whence came the splendid fruit presented to and so much admired by the Queen the year before. Adjoining it, New Brunswick, a farming and timber country ; great in her deep-sea and river fisheries, and ship-building ; the beauty of her forests in autumn not to be described, when frost suddenly transfers their verdure to violet and scarlet and every shade of crimson and yellow, blue and brown.

It seemed to the Queen like nearing home as she gazed upon the city of Quebec, the picturesque capital of its province, with its historic associations, its loyal French-descended population, its grand river and beautiful scenery, much of which Her Majesty recognised from the spirited description and drawings of the Princess Louise.

Next, Newfoundland—the oldest British colony—though often foggy, and, in winter, more or less snowed-up, hardly deserving its proverbial character of a “desolate and sea-girt place, producing nothing but cod.”

Finally, Prince Edward Island—the last admitted of the provinces—no bigger than the English county of Norfolk ; and Nova Scotia—the peninsula province—studded with gold areas ; unsurpassed as a paradise for sportsmen ; hard to beat in its fertility of soil and in the productiveness of its market-gardens and orchards,

and its fortified harbour of Halifax, probably the best in the world, capable of floating the navies of Europe.

Thus the Queen saw in her Dominion of Canada—Voltaire's "Acres of Snow"—an Empire so vast that British India could be carved out of its area, leaving enough to create a new Queensland and Victoria; a territory as large as sixteen Germanys, yet with a population barely exceeding that of London.

Her Majesty in her long journey, had surveyed nearly the whole of her well-nigh illimitable Empire; its component parts ranging in size from mere atoms of sea-girt rock, to entire continents 3,000 miles across. She had realised what her Empire was; its immensity and the diversity of its soil, climate, vegetation, and physical surroundings. She had seen how—unlike Achilles—this Realm has in its body politic not one, but a hundred vulnerable points, and that through its network of fibres extending thousands of miles, its mighty heart, beating in London, might readily be wounded nigh unto death. Her Majesty saw, too, that to keep the vital force pulsating between these points, a navy of overwhelming strength was essential; with many ports at its disposal for repairs and coaling; and that, this being secured, the British Empire was safe from ordinary foe. She understood, as never before, how utterly maritime a nation was hers, how dependent on shipping for its very existence, and how nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of making a commercial federation of the whole Empire. She knew that everywhere throughout her dominions she could count upon the inestimable treasure of a people's love; that she might echo the words of her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, "And though God hath raised me

high, yet this I count the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves." Her Majesty felt that if an invader should one day threaten this land of England, not a subject of hers but would risk every drop of blood in his veins to defend it! And at this thought, the Queen's pulse beat high.

The Castle clock chimed the hour of half-past eight, and the strains of a distant military band were borne on the air. The Queen awoke!—"And behold it was a dream!"

THE END

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